NOVEMBER 10 · 1945 · · 10¢

Liberty

♏/♐

NOT TO BE! THAT IS THE QUESTION!"
GAZETTE
THE DRAMA
MASTER WILL SHAKESPER HATH DELIVERED HIMSELF OF ANOTHER TURKEY

NOVEMBER ALMANAC

DATE	DAY	MOON'S PHASE AND AGE IN DAYS	HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES, LUCKY DAYS, ETC.	MOON'S ZODIAC POSITION
1	Thu	26	All Saints Day	♍
2	Fri	27	All Souls Day	♎
3	Sat	28	Panamá secedes from Colombia. *(Via Panamá Canal!)*	♎
4	Sun	29 PASSES SUN	Will Rogers born 1879.	♏
5	Mon	1 NEW MOON	F. D. Roosevelt elected precedent for third term 1940.	♏
6	Tue	2	Election Day	♏
7	Wed	3	Russian revolution proclaimed; Lenin seizes power, 1917.	♐
8	Thu	4	Says Hesiod *(8th Cent. B.C.)*, "This day good for the works of man." *(Good for man!)*	♐
9	Fri	5	Kaiser Wilhelm der somewhat Grosse abdicated 1918. *(Master race precedent.)*	♑
10	Sat	6	*Born!:* United States Marine Corps 1775. *(Brilliant future predicted.)*	♑
11	Sun	7	Armistice Day 1918. *(It was just that.)* WAR OUT TO LUNCH	♑
12	Mon	8 FIRST QUARTER	Adolph Schickelgruber jailed, Munich 1923. *(But Pandora unboxed him.)*	♒
13	Tue	9	Robert Louis Stevenson born 1850. *"Home is the sailor, home from the sea, And the hunter home from the hill."*	♒
14	Wed	10	Calk up those draughty chinks in the barn. The livestock will appreciate it this winter.	♓
15	Thu	11	Pike's Peak discovered 1806. *(Indians had overlooked it, no doubt.)*	♓
16	Fri	12	Oklahoma admitted to Union 1907.	♈
17	Sat	13	Envoys Kurusu & Nomura said, "We wish peace pleasse!" 1941. *(Ditto 1945!)*	♈
18	Sun	14	Louis Daguerre born 1789. *(Rochester papers please copy.)*	♉
19	Mon	15 FULL MOON	Lincoln's Gettysburg Address 1863.	♉
20	Tue	16	Hungary joined the Axis 1940. *(Like a lamb joins a tiger.)*	♊
21	Wed	17	German fleet surrenders to the British 1918. *(Habit.)*	♊
22	Thu	18	Thanksgiving Day ?	♋
23	Fri	19	(Cold Turkey Day?). . Houses creak more now, especially floors. Easily mistaken for prowlers in the night.	♋
24	Sat	20	(Turkey Hash Day?). . Turn those bottles of scuppernong.	♌
25	Sun	21	(Turkey Soup Day?). . Man first ate oyster 1080045 B.C.	♌
26	Mon	22 LAST QUARTER	John Harvard, of Hahvahd, born 1607. RAH!	♌
27	Tue	23	Stars say, "Today's child, good disposition, & *very* clever." *(Any first-hand denials?)*	♍
28	Wed	24	Boston "Cocoanut Grove" fire 1942. *(Price, 492 lives.)*	♍
29	Thu	25	Thanksgiving Day ?	♎
30	Fri	26	Winston Churchill born 1874. Russia invaded Finland 1939.	♎

YOUR DUTY

♍=*Virgo.* ♎=*Libra.* ♏=*Scorpio.* ♐=*Sagittarius.* ♑=*Capricornus.* ♒=*Aquarius.* ♓=*Pisces.* ♈=*Aries.* ♉=*Taurus.* ♊=*Gemini.* ♋=*Cancer.* ♌=*Leo.*

NOVEMBERUMORS

NOVEMBER gets two syllables from the Latin *novem*, nine, its original spot in the Roman calendar. . Its third syllable is suspiciously reminiscent of the Scottish verb "ber," meaning "to whirr around with a whirring sound." Could be. It fits. . . You horoscopers please note that Sun enters Sagittarius this month. Sag is patron saint of the Tall Story Club.

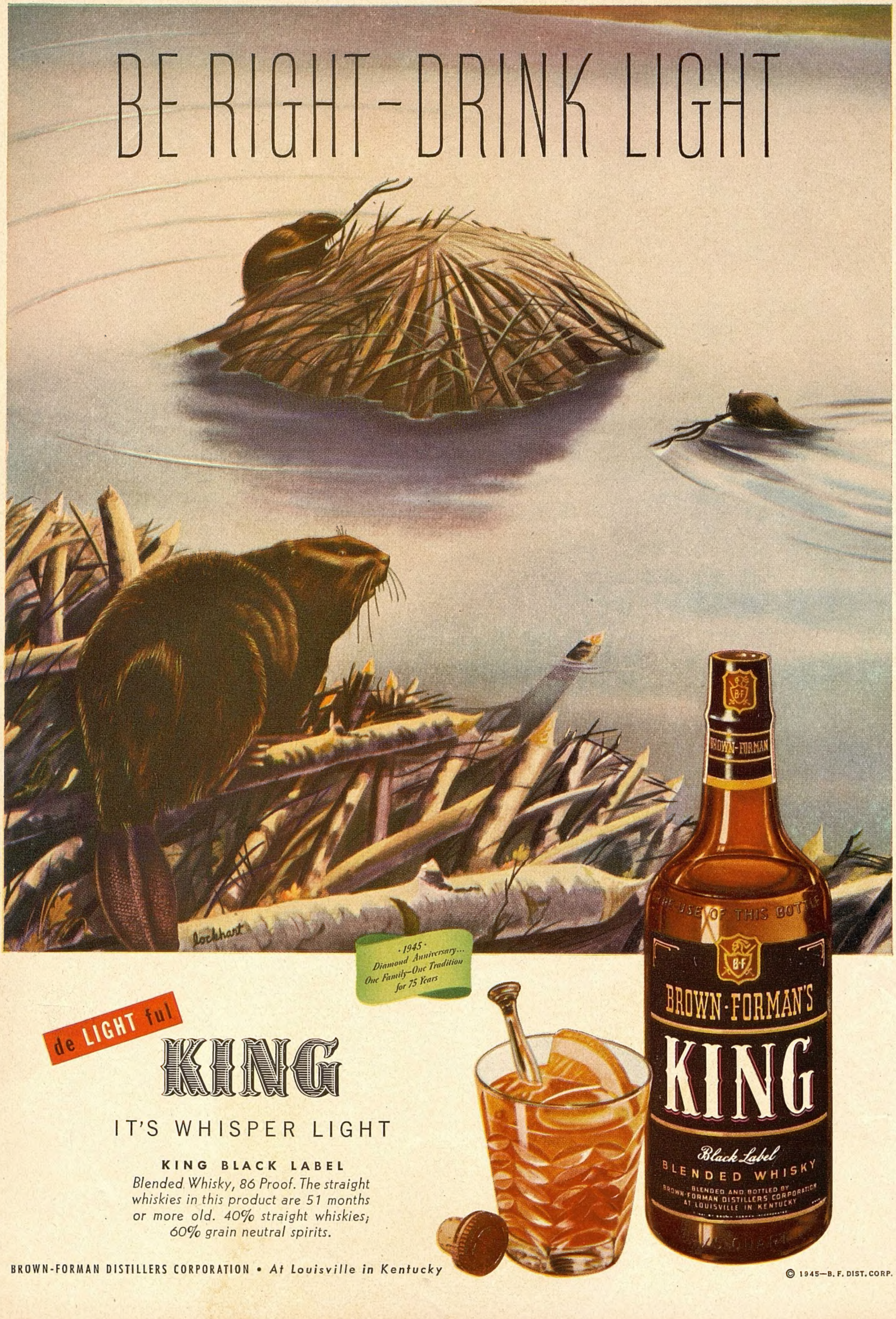
¶In November the weather begins to mutter in baritone, but not good. In fact, rumor has it that a November day is patterned after a certain unlamented London cabby—short, dark, and dirty. (Rumor unconfirmed, but research is research, and we aspire to thoroughness.)

¶This month is sometimes referred to as "the melancholy days, the saddest of the year." Balderdash. Pure, whimsic balderdash. On the contrary, this is the month of Thanksgiving, for them as worked like ants to grow their Victory gardens, and improve each shining hour—while we grasshoppers sat on the fence and fiddled the tunes of indolence. .Nevertheless (our favorite tangental conjunction), the hunter's moon glistens on the frost on the pumpkin, and all's right with the world — or at least a lot righter than it would be if you were now compelled to gutterate German, or hiss Japanese. Your Liberty Bonds spared you that humil—However (another favorite), a very happy November to you.

FRED COOPER

CRAN-BERRY SAUCE

TRAVEL BUREAU
TAKE YOURSELF A NICE VACATION OVER THE THANKS-GIVING SEASON
DO HAVE A CIRCULAR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One Family—One Tradition
for 75 Years
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THE USE OF THIS BOTTLE
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Black Label
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BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
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IT'S WHISPER LIGHT

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Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

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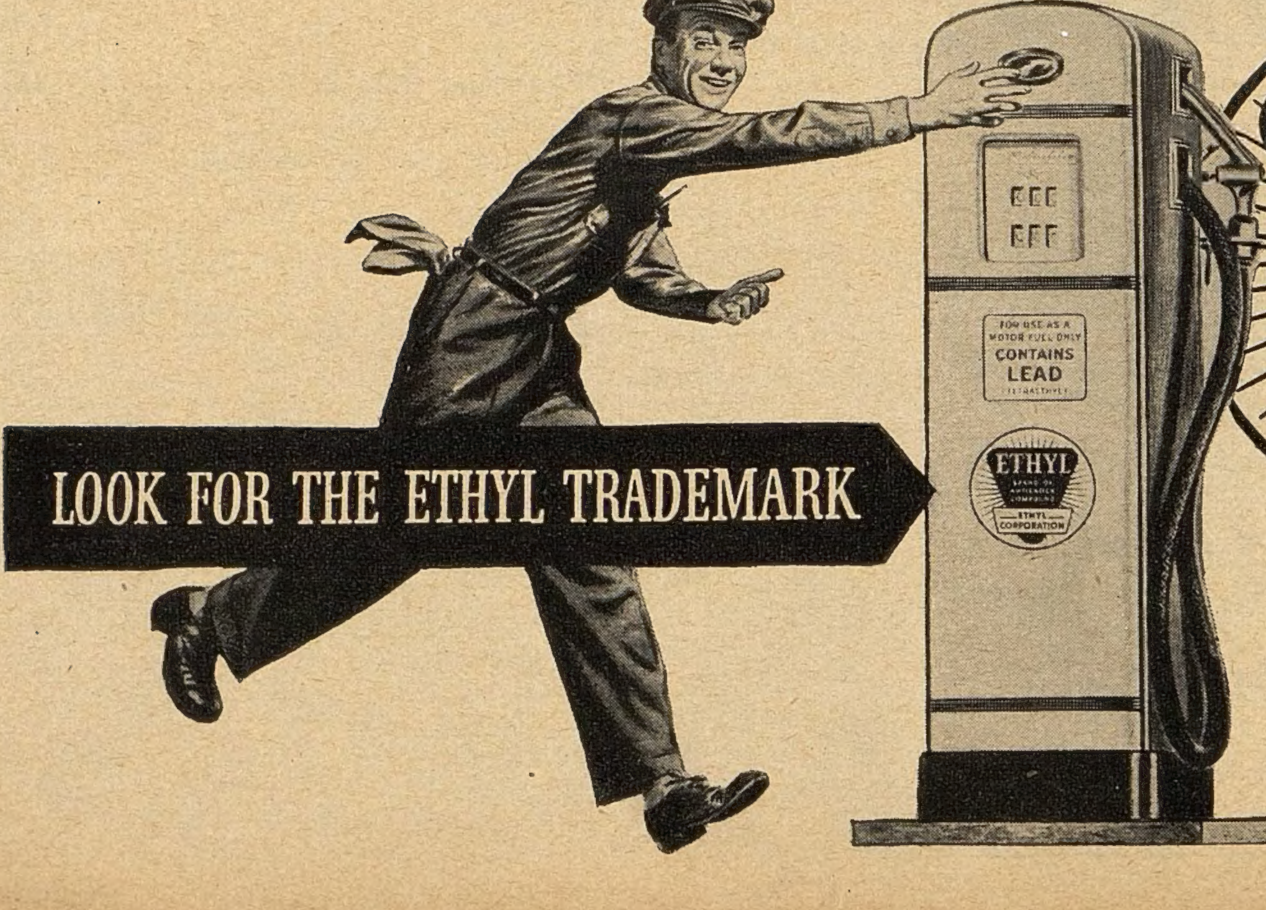
You are invited to enjoy gasoline that not so very long ago was reserved for military purposes. You are invited to feel the surging power of an eager engine—to make driving the thrilling pleasure it should be. And all you need to do is—**ask for Ethyl**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BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
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AMERICAN Cool-Ray SUN GLASSES

AO Cool-Ray Sun Glasses, unlike inferior types, absorb *both* ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays—yet admit plenty of "seeing light."

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Designed and drawn by Fred Cooper

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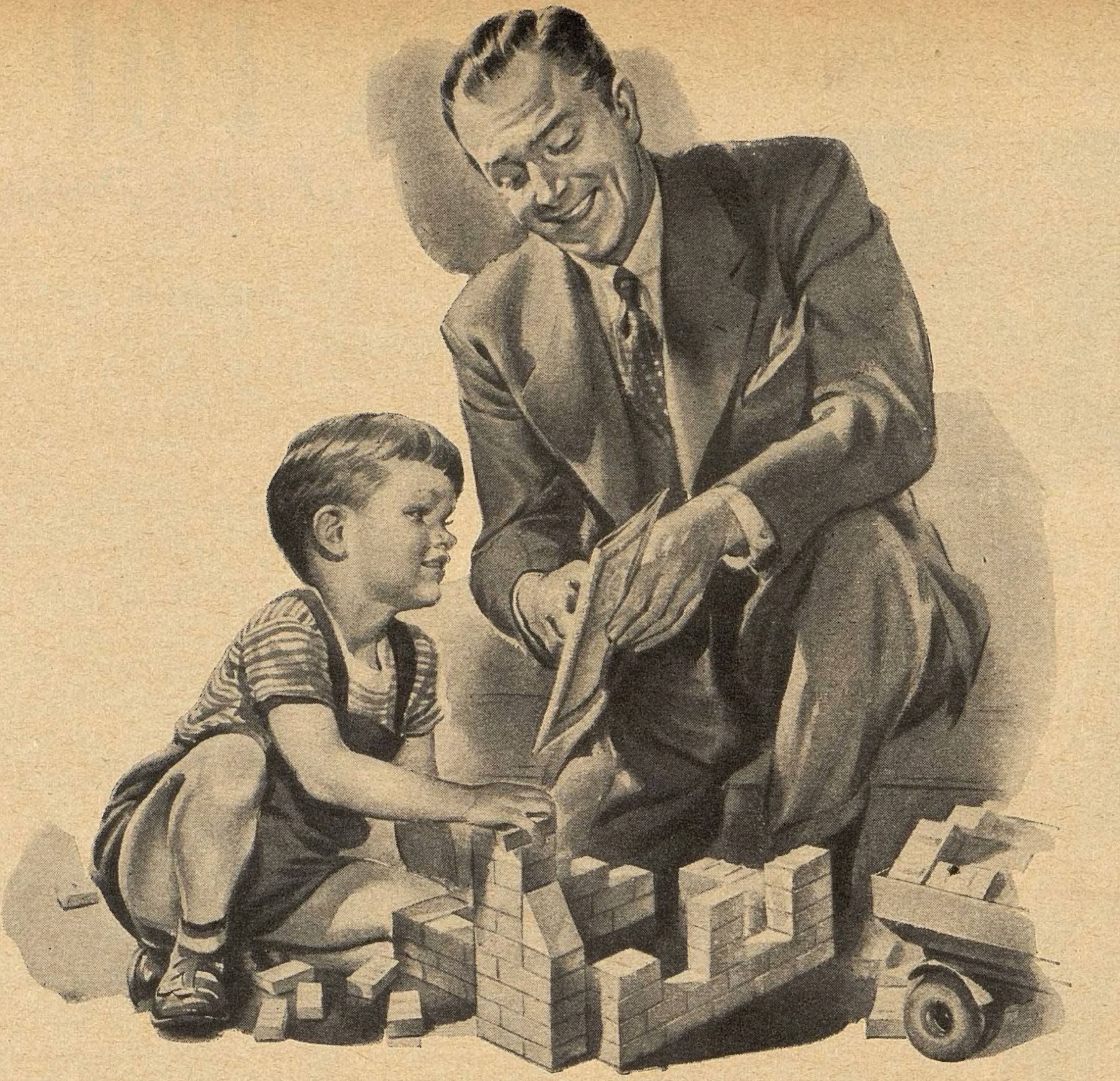

"There's a real house in this envelope, Son

"IT'S your future home. I know it just looks like a piece of paper with words printed on it. But when you're twenty-five, you can take this paper to The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company and they will give you $5,000 to help you buy your home!

"Of course, you may not want to buy a home. Maybe you'll want to use the money some other way. Perhaps you'll be starting your own business and will need this help. But however you decide to use it, the money is right here in this envelope, and it's yours!"

Penn Mutual Junior Insurance plans are available for children—both boys and girls—from date of birth. Let a Penn Mutual Underwriter explain them to you. No one is better fitted to give sensible, practical help on insurance matters. Penn Mutual representatives have the training and experience necessary to build a program that fits your requirements and your income. Life insurance is your most important investment. Plan it with the finest counsel you can get.

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Your Life Plan deserves the expert guidance of a Penn Mutual Underwriter

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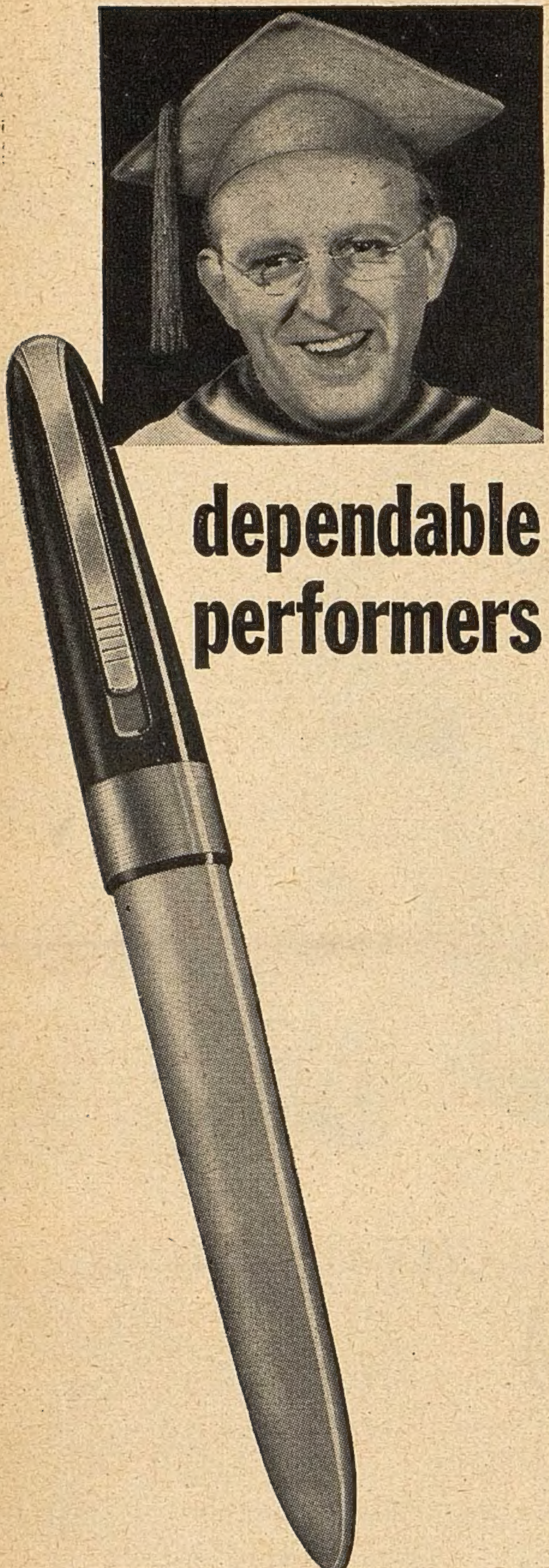

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

COVER: CHIEF RED BIRD

Watonga, Okla.—We feel that proper credit has not been given to the Indian model for your cover (September 8).

He is Chief Red Bird, a fine old Cheyenne Indian, who lives here in Watonga, and is pretty well known in these parts.

The many letters and cards he has received from Watonga and Blaine County servicemen since your cover came out, bear witness to just how well known he is. Even though you didn't say who he was, they all recognized him and wrote to congratulate him for making the front page of Liberty.

I've seen all of them myself, for Red Bird can't read or write, and it is my happy privilege to read and interpret his mail for him.—*H. S. Cunningham, Watonga Chamber of Commerce.*

Apologies to Chief Red Bird for not giving him the proper publicity.—Vox Pop Editor.

THE LITTLE FELLOWS

San Francisco, Calif.—I'd just like to say a word of thanks to Mrs. E. A. Daniels (Vox Pop, September 22) who doesn't like Mr. America as pictured in Camera Eye (August 4). It's really nice to know that some gals like little fellows, or they would get mighty lonesome.—*Dean Smith.*

HARRY KNOWS HIS INSIGNIA

South Meriden, Conn. — You pulled a boner, I notice, in the caption for the picture illustrating the article, Jap Surrender Salesmen, by Victor Boesen (September 22). Under the picture, you state that all three men kneeling are three-stripers. Don't look now, but the so-called sarge on the right must have been demoted, for his insignia shows he's a corporal.

I may be only twelve years old, but I can tell my insignia.—*Harry Athorne.*

THREE-YEAR HANGOVER

North Platte, Nebr.—Being a native of Nebraska I was very pleased with the short short story, A Dowry for Willie by Albert N. Williams (September 22). However, please inform Mr. Williams that Nebraska was admitted as a state in 1867, and was not a territory in 1870, as the story implies.—*Clarence Arnold.*

FOR THE REPUBLIC

Charleston, S. C.—Having just read The Rancorous Mr. Rankin (October 6), it would appear to me that the author, Stanley Frank, is one of that school from New York City which has declared the second Civil War on the South.

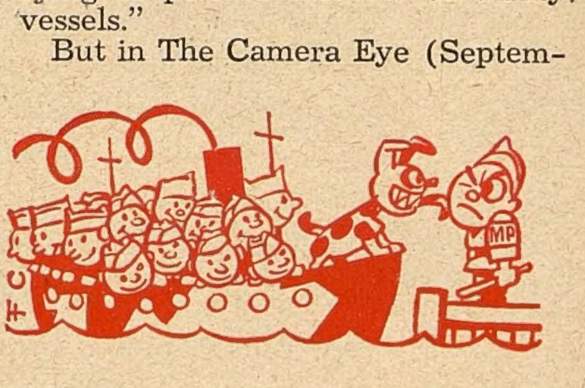
Because we of the South cannot be bulldozed and threatened to abandon the teachings of the founding fathers of the republic (and in so doing embrace the socialistic teachings of these expounders of a European philosophy), we are therefore guilty of all the crimes that can be brought to our doorsteps.

If Frank and his ilk would read the Constitution, they would readily see that we are not living in a democracy, which they take for granted, but that this is a republic. The Constitution stands in their way of making us a socialistic state.—*Webber D. Mott.*

CONTRADICTION

San Francisco, Calif.—In This Man's War (September 22) Old Sarge told Cpl. Tommy Cooke that he could not bring his dog home from overseas, for the reason that "Army Regulations prohibit the carrying of pets or mascots on Army vessels."

But in The Camera Eye (September 8) there's a picture of a Yank coming off a transport from overseas, and he's carrying his dog. Well?—*Tom Butler.*



Well, who said anything about his following Army Regulations?—Vox Pop Editor.

(*Continued on page 8*)

So you'll see better

Nature designed your eyes for seeing by daylight. *But the average person spends most of his waking hours under artificial light.*

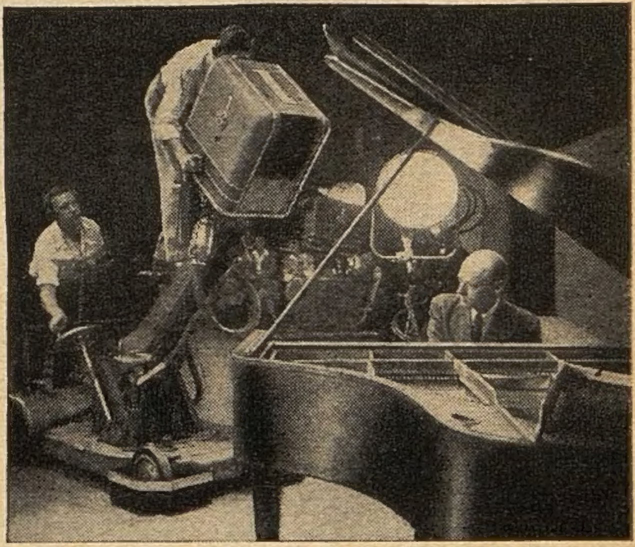
To develop *better* artificial light—for all living and working conditions—has been a continuous project of G-E engineers and research scientists. They have even developed a whole new Science of Seeing.

The pictures on this page illustrate a few ways in which G. E. is helping you see the day-by-day and night-to-night things more easily. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

Powdered Light. This luminous powder that you see is a *phosphor*. Coating the inside of every G-E fluorescent lamp, it transforms invisible rays into soft, cool light. Recently General Electric developed a remarkable *new* phosphor which will be used in a new fluorescent sun lamp to provide healthful summer sunshine all year round, economically and efficiently. And speaking of economy, G-E lamp research has reduced the cost of a 60-watt G-E bulb by 75% since 1923. Another way in which General Electric helps to bring More Goods to More People at Less Cost.

The tiny 7-watt G-E bulb in this night light makes darkened halls safely navigable for sleepy people. It's especially useful in homes with small children. And the cost of electric current has been brought so low that, at average residential rates, this little lamp will burn for four 8-hour nights for only a penny or so!

What's the best light for reading? Above is one of many testing devices in the G-E Lighting Research Laboratories. The amount of light on the page and the amount of general illumination inside the sphere are varied to determine best seeing conditions.



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Bottled-in-Bond

Still flowing in this old spring house, the original limestone spring used by founder James Crow continues in use.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

(*Continued from page 6*)

STILL A MENACE

LINCOLN, NEBR.—Wayne Parrish vividly describes the destruction of Berlin brought about by our bomber attacks in On the Beam (September 29). And that's just one of a long series of articles I've seen, pointing up the destruction in Germany.

But I have yet to find an article dealing with the hundreds of cities that weren't touched by the war. It's not true that Germany is completely destroyed; on the contrary, she is very much undestroyed, and still a menace. It's about time that someone pointed that out to the American people.—*Dr. Eric Mann.*

"BOMBSS! IN THE NAME OF ALLAH!"
F C

WHO'S BLIND?

BOSTON, MASS.—The camera's eyes must have been blinded the day that England's beauty contestants were snapped. Just take a look at that picture (The Camera Eye, September 29). If that's beauty in England, I'm glad I'm an American.—*Helen G. Andrews.*

LEPROSY EXPLAINED

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—I have just finished the article, Death Before Death, by Victor Race (September 29), and I would like to express my deep appreciation for having been able to read such an enlightening story.

I am sure that if this disease were brought out into the light, where more people could read about it and understand it as thoroughly as I do now, that there would be much less prejudice against leprosy and its unfortunate victims.—*Roberta Edwards.*

BLOCK THAT SLANT!

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have seldom read such a deliberately slanted article as Organized Labor's Problem Child, by Morris Markey (September 15). The author gives the impression, particularly at first, that there is no leadership in the union and that the United Automobile Workers is a wild, disorderly gang which has a strike each week.

Later on, when most readers have bogged down and quit, he admits that the leadership is good, that the union is democratic and honest. But he emphasizes the irresponsibility.

Sure, a totalitarian regime is more

(*Continued on page 10*)

SHE'S GOT HA'NTS IN HER TRANCE !

PAT plays ghost...to scare the
Wolf from his "widow's" door!

PAT O'BRIEN · ADOLPHE MENJOU · ELLEN DREW

in

"MAN ALIVE"

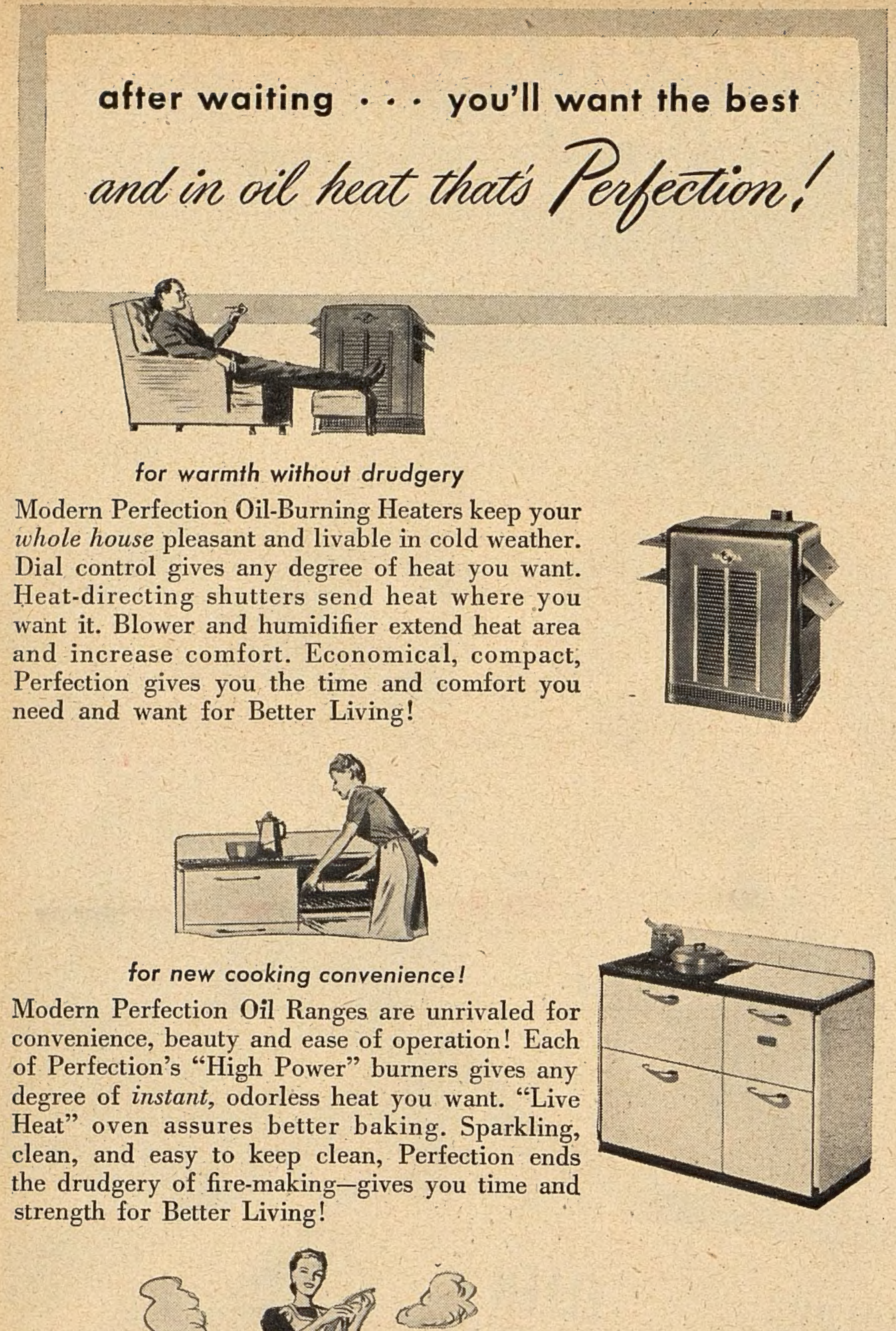
with

RUDY VALLEE · FORTUNIO BONANOVA

Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS · Directed by RAY ENRIGHT

Screen Play by EDWIN HARVEY BLUM

RKO RADIO PICTURES



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and in oil heat that's Perfection!

for warmth without drudgery

Modern Perfection Oil-Burning Heaters keep your *whole house* pleasant and livable in cold weather. Dial control gives any degree of heat you want. Heat-directing shutters send heat where you want it. Blower and humidifier extend heat area and increase comfort. Economical, compact, Perfection gives you the time and comfort you need and want for Better Living!

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all your lives made BRIGHTER

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(*Continued from page 8*)

efficient than a democracy. And in the same way the undemocratic unions are more orderly and respectable. To many U.A.W. members, their meetings are their first really democratic experience. Is it any wonder that they occasionally abuse their privileges? Those who believe in democracy agree that we need better preparation for and more practice in democratic living. Then we'll have better unions—and maybe better magazine articles.—*Mrs. M. K. W., a housewife.*

ENGLAND LED THE WAY

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I have just read with full enjoyment the article, Justice Jackson Tries His Toughest Case, by Marquis Childs (September 29). It occurs to me that the establishing of a new principle of international law (whereby persons responsible for aggressive war are deemed criminals) is a logical evolution from the principle which the English people adopted nearly 300 years ago when they convicted Charles I of violating fundamental rights of his people.

The English, because they live on an island, had to learn how to get along together. Now we are all living on an island (the territorial globe). And that, in terms of travel, is smaller than all of England in the time of Cromwell.—*Oliver G. Bailey.*

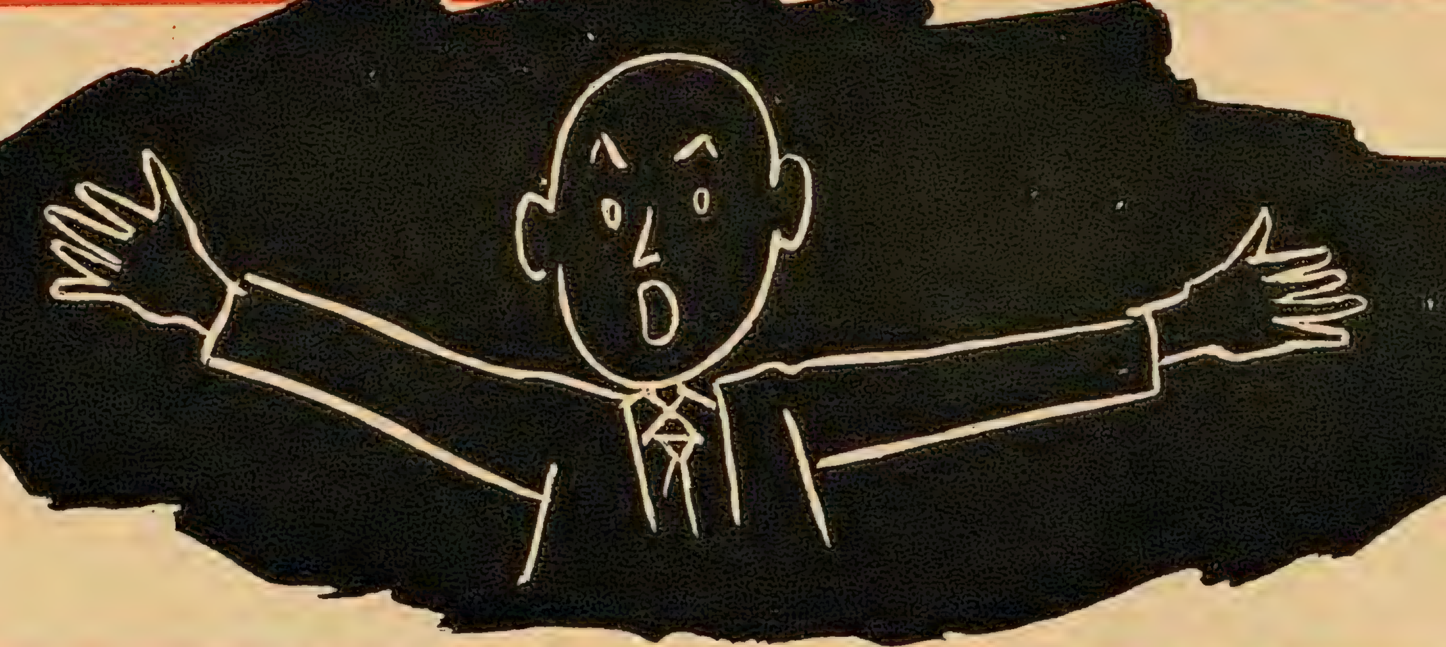
RICHARD WRIGHT AND THE NEGRO

GAINESVILLE, FLA.—I have just finished reading the book condensation of Black Boy, by Richard Wright (September 29). Many of the problems he mentions are not solely a matter of race. At least he had one advantage—he was a boy and could get out and find a job.

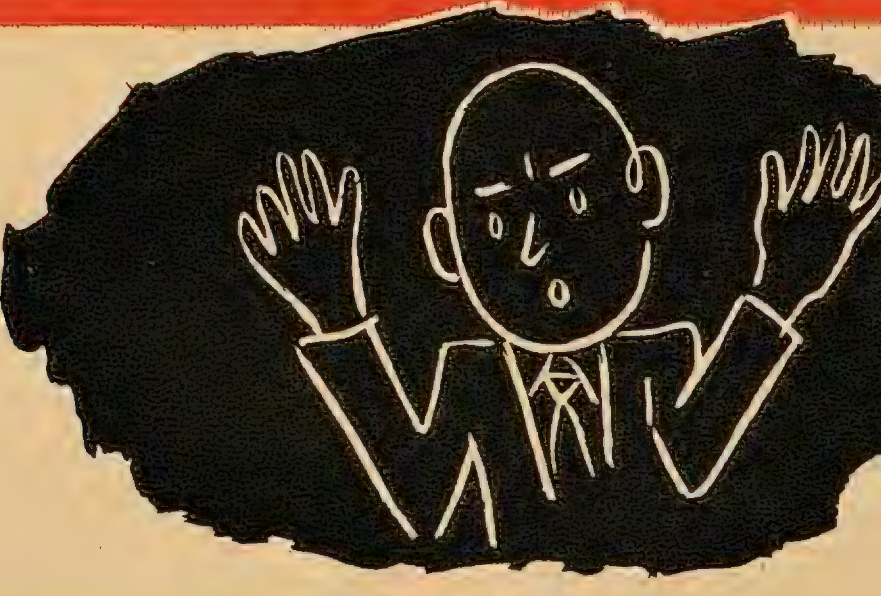
Negroes should have equal opportunity in their chosen field of endeavor. However, I don't think a forcing of Negroes and whites together socially is going to make either race happy. If Negroes are given an equal chance at education and the use of that education, the social end will work itself out.

It seems to me that men like Mr. Wright who have overcome their own self-pity at the accident of birth and have made a place for themselves could do much for their own race—to see that Negroes get equal consideration in business and professional circles.—*Mary Baldwin.*

Motorists want this much "PRESTONE" Anti-Freeze!



BUT THERE'S ONLY THIS MUCH!



SO: . . . although there'll be some "Prestone" anti-freeze in all communities, there won't be enough for all comers. The reason is that the Armed Forces still require quantities of one-shot protection.

See your dealer early, and he may be able to supply you. If he can, you can stop worrying. "Prestone" anti-freeze won't evaporate, boil away or foam off. It also protects against rust and corrosion. One shot lasts all winter—with "Prestone" anti-freeze in your car you're safe and you know it!

How anti-freeze is being distributed this year

To assure anti-freeze protection of the nation's motor vehicles, the War Production Board, with the cooperation of the Anti-Freeze Industry Advisory Committee, set up a state allocation plan for the distribution of all anti-freezes. This plan is intended to assure motorists of some kind of anti-freeze protection. Some "Prestone" brand anti-freeze will be available in all communities.

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Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
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EVEREADY
PRESTONE
ANTI-FREEZE
DOES NOT BOIL AWAY
PREVENTS RUST

WHY OUR ARMED FORCES STILL NEED ONE-SHOT ANTI-FREEZE

Vast numbers of our tanks, trucks, planes, warships etc. remain at various points throughout the world. This tremendous investment of the American people must be protected—and protected properly. That is why our armed forces still require quantities of one-shot anti-freeze.

Time Too Short

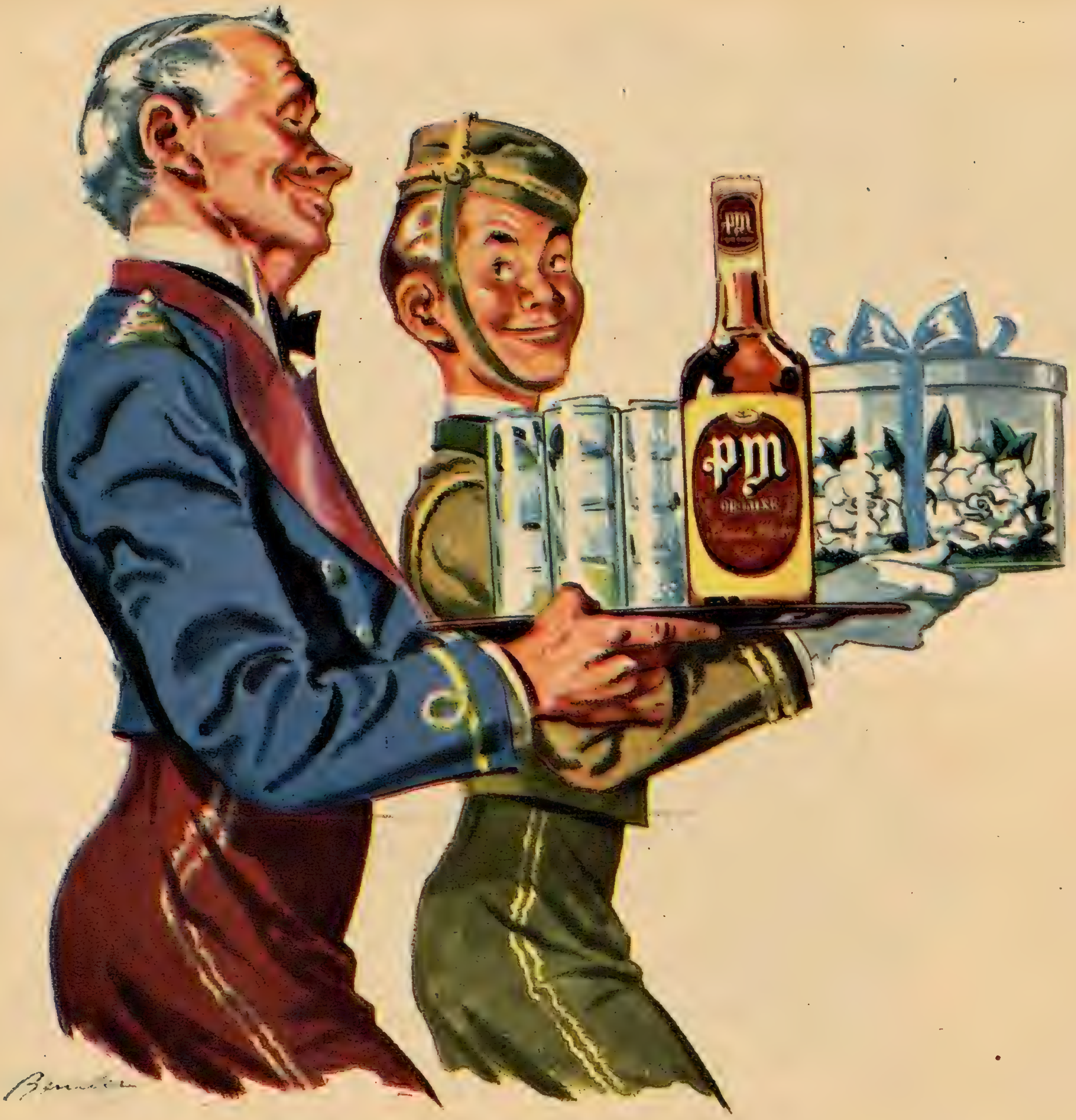
Even though the requirements of the services have been reduced, not enough "Prestone" anti-freeze can be made to meet both military and civilian needs this Winter.

O.P.A.
Retail Ceiling Price
$2.65
per gallon
SAME PRODUCT
SAME PRICE

PRESTONE Anti-Freeze

TRADE-MARK

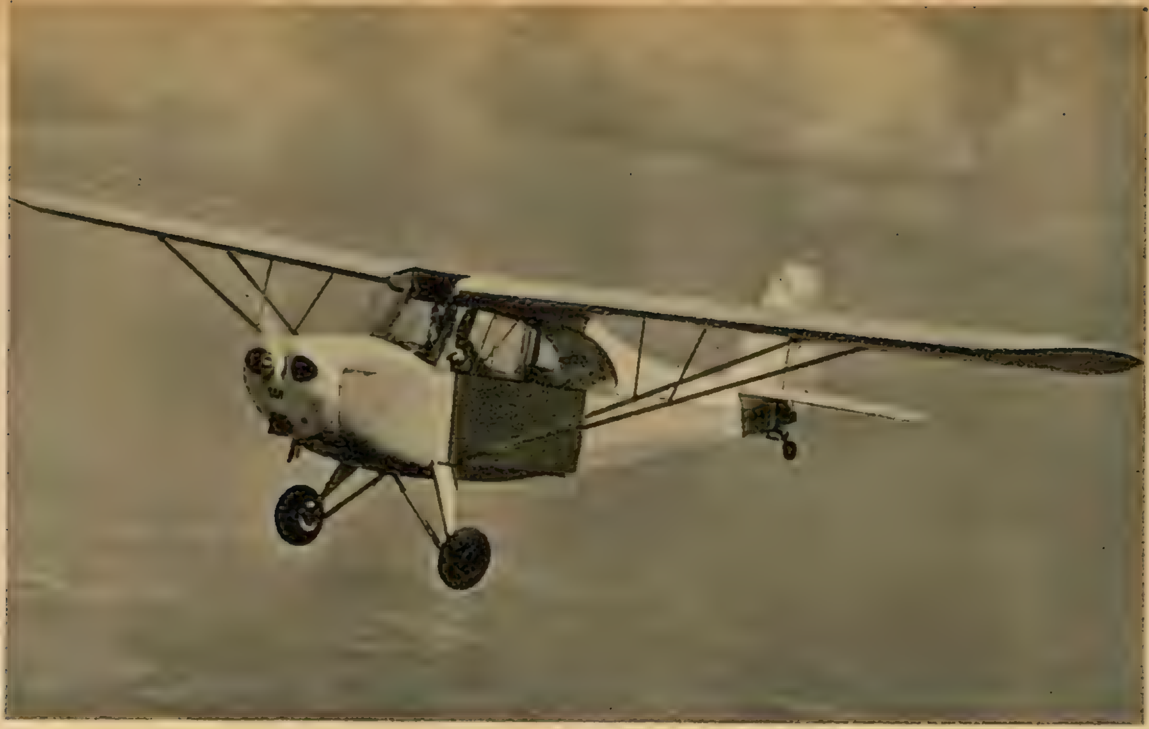
"YOU'RE SAFE–AND YOU KNOW IT!"



FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—PM's the Popular Mixer . . .
it blends with all your friends!
Pour its satisfying mellowness quickly onto the waiting ice . . .
add soda, gardenias and cheerios . . .
and three's not a crowd, it's a party!

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey.
86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.



Here's the Aeronca Champion, a light private-owner plane with a 65-hp. engine and 270-mile cruising range. It will cruise at 90 m.p.h., will land at 38 m.p.h.

ON THE BEAM

All set for a sky-high boom in private-plane production! Here are previews of planes you'll find on sale in '46—or sooner

BY WAYNE PARRISH

THE postwar private-flying market has been officially opened, and from now on you can expect as many new types and models of light airplanes as there were different makes of automobiles in the early days of that industry. Light planes coming off the lines between now and next spring will have about every horsepower engine, every color, and every type of gadget imaginable. But it's still a safe bet that the vast bulk of private-owner airplanes sold in the next five years will be built by prewar manufacturers.

Right now it's a race to get early models out into the field for display and for purposes of taking orders. The year 1946 will be a big year for private airplanes—probably the biggest in history.

Honors for making the first delivery of a postwar plane apparently go to Taylorcraft Aviation Division of Detroit Air-Craft Products. On August 30, a 65-hp. BC12-D side-by-side two-seater Taylorcraft was delivered to George Galipeau, a distributor at Northampton, Massachusetts, and Meriden, Connecticut. Selling price, $2,295. Taylorcraft expects to produce 5,000 planes next year.

A few weeks later Aeronca Aircraft Corporation, Middletown, Ohio, announced details of its new tandem seater, the Champion, which will sell for $2,095. The first plane came off the lines September 13. Standard equipment includes dual brakes, steerable tail wheel, compass, wiring for navigation lights, cabin heater, and numerous other items. The Champion will have a wing span of 35 feet. For its engine power, cruising range, and speeds, look below the picture on this page. Current models are being painted yellow and international orange.

Another prewar builder, Luscombe Airplane Company, which is now located near Dallas, Texas, is completing production plans for its Silvaire 8-E. A production goal of 1,000 for the remainder of this year was set.

In Fort Worth, Globe Aircraft Corporation has announced that its Swift personal plane will be powered by a 115-hp. Continental engine which will assure a cruising speed of at least 135 m.p.h. The Swift will be an all-metal airplane and will sell at above $3,000.

Piper, Stinson, Culver, Ercoupe, and others are very busy, and it seems certain that by the end of the year every distributor in the country will have a full line on display.

You can also be sure new merchandising methods will be introduced. Large department stores will feature lightplanes, and magazine advertising is being improved considerably in comparison with the prewar appeals.

A further development of flying clubs can also be expected. In England, where personal airplanes are too expensive for the average citizen and where flying is done mostly for pure week-end recreation, flying clubs comprised most of the civil aviation activity before the war. But over here clubs have been slow in taking form until recently. It is by far the cheapest method of getting flying time, for all costs are shared among the club members.

Generally speaking, you can expect a little more speed for your money in these first postwar models. Franklin and Continental have done much to improve their engines for

(*Continued on page 15*)

YOU'RE NEXT... for this perfect shave!

YES SIR! THAT'S REAL SHAVING PLEASURE!

MAKE THIS TEST!

Try a Hospital Brand Blade today. Then tomorrow use the *same* blade ...and the next day, too! No qualified claims — no ifs or buts. Just clean, crisp, refreshing shaves!

GET THEM TODAY!

Ask your druggist for Hospital Brand Blades. These cleaner, longer-lasting blades leave your face feeling cool ...comfortable...and contented. They're *prescribed* for your shaving satisfaction, shave after shave.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

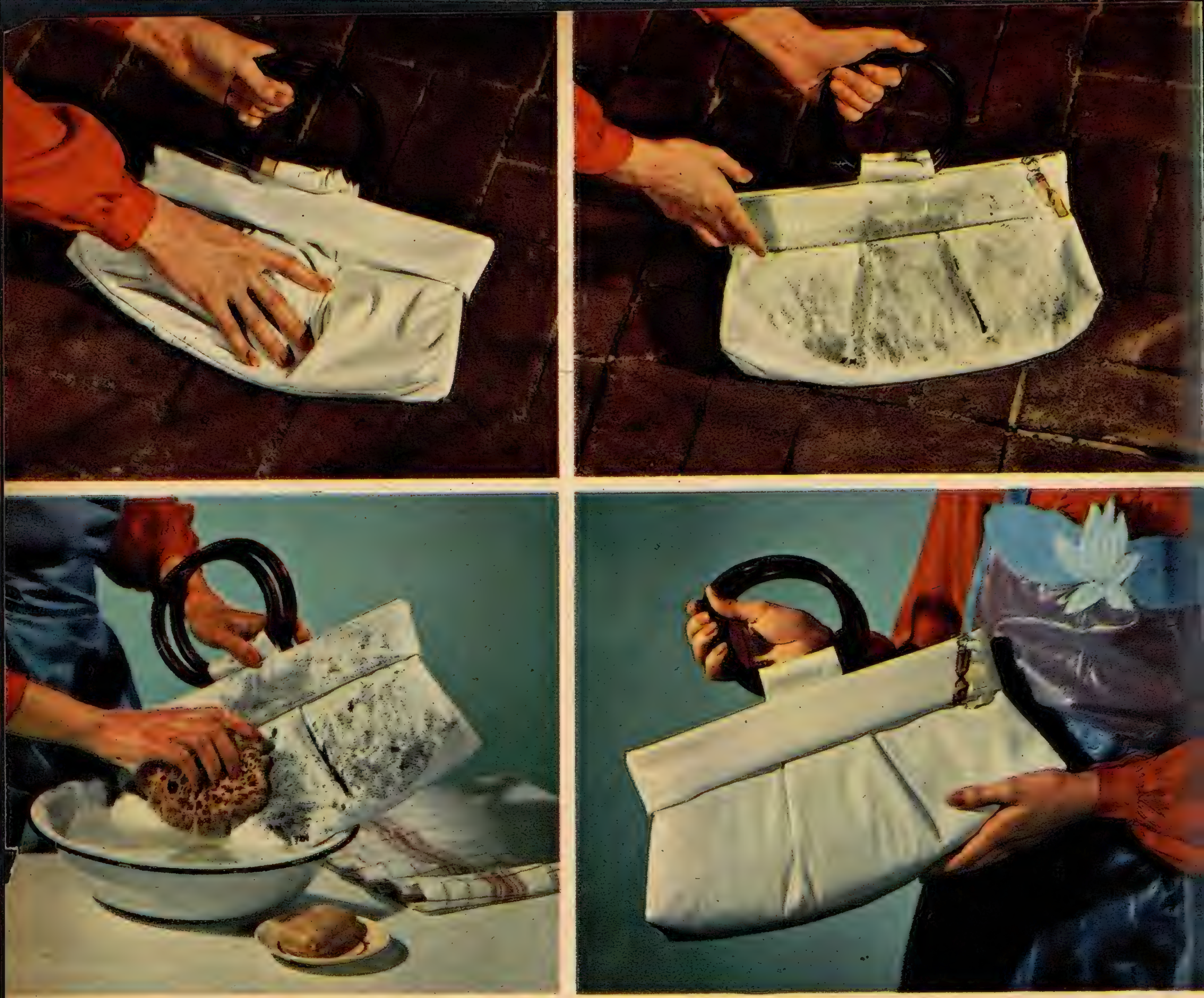
HOSPITAL BRAND **RAZOR BLADES**

HOSPITAL TRADE MARK MADE IN U.S.A. ELECTROTHERMIC STEEL

MADE IN U.S.A. Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE EDGE 5 BLADES FOR 25¢

Here's a blade you'll like!



You don't have to pamper Koroseal

Even if you have a Koroseal raincoat, shower curtain, garment bag—you haven't seen anything yet!

BANG and scrape Koroseal, as this white Koroseal handbag is being treated—you won't leave a mark. In the first picture above, the bag is pressed hard and rubbed over rough bricks. It washes clean and fresh-as-new in a few seconds. Koroseal is unlike anything you've ever seen before . . . it's the *new* material developed by B.F.Goodrich from limestone, coke, and salt, for hundreds of wonderful postwar uses.

Koroseal luggage and upholstery, as well as handbags, will be practically scuffproof—let the porter bang your bags . . . you can wash Koroseal fresh-as-new in a moment.

Koroseal is permanently waterproof so thin sheets of it will make light, mildew-proof, stainproof raincoats, shower curtains, aprons, baby pants. Koroseal shoe soles will wear three to four times as long as leather.

Koroseal resists oil, acids, ink, paint, almost everything, and so will make ideal wall coverings, food packages, make-up capes, and, in industry, acid tank linings, safety clothing.

Koroseal is flexible, does not discolor nor harden with age, has no odor, is mothproof, and can be made in any shape or color.

Koroseal can also be used as a thin, transparent coating on fabric or paper. Before the war this was its chief use, in articles like those across the top of this page. These are coming back in your stores, plus scores of new Koroseal conveniences that make life more comfortable, more pleasant. *The B.F.Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Koroseal—Reg. T. M.

Koroseal

MADE
ONLY BY

B. F. Goodrich

(*Continued from page 13*)

small planes, and Franklin, especially, seems to have got off to a good start.

Airplane prices are not starting out low, but competition and volume production will go far to reduce them. In general, you can't expect much under $2,000, and a good average for a plane cruising at 100 to 110 m.p.h. will be about $2,500. All-metal airplanes will range from the latter figure on upward into the high-figure class, depending on whether you want a two-seater or an eighty-passenger four-engined transport.

You can expect better local service than you got before the war, but improvements along this line won't come until next spring. During 1945, local service prices have been high and the service not too good. With many returning vets intending to get into the local business, competition will bring about better service all around—and more reasonable prices.

Airports will be more numerous by several thousand. The Army, Navy, and Marine Corps are turning back to municipalities many sites on which they constructed fine airports. A federal-aid airport program will result in many new fields, especially small ones for private flying.

Also look for the oil companies to provide private pilots with all sorts of gadgets and maps to encourage cross-country flying.

The stage is set and the curtain is just going up. At air meets and air shows, and in Main Street display windows, you'll see the greatest collection of private airplanes in the world from now on. The climax will come by next summer. See you at the airport.

A. A. F. Gardens on Reefs

Aviation is so broad in its economic, social, and political ramifications that it's not surprising to find the Army Air Forces mixed up with scientific gardening. A little-publicized feature is a project of the Air Technical Service Command to supply fresh vegetables to A. A. F. pilots and grounds crews based where not even a blade of grass normally grows.

This contribution to health is known as hydroponics, otherwise as chemical gardening. It enables those pilots and crews to eat fresh vegetable salads. One important center is on Ascension Island, the barren rock pile in the middle of the South Atlantic where thousands of Army planes have stopped for refueling. Others are in British Guiana and on South Pacific islands. The Army flies in all the needed equipment.

Hydroponics is the substitution of chemicals in liquid form for those ordinarily found in fertile soil. Nutrients normally provided for vegetation by nature are piped into beds from 1,000-barrel tanks. The beds are lined with concrete and are filled with fertile soil flown in especially for the project. Seedlings are then planted. Such things as tomatoes, radishes, leaf lettuce, peppers, and cucumbers are grown.

Bess Myerson, tall, dark-haired twenty-one year old miss from New York City is "Miss America, 1945."

Miss America 1945 Thanks Fitch's for Glamorous, Sparkling Hair

Do as Miss America does! Glorify YOUR hair with fragrant, easy-to-use FITCH'S SAPONIFIED SHAMPOO. It brings out those radiant, natural color highlights of your hair the very first time you use it. Mild vegetable and cocoanut oils are blended into Fitch's Saponified Shampoo, so it will *cleanse your hair thoroughly* without making it feel "dry" or harsh. "Oceans" of rich, billowy lather *loosen* and *float away* all the dust, dirt and other hair accumulations quickly and efficiently.

CONTAINS PATENTED RINSING AGENT

After the lather has done its work, the patented rinsing agent *contained in* the shampoo goes into action with the plain rinse water to carry away remaining particles. No special after-rinse is required. Hair and scalp are left immaculately clean, refreshed.

Your hair will be easy to arrange, and when dry, it will sparkle with all the glory of its natural color, adding glamour to every hairstyle.

Fitch's Saponified Shampoo is a grand shampoo for regular weekly use by every member of the family. Economical. Available at your favorite drug counter . . . professional applications at barber and beauty shops.

FOR DANDRUFF

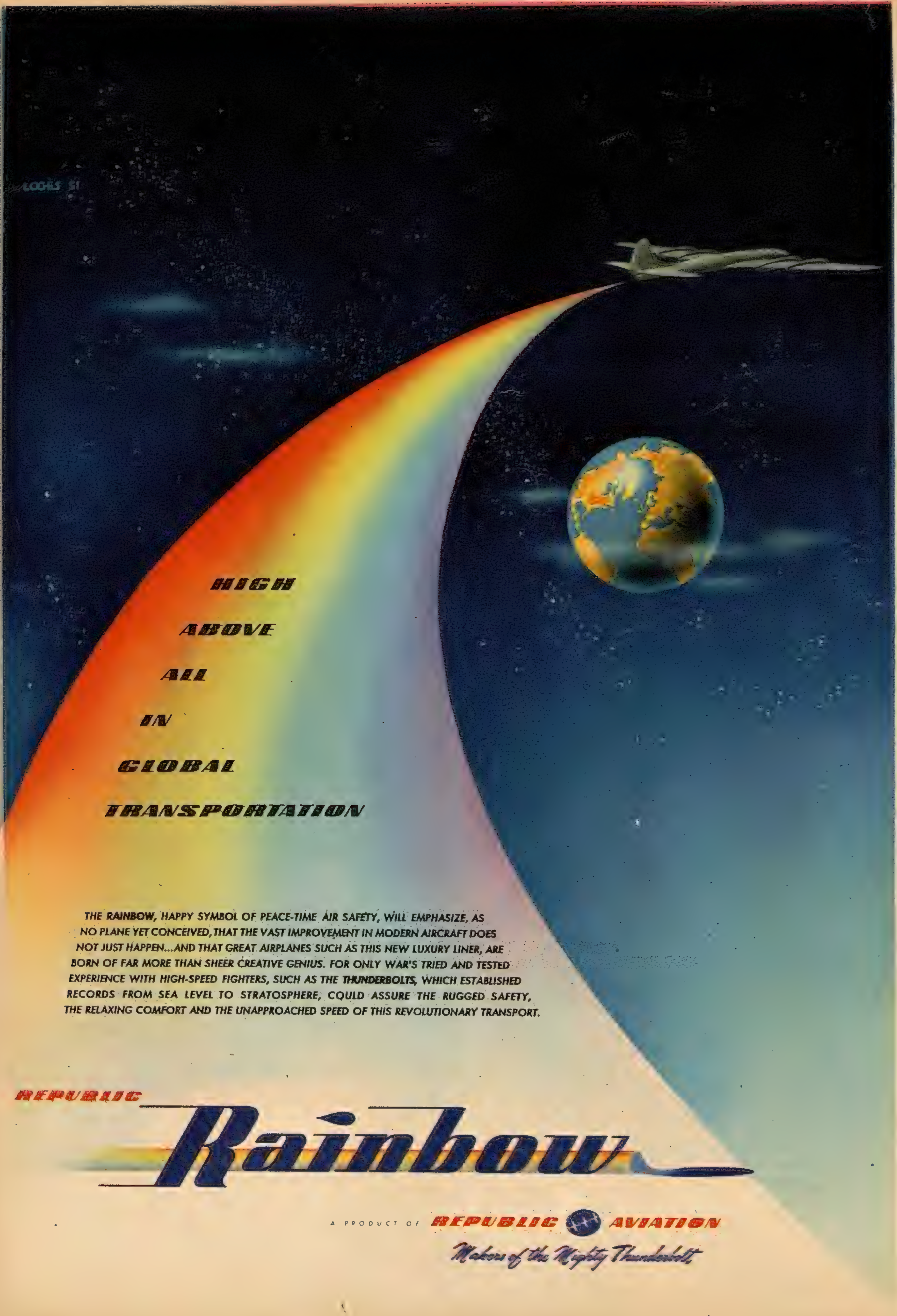
. . . ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first* application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters, barber and beauty shops.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

MISS AMERICA 194
BIG 50c $1.00 SIZES

Fitch's SAPONIFIED Cocoanut Oil SHAMPOO

The F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines 6, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles 21, Calif. • Toronto 2, Canada



THE RAINBOW, HAPPY SYMBOL OF PEACE-TIME AIR SAFETY, WILL EMPHASIZE, AS NO PLANE YET CONCEIVED, THAT THE VAST IMPROVEMENT IN MODERN AIRCRAFT DOES NOT JUST HAPPEN...AND THAT GREAT AIRPLANES SUCH AS THIS NEW LUXURY LINER, ARE BORN OF FAR MORE THAN SHEER CREATIVE GENIUS. FOR ONLY WAR'S TRIED AND TESTED EXPERIENCE WITH HIGH-SPEED FIGHTERS, SUCH AS THE **THUNDERBOLTS**, WHICH ESTABLISHED RECORDS FROM SEA LEVEL TO STRATOSPHERE, COULD ASSURE THE RUGGED SAFETY, THE RELAXING COMFORT AND THE UNAPPROACHED SPEED OF THIS REVOLUTIONARY TRANSPORT.

REPUBLIC
Rainbow

A PRODUCT OF **REPUBLIC AVIATION**
Makers of the Mighty Thunderbolt

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

HE HITS THE ROAD

THE author of the short story, HERO, Donald Barr Chidsey, has a habit of disappearing for months at a time; then returning with a lot of fresh manuscripts and new jokes. An inveterate traveler (the first ten years of his career he had a chain of newspaper jobs that led him from Honolulu to Paris), he's hit the high spots in Asia, Europe, Africa, and the South Pacific, too. When war broke out, he signed up with the American Field Service as a volunteer ambulance driver; served with the British Ninth Army in the Near East; then with the Eighth Army from El Alamein to Tunis. Now he's between trips, and doing some concentrating writing in order to get back into trouble.

A WEALTH OF EXPERIENCE

SID SCHUMANN figures his background is a natural for short-story writing. Born in Dnepropetrovsk and bred in New York's East Side, Harlem, and the Bronx, he's worked as a Wall Street runner, an insurance collector, a borscht-belt fiddler a waiter, a construction worker, a handy man in an old ladies' home, a house-to-house brush salesman—and, in a moment of panic and after a course of study, a pharmacist. Now free-lancing from Los Angeles, he's deep in the heart of a novel about the Bronx. His latest story, THE HANDS OF SIMON LOMBARD, appears in this week's issue of Liberty.

NEXT WEEK

NOW it can be told—WHAT DID *NOT* HAPPEN TO THE BATAAN NURSES. Captain Rosemary Hogan, captured at Corregidor, reveals the truth about the treatment accorded this brave band of American women. . . . In WE ARE BUILDING ROADS TO WHERE? Robert Moses gives you some provocative views on future highway construction. . . . Atom bomb? Rocket ships? Old Stuff to THAT PROPHETABLE GUY, BUCK ROGERS. Here's why—in the words of his brain father, Dick Calkins. Liberty's Book Condensation, THE EGG AND I, by Betty MacDonald, is an uproarious saga of chicken ranching.

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GIVES BETTER AND SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE ALL-YEAR-ROUND

Does your car sputter and cough, refuse to start on cold mornings? Get touch-and-go starting all winter long. Get Casite... a pint in the crankcase every oil change... at service stations, car dealers and garages, everywhere.

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WE GUARANTEE that any motor capable of being started in a warm room will start promptly in the coldest weather when Casite is added to the crankcase according to instructions. If your car fails to start quickly, you get double-your-money-back by filling out guarantee certificate and mailing it to The Casite Corporation, Hastings, Michigan. Maximum refund is $1.30 per pint, twice the nationally advertised price of Casite.

"Hello Mom, It's Me!"

Of all the Long Distance calls these days, there is none that brings more joy than – "Hello Mom, it's me!"

We think those who stand aside in the evening so that service men can get their calls through faster have a very real share in the happiness that is going over the wires.

That goes, too, for those who limit their calls to five minutes when the operator requests it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Listen to "The Telephone Hour" every Monday evening over NBC

Steel Men with Iron Wills

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

There's a market for every pound of steel we can produce for years, and the United Steelworkers will have to make it.

The United Steelworkers is a rugged union of rugged men—750,000 of them. Here's a fascinating, behind-the-scenes glimpse of the workings of this organization and of the men who run it

THERE are 750,000 of them: men of every breed. They are united in a brotherhood of prodigious wealth and strength. They will defend their union in a hundred different tongues, or with their blood. They are the United Steelworkers of America, perhaps the most passionately self-conscious of all our labor organizations.

This self-consciousness springs from three sources: (1) Labor relations within the steel industry have been violently melodramatic for a hundred years; (2) the union, as now constituted, is the youngest of all the big unions; (3) the Steelworkers are the heart and power of the Congress of Industrial Organizations—their president, Philip Murray, is also the president of C.I.O.

It may seem almost incredible that as recently as 1919 Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, replied to a conciliatory offer from labor leaders: "We refuse to recognize, deal with, or combat labor unions as such." It may seem equally incredible that in the same year the Rev. P. Molyneux of St. Brendan's Roman Catholic Church in Braddock, Pennsylvania, preached a sermon about the budding union in which he said: "The only way you can reason with these people [the workers] is to knock them down!" And that the Governor of Pennsylvania wrote to the reverend father: "I wish to compliment you for the very good judgment expressed. I heartily agree with your analysis."

We may observe, now, what changes no more than twenty-six years have brought about in the matter of union organization. He would be a stubborn man indeed who did not recognize that a social revolution has occurred. For today the Steelworkers are recognized by all the steel corporations of the land—and their power is respected.

This union is more efficiently organized and integrated than are most governments. Its 704 full-time employees are experts, each at his particular job. The working steelmen who have been elected to the presidencies of the thousands of locals are thoroughly indoctrinated in their duties and in the way they should think. The union is, by definition, democratic. In practice, too, it is democratic—bearing in mind that the proper ideas are canned and predigested for most of the proletarians who are the core of any labor union.

Working in a steel mill is savage work. It is much more exhausting than coal mining because of the terrific heats. But steelworkers are rugged men who have come from all over the world.

For years the steel magnates profited from the bewilderment and hunger of these men. Andrew Carnegie, Frick, Gary, and the rest who founded the American steel industry

Many steel-mill operations are savage, exhausting jobs which only rugged men can take. The average hourly wage is about $1.10.

made fantastic fortunes out of the labor of human beings whom they honestly considered expendable. It was the temper of the times.

The steelworkers (at that time a small union of the American Federation of Labor) tried a strike in 1892. There were murderous pitched battles until 8,000 Pennsylvania National Guardsmen were called out. They broke the strike and wrecked the union. Carnegie was in Europe, and Frick cabled him: "Our victory complete and gratifying. Do not think we will ever have serious labor troubles again. We had to teach our employees a lesson and we have taught them one they will never forget."

Carnegie replied: "Life worth living again . . . surprising how pretty Italy . . . congratulate all around."

BUT there were other, more bitter strikes to come. It was the walkout of 1919 which caused the Pittsburgh steel plants to import enormous numbers of Negro strikebreakers from the South. The 1929 depression was ruinous to corporations and workmen alike. For the latter, take-home wages declined as much as 80 per cent. As with most trade unions, the National Recovery Act of 1933 was the life-saver.

For thirty years the A.F.L. steel union had been a miracle of failure. With NRA, it revived, but met with doubtful enthusiasm from the men. The corporations, quick to sense the situation, set up company unions. These unions looked attractive. No dues were required. The men could elect their own representatives, and could present requests and demands that were listened to politely and sometimes even acted upon. But one thing made the company unions impossible as a permanent way of conducting labor-management relations: management was privileged to cancel all contracts and terminate unions without prior consultation.

It was inevitable that professional labor organizers should undertake to set up a real trade-union. Philip Murray was the chief figure in the enterprise. By 1936 he had set up the Steel Workers Organizing Committee (S.W.O.C.) with funds lent or given outright by friendly labor unions, of which the biggest contributors were the mine workers of John L. Lewis and the clothing workers of Sidney Hillman.

Within eleven months S.W.O.C. had snowballed to such proportions that it won recognition and contractual agreements with U. S. Steel—Big Steel. This was a portent of two things: the extraordinary organizing ability of Murray, and the acceptance, by the corporation, of the fact that a new era was at hand.

Murray knew all the answers for building a union. When S.W.O.C. had difficulty in forcing the corporations to agree to a closed shop, it set out to accomplish this aim in its own way. It was simple. A steelworker joined the union or he wasn't allowed to work. This was accomplished by the time-honored dues-picket line outside plant gates. Sworn affidavits of several score workmen who joined the union in the early 1940s—because they had to—tell how this plan worked. Here's what one of them says:

"MY name is E. R. McMillan of Hammond, Indiana. I am a roller in the cold-strip mill at Inland Steel, where I have worked for thirty years. On the 27th of February I arrived over there at about 10.30 and tried to drive into the plant, but they wouldn't leave me in. There were about 150 men and they had picket badges on. They tried to stop me and I just moved on, and of course they jumped on my car and pulled me out. . . . They thought I was trying to run the gantlet, so they dragged me out and beat me. . . . They made me join. I paid them four dollars initiation fee. . . ."

Excerpt from the statement of Edward Troutman:

"I was coming to work about eleven o'clock at night. I walked out the restaurant, and there they were, thirty or thirty-five men with white committee badges on. Louis Abramovitch asked me if I was going to work that night. I said I did not know. He said, 'You are not going to work unless you belong to the C.I.O.' I told him I didn't have the four dollars. He said, 'It will cost you fifteen to join now, and $100 after we have the closed shop, and probably plenty more.' I didn't answer them back. They called me a blockhead and stool pigeon and scab. They told me that as soon as the closed shop was in effect I wouldn't be able to work at Inland or anywhere in East Chicago or Indiana Harbor and that I wouldn't be able to live around here either. . . ."

This stubborn fellow finally sneaked his way into the plant by going through a tunnel.

". . . The next morning as I was leaving," he says, "I ran into Abramovitch, who was just coming to work. He said, "Why, that son of a bitch got in anyway!' I didn't say a word and just kept on walking."

With such determination of purpose it is little wonder that the union grew strong.

BUT it was not until 1942 that S.W.O.C. was ready to form the permanent union, the United Steelworkers of America. Indeed, the final constitution of the organization was not adopted until May 13, 1944. The structure of the union established by this constitution follows the familiar pattern of most C.I.O. brotherhoods. There is the international headquarters at Pittsburgh, and forty district offices spaced geographically from New York to western Canada. In each district there are numerous local chapters, or local unions.

Each local may adopt its own bylaws, subject to the approval of the International office, and elect its own officers by secret ballot. Any member of the local may be put in nomination for office. In the various districts, all members vote for the district director and his aides. The entire membership of the union can vote for the International officers.

The average hourly wage in the steel industry is about one dollar and ten cents, though wages vary sharply among individuals because of the multiplicity of skills required. The initiation fee for membership in the union has been reduced from four to three dollars, and monthly dues of local chapters range from one dollar to one fifty. A large proportion of this income goes into the international treasury, more than in any other big union. The locals must send *all* their money receipts to headquarters at Pittsburgh. The International takes out two dollars from each initiation fee, and seventy-five cents per capita from all dues payments. The remainder is then returned to the locals.

In this wise the International is enriched by about $7,000,000 a year. It costs about $6,000,000 a year to run the union, most of it in salaries and publications and the ordinary overhead. Included also is the per capita tax to C.I.O.'s treasury, which amounts to about $450,000 a year.

The present net worth of the United Steelworkers of America—the reserves of capital resources—is about $5,000,000. This includes, of course, the accumulated reserves of S.W.O.C. which were absorbed when

(*Continued on page 84*)

The resourceful, emotional Phillip Murray established the Steelworkers' Union, which is the heart of the whole C. I. O. Today he's president of both outfits.

Pierced under white heat, this billet eventually will become part of an oil pipe line.

Veteran

DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
AMERICA

KODACHROME FOR LIBERTY BY HARRIS & EWING

Judicial in bearing and outlook, Secretary Schwellenbach faces a tough assignment.

Squarely on the shoulders of Lew Schwellenbach falls the burden of lulling industrial strife and smoothing the road to all-out production and employment. It's important to know the man and how he works

THE Secretary of Labor, Lewis Baxter Schwellenbach, wears an air of benevolent reserve. He is a large, serious man who has a disconcerting way of staring at a questioner, but this is not intended as reproof—it marks the pause while he thinks of a suitable answer. When the answer comes, it is well considered, and often it comes from around a large cigar. He is that variety of cigar smoker known as a chewer.

The prevailing Schwellenbach look is judicial, and appropriately so, for he was on the federal bench in his home state of Washington for more than four years. When he came to Washington this year he brought the judicial approach to the Department of Labor. He was going to see, he said, whether a government department could not be operated like a court.

You would not recognize him as a veteran hatchet man. Yet attached to his belt are the scalps of many enemies of the New Deal.

The judge's Indian name is White Thunder, conferred upon him by the Yakima tribe of his home state, but his hatchet work was done in the Senate from 1936 to 1939 when he carried out many a dangerous mission for Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Indeed, it seemed sometimes that he did not wait for orders, but ran out ahead, chopping at reactionary heads wherever they were lifted.

Schwellenbach has a sympathy for the economic underdog derived from a boyhood that knew poverty. He was born in Superior, Wisconsin, fifty-one years ago, and when he was eight the family moved to Spokane. The father, who had earlier been a railroad man, turned to mining. When he died in 1908, he left his widow and four children with scanty funds. Often there wasn't enough to eat, and Lewis sold newspapers. Once he got a job as messenger for a Republican candidate for governor, and dreamed of being governor of the state some day himself.

In 1932 he almost made it, but lost in the primaries. His 1932 program of taking over idle factories and idle farms to make jobs has been compared—usually by his enemies—to Upton Sinclair's EPIC (End Poverty in California), which it preceded. Two years after the governorship race Schwellenbach was elected to the Senate on a platform which included the idle-factory program. Last summer, still consistent, he testified approval of the 1945 version of the jobs-for-all bill.

If he has a hobby, it is probably his interest in public affairs and politics. His only exercise is walking a small terrier named Ginger. He lives a regular and busy life between his hotel apartment and his office. Mrs. Schwellenbach, the former Ann Duffy, whom he married after his election to the Senate, is credited with considerable political skill and took an active part in some of his early campaigns in Seattle.

The Young Turk, as he came to be called in the Senate, has a deeply sentimental side. It was sentiment of a sort which brought him back to the capital this year — warm friendship for the Harry S. Truman who had been in the back row with him as a freshman senator in 1935. At Truman's urging, he gave up a lifetime appointment as U. S. district judge in his home city of Spokane, awarded him in 1940 by President Roosevelt. In that year he went to Missouri to speak at the formal opening of Senator Truman's campaign for re-election.

Some of Schwellenbach's friends had marked him down on their private slates for Attorney General, and were surprised when it turned out to be Labor.

The Labor assignment is tough. When Schwellenbach arrived in

Hatchet Man Re-Enlists

BY STACY V. JONES

July, the department had no powers for the forcible settlement of disputes. In September, as the automobile strikes broke, Schwellenbach had only a garden hose, as he put it, to use on a four-alarm fire. Then President Truman handed him the National War Labor Board, which has settlement powers; the War Manpower Commission, including the U. S. Employment Service; and the Retraining and Re-employment Administration, a policy unit in Reconversion Director John W. Snyder's office. The National Labor Relations Board, which protects the rights of workers under the Wagner Act, was left independent for the time being. Also outside the walls were the National Mediation Board, for railroad workers, and labor sections of the Army, the Navy, and the Maritime Commission, and various war agencies.

But Schwellenbach's hand was greatly strengthened. Without holding a veto over WLB's decisions, he could step promptly into labor disputes through his conciliation service or by certifying the case to the Board. He at once turned his conciliators loose on Detroit.

CERTAIN labor functions were either taken from Miss Frances Perkins during the Roosevelt administration, or were organized outside her bailiwick. Being a lady, she did not fight back, and they remained lost to her. Being a gentleman but a fighter, her successor set out to get them and hold them. He came to Washington with no fixed program except his agreement with President Truman that the scattered agencies must be gathered in.

Before he took over, Schwellenbach remarked that he saw no reason why the courts should have a monopoly on justice. When he arrived he told his subordinates it was the Labor Department's function to execute laws.

"The duty of an officer in this department," he said, "is to accept the laws as Congress has written them and as the courts have interpreted them. The fact that he may think the Congress should have written, or the courts should have interpreted, a law differently in no case justifies him in ignoring or attempting to circumvent the law."

As a judge he had upheld the rights of individuals, sometimes against bureaucrats. In deciding a tax case involving a bank, he criticized the collector's methods. "They smack too much of the political philosophy of subservience of the individual to the state which today threatens the world. Public officials in a democracy should learn that only those deserve power who are willing to use it sparingly," he said.

He dismissed a charge of contempt against one of Jehovah's Witnesses who had refused to serve as a juror. "I have no fear that the prestige of this court will be diminished by this result," said Judge Schwellenbach. "Fortunately, in this country the dignity of a court does not depend on the use of its power."

When he first put on the robes, it was among political enemies as well as friends, but he left the bench with the respect of the bar, both Republican and Democratic, and with the warm commendation of Republican editors. Several times he was stopped on Spokane streets by men he had sentenced and received their thanks for fair treatment in court.

The court calendar was a year and a half behind when Schwellenbach took over. By checking with the lawyers, he avoided the loss of time caused by adjournments and last-minute settlements, and caught up with the calendar.

Beginning in February, 1943, more than half the court's time was spent hearing condemnation proceedings for 400,000 acres which the government was taking for a project near Pasco. The judge was quite unaware that it was for the manufacture of atomic bombs.

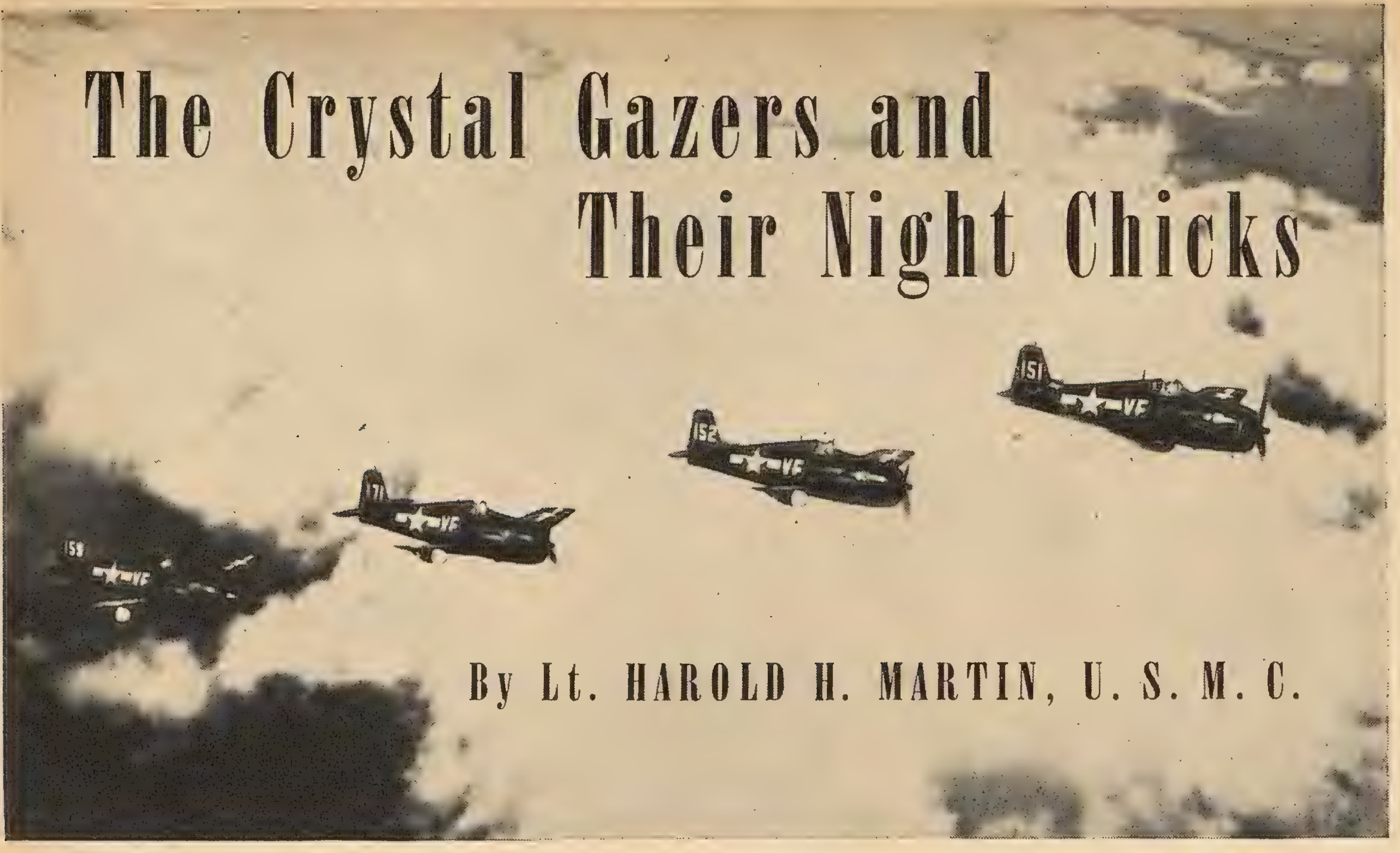
Lew Schwellenbach had stuck out his young neck several times to accomplish public jobs in his home state. One was to bring together the veterans of World War I and organized labor, despite the tense animosity which had arisen after the Armistice Day shootings of 1919 in Centralia, involving Wobblies (Industrial Workers of the World) and Legionnaires. Another was to block a move ascribed to the Ku Klux Klan to bar parochial schools from the state. (Schwellenbach is an Episcopalian.)

HIS success in the Centralia case encourages Secretary Schwellenbach to think he can oil the friction existing today between veterans and labor. He realized, too, as he took the job, the violence of labor-management disputes then in the offing. Union officials, knowing his long pro-labor record, have confidence in him. He is charged by law with promoting the wage earners' welfare and improving their conditions, but he insists that labor shoulder its responsibility to society as a whole.

One resource which the Secretary can call upon is his ability as a speaker. He has a deep, slow, and rumbling voice. In high school the

(Continued on page 96)

Washington peace parley: C.I.O.'s Phil Murray, President Eric Johnston of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, A.F.L.'s Bob Watt, Schwellenbach, and N.A.M.'s Ira Mosher.



The Crystal Gazers and Their Night Chicks

By Lt. HAROLD H. MARTIN, U. S. M. C.

"Radomes" slung beneath their right wings give these nocturnal birds of prey a lethal, unerring sixth sense.

Only now can it be told — the thrilling and fascinating business of hunting Jap raiders in the night skies over Okinawa by radar magic. Come along for the most exciting night you've ever spent

YOU didn't hear much about the fighter director—the crystal gazer who, from the ground, spotted enemy aircraft miles beyond the range of eye or ear and sent his fighter aircraft out to shoot them down.

Until the war's end he was an obscure character who worked in the darkness—literally and figuratively—with only the glowworm blips of a radarscope for company. He never flew an airplane or fired a gun. But every time a Jap went down at night it was the fighter director who'd put the Hellcat there on the enemy's tail, at that particular spot in the sky, at that particular instant. And because he was operating one of the most closely guarded secrets in military aviation—a device utilizing radar—he remains an unhonored hero.

But to the fighter pilots who got the glory and the medals, the crystal gazer was The Works, the man who made it possible for them to go into these nocturnal turkey shoots, bag the limit, and get out without having their own feathers shorn.

The magic art of the fighter director is a thing called "vector sense": the ability to look at a dial on which two tiny lights are glowing, representing friendly plane and enemy, miles away from each other in a night sky, and instantaneously work out the complicated mathematical problem involving speed, direction, range, and altitude which would bring the night chick onto the enemy's tail, ready to make his kill. That, whether the planes were hurtling toward each other at 600 miles an hour head on, or beam on, or even if the enemy was zigzagging all over the sky.

During the last battles of the Pacific when Jap Kamikaze fliers really got going, the fighter director and night fighter team stopped the Nipponese night attacks cold. When the Okinawa show was shaping up, Brigadier General William Jennings Wallace of the Air Defense Command, and Lieutenant Colonel R. O. Bisson, who was to run the air-warning end of it, knew they had to have many officers who had the true crystal gazer's touch. Okinawa was well within fighter and bomber range of the Jap home islands. Wallace and Bisson not only expected the worst, but they expected it to come at night, when ordinary fighter interception is ineffective. They combed Marine aviation and came up with a hot-shot crew.

They had all flown with the night fighters and knew the terrible tension that builds up in a man as he flies around with nothing but the fighter director's voice in his earphones to remind him that in all the black nothingness around him there is any life but his. A man can get wound up pretty tight on these long patrols and is likely to forget all he knows when a target does appear in the night—unless the controller on the ground is an old hand who knows how to calm a high-strung pilot as you would a mettlesome horse. And these fighter directors had the knack of doing this.

They had guts, too, of a special kind that would keep them nailed to their chairs, talking calmly and coolly and never letting on to the kid upstairs that they were getting their ears knocked off by bombing and shelling down on the ground.

So, as far as fighter controllers were concerned, we were in pretty good shape when we went into Okinawa.

We had good equipment, too. It had some bugs in it, for you can't lug such delicate gear 10,000 miles and set it up in the confusion of a landing and expect it to function perfectly. So, as might have been expected, we got off to a slow start.

We took a little kidding around, and there was some truth in Radio

Like occult magic, radar reveals to the fighter director the bearing and distance of his target.

Up above, daring and swift excitement. In the plot room, tension, cold science and accuracy.

Tokyo's boast that, at night, the Japanese had air superiority over Okinawa. Then, almost overnight, the set-up started to click.

Came the night of May 18. The weather was clear, and at the station called Poison, Hugh Gallarneau, the old Stanford, All-America football player and later with the Chicago Bears, knocked out his pipe and began to scan the glowing dials that cast a bluish light over the panel at the end of the dark control room. His chick was already in the air—Bob Wellwood from Sheridan, Wyoming, a tousle-headed, blue-eyed youngster. The boys called him "Powder River" for his habit of uttering an old war cry well known in Wyoming—"Whoopee! Let 'er buck! Inch deep and a mile wide! Powwwdderrr River!"

Miles away, at the station called Raccoon, Jack Wilson, a one-time architect from New Orleans, heard his chick report airborne. Bunny Lefaivre, wearing on his helmet the red and blue hair ribbons his wife, Anne, had sent him from Baltimore, was ready to go to work.

For a while nothing happened. On the dials at Poison and Raccoon only two tiny sparks of light showed where the two chicks circled in the dark above. Then, far to the northeast, toward Japan, another faint spark glowed on Gallarneau's scope. He studied it, marking its course and altitude. Bogey. Unidentified aircraft. He queried the stranger, and no answering identification signal came back. He was enemy now, beyond a doubt; target instead of bogey. Hugh clicked on his microphone.

"Hello, One Seven," he said. "I have a customer for you. Starboard three—five—zero."

"One Seven to Poison: Three—five—zero. Roger. Out."

"When Hugh said he had a customer, it was like a shock of electricity," Wellwood said. "I headed northeast and reached up to charge my guns. I wasn't excited. I was just anxious. It was my first vector in combat. I was thinking about the squadron. We'd been training thirteen months. If I made it, this would be our first kill. If I missed, I'd be ashamed to go home."

"Hello, One Seven. Target range twenty-five at eleven o'clock and 17,000. Indicating 160. Fire-wall. Poison out."

"She had altitude on me and was closing fast," said Wellwood. "When Hugh told me to fire-wall, I jammed everything forward—the throttle, I mean—and started to climb. I knew that if I was to get to 17,000 in time, I had to get everything out of that Hellcat she had in her. She had plenty, I kept getting word from Hugh. We were closing fast. Ten miles, seven miles. 'Hello, One Seven. Target range three at ten o'clock. Starboard two — two — zero. Target crossing port to starboard. PUNCH.'"

"I watched him make his swing to starboard," said Gallarneau, "coming in astern of the target, just where he ought to be, and I heard him yell, 'Contact!' All I could do was hold my breath and watch. I saw the blips merge and I knew he had a hard contact, maybe a visual already. The boys in the room were breathing down my neck, coaching Bob on: 'Get that ——!' they were yelling, like a football crowd. I didn't

(Continued on page 103)

Lt. Hugh Gallarneau, former All-American and Chicago Bear, led his chick to the kill.

GLYCOL VAPOR:

Death to Air-Borne Germs

A new and simple method has been developed to blitzkrieg germs that float in the air. Its widespread use may mean the common cold, flu, pneumonia, and even t.b. are on the way out

BY

ROBERT H. FELDT, M. D.

TESTS have shown that the atmosphere is charged with germ-laden droplets every time an infected person sneezes, coughs, or talks. Outdoors, these germ droplets do not constitute a menace; but indoors, living bacteria and viruses may remain suspended in the air for thirty-six hours.

Americans endure more than 300,000,000 colds a year, and more than one third of all illnesses in Army camps are caused by diseases of the nose, throat, and lungs.

Recognizing that no medicine, no vaccine would completely prevent respiratory diseases, the Surgeon General of the Army established the Commission on Air-Borne Infections just before the war.

But colds are more than a nuisance. Too often the cold virus establishes a beachhead for a wave of secondary bacterial invaders: pneumococci, streptococci, staphylococci, and other killers. Pneumonia, tonsillitis, rheumatic fever, abscessed ears, and sinusitis frequently follow a cold.

There's something new in the air, however, in laboratories, hospitals, and barracks. It is an invisible, odorless, innocuous vapor and it may be as important to your health as the pasteurization of milk or the purification of drinking water. In actual tests, this new air conditioning has greatly reduced the incidence of air-borne diseases like the common cold, streptococcus infections, pneumonia, and influenza.

The vapor is derived from glycol solution similar to the stuff used as radiator antifreeze. In laboratory experiments, four drops of glycol evaporated into a good-sized room teaming

with pneumococcus and streptococcus germs and the viruses of influenza brought instant death to them all. When glycol prevention was used in a New Jersey children's home, the incidence of air-borne infections was slashed more than 90 per cent. In a military camp last year, glycol vaporization of sleeping quarters alone cut the case rate of air-borne diseases by two thirds.

The story of glycol prevention starts with the London blitz, when an outbreak of air-borne disease was a constant threat in the crowded, poorly ventilated bomb shelters. British scientists, testing antiseptic sprays, discovered that germ-killing power was enhanced by dissolving the antiseptic in glycol instead of water.

Before the British tests were completed, the blitz was over. American researchers continued the experiments and have just succeeded in putting glycol prevention on a practical basis.

IN 1941, Dr. O. H. Robertson and his associates at the University of Chicago established that glycol itself was a far more powerful bacteria killer than ordinary antiseptics, and they began to use it straight. The most effective solution they tested was propylene glycol—first cousin of the glycol in "one shot or permanent" radiator antifreeze.

Propylene glycol mist brought sudden death to all sorts of disease germs. In one series of experiments at the University of Chicago, the air in a sealed glass chamber was sprayed with billions of virulent staphylococcus germs. From time to time two-quart samples of air were withdrawn and blown across culture plates containing nutrient agar—a favorite germ food. Immediately after the germs were introduced, the culture plates caught more than 2,000 staphylococci.

Another test chamber was similarly sprayed with bacteria and propylene glycol was atomized into it. Two quarts of air withdrawn immediately contained only three living staphylococci. Fifteen minutes later, when the air sample from the non-glycolized chamber still produced 500 staphylococci, that from the glycol-atomized chamber was devoid of germs.

Propylene glycol proved to be just as lethal in destroying other germs, including pneumococci and streptococci. All this was accomplished with glycol mist, but Dr. Robertson knew that no one wants to live in a mist. The method would have to be refined or people wouldn't take to it.

Glycol vapor produced by evaporating propylene glycol was finally hit upon. As little as one part of propylene glycol vaporized into 4,000,000 parts of air instantly killed staphylococci, pneumococci, streptococci, and the germs of whooping cough.

OTHER causes of deadly air-borne disease are called filtrable viruses because they are so small they will pass through the finest laboratory filter, and are too minute to be seen with ordinary microscopes. Most authorities agree that the common cold is caused by a filtrable virus, but the specific virus has not been identified. If glycol air conditioning was to be completely effective in preventing air-borne diseases, it must kill viruses, too.

The virus of influenza can be easily cultured in the laboratory. If glycol attacks flu virus, Dr. Robertson reasoned, the chances are it will destroy the cold virus, too. He exposed several dozen mice to atomized influenza virus for one hour. Within ten days all of the mice were dead of flu-pneumonia. The same kind of mice were placed in cages ventilated with propylene glycol vapor and virus was sprayed at them for an hour. The glycol vapor provided such complete protection that not one of the mice came down with flu.

Drs. Joseph Stokes, Jr., and Werner Hanle of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine decided to give glycol a trial under actual field conditions. They selected an unused ward in the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. Seventy mice in cages were set on the empty beds and living influenza virus was atomized into the ward for two hours.

The mice were then taken back to the laboratory for observation. Within ten days all seventy were dead of flu or flu-pneumonia. Conditions were comparable to the spread of an epidemic if children and not mice had occupied the ward.

In the second chapter of this Phil-

(*Continued on page 78*)

YOUR COAT—and good eating are combined in Castor Zibethicus.

Catch Your Own Fur Coat

BY EDDY DRESSEN

The lowly muskrat is almost everywhere; he's worth money and he makes a nice fur coat. He's easy to trap—and also fun—if you know the little feller's habits and how to go about it

TRAPPING, as practiced by those who give full time to and make a living at it—in many cases a very excellent living—is a distinct profession that requires both experience and knowledge.

But trapping, as it could be practiced by almost anyone, is an exhilarating outdoor sport that has definite cash returns. You won't get rich. But, if you can spare an hour a day, or give five or six week-end hours to trapping, you'll have a lot of fun, your health will benefit, and you should earn anywhere from twenty dollars to a couple of hundred in the course of a fur season. If you don't care to sell the furs you catch—and even in a depression there is always a ready market for them—keep them yourself and have a fur coat made.

Before you seriously consider trapping as a hobby, forget about beavers, lynxes, foxes, sables, etc. It's wonderful to catch these if you're close to their habitat, but if you're the average wage slave, tied to a machine or a desk through every working day, your game is the muskrat.

There are five distinct species of these little brothers to the beaver, and one or more inhabit just about every part of the United States and most of Canada. But they're all muskrats, and wherever you are, there are some within reach.

Once, twenty minutes' bus ride from the heart of a great city, I wandered along the banks of a little stream that flowed through a neglected meadow. That fall I came back with traps, and in two months—working about one hour a day—caught $160 worth of fur. So don't kid yourself you can't reach any muskrat trapping. You can.

Bear in mind you aren't going to be a professional trapper—you're just out for fun and a little pin money—so don't overload with equipment. You'll need about ten No. 1 traps of any good make. They should cost about twenty cents each. You should have a sharp knife, a roll of flexible wire, a pair of pliers with which to cut it, and a couple of carrots or apples. Hip boots are nice, and handy sometimes, but they aren't essential. An old pair of shoes with which you can walk in the mud will serve fairly well.

If you really want to go overboard you can spend an additional dollar for a bottle of muskrat lure. This is a mixture of various scents and chemicals, and if properly made it will help attract muskrats into your traps. But if you're going to buy this, do so from a trapper who makes a business of mixing scents. A small bag or suitcase in which to carry your equipment is almost a must—the foolish wagon would be after you if you started down Forty-second Street with a collection of traps over your back.

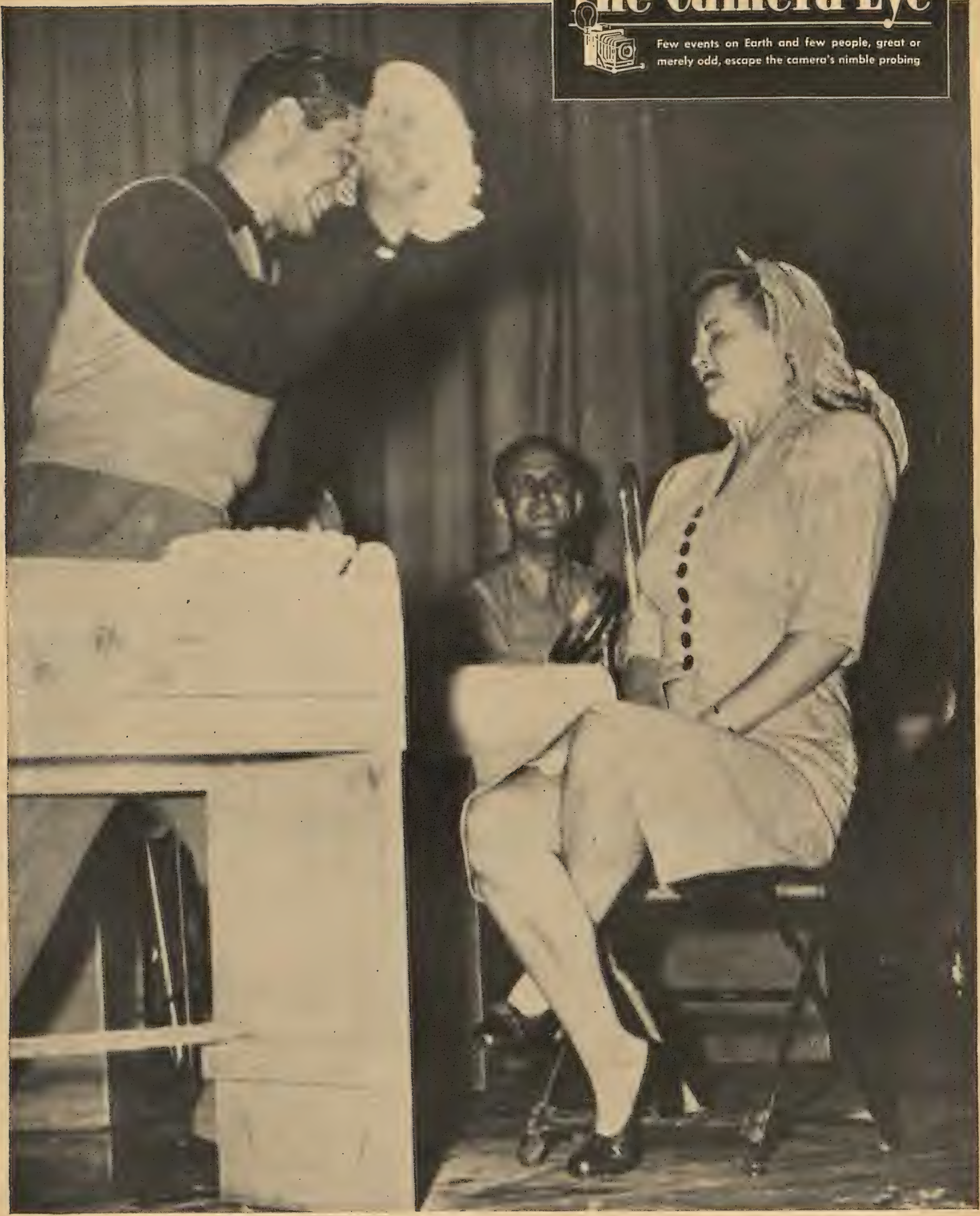
Once you have your equipment, consult your state game laws to learn whether you'll need a license—if you do, it will cost about two dollars—and to ascertain the legal opening of the trapping season. Don't set traps until the law says you may.

UNTIL the legal date arrives to set traps, you are free to prospect for places to set them. Muskrats are aquatic, and only when they must travel overland to escape drying pools do they venture far from water. And they aren't fussy about the kind of water they live in as long as it contains plenty of food. Except for fresh-water mussels, which they eat by the dozen, muskrats are strict vegetarians. They eat bulbs, roots, green grass, and will raid vegetable gardens. They'll go quite a way from

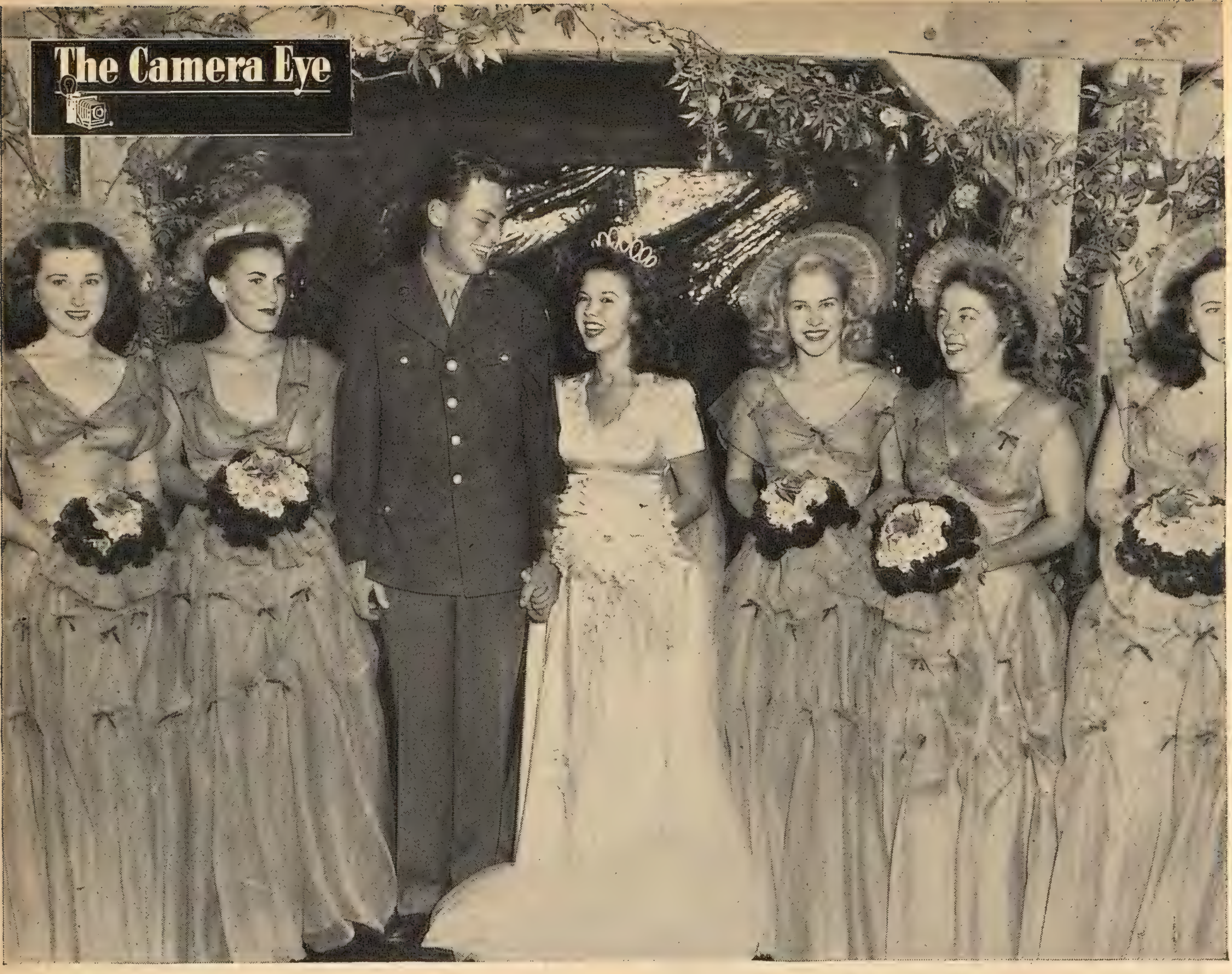
(*Continued on page 100*)

The Camera Eye

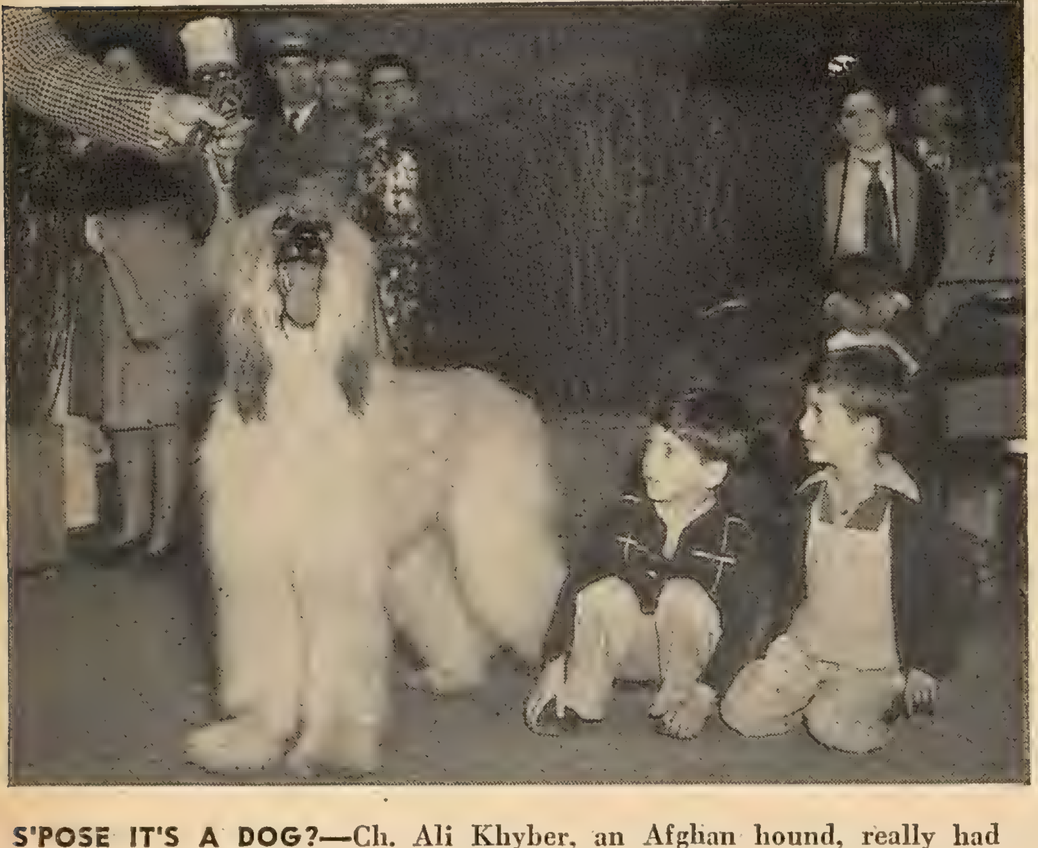
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



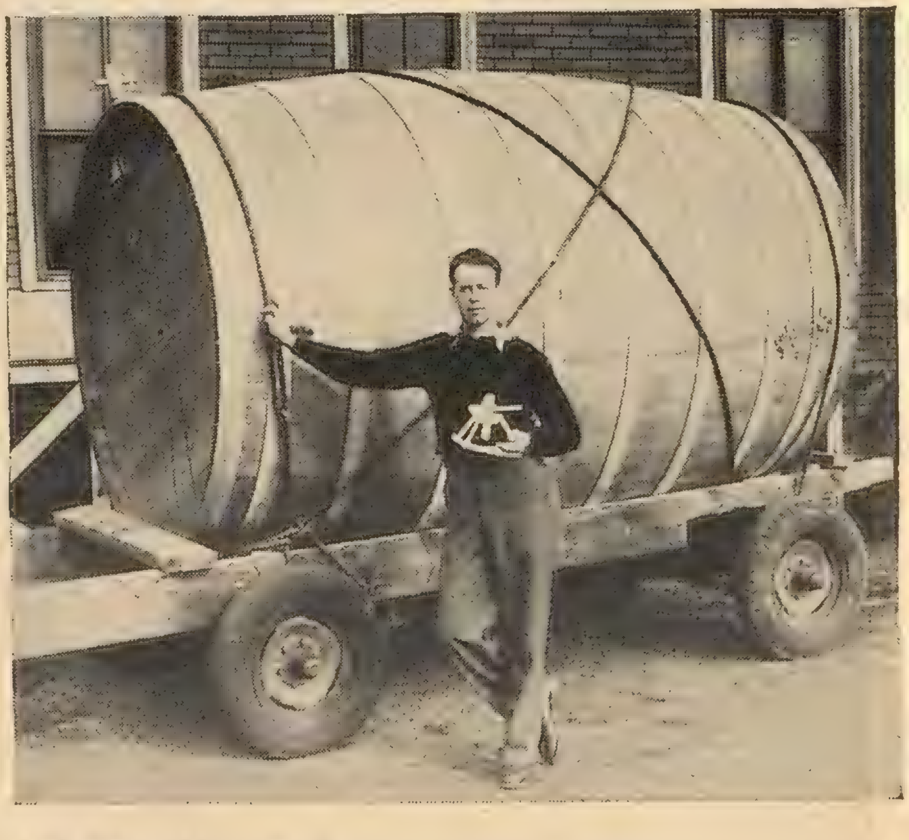
MERINGUE MAKE-UP FOR BETTE DAVIS—The actress gladly stopped a pie with her face when Hollywood observed V-J Day. This command encore delighted 8,000 G. I.s at Camp Cooke, California. Dancer Johnny Coy, the chucker, grins in anticipation.



OLD-FASHIONED BRIDE—Mrs. John Agar, *née* Shirley Temple, made millions of new friends when she declined to let Hollywood turn her marriage into a circus. Bridesmaids looked nice, didn't they? Is the sergeant just a trifle abashed amid all that beauty?

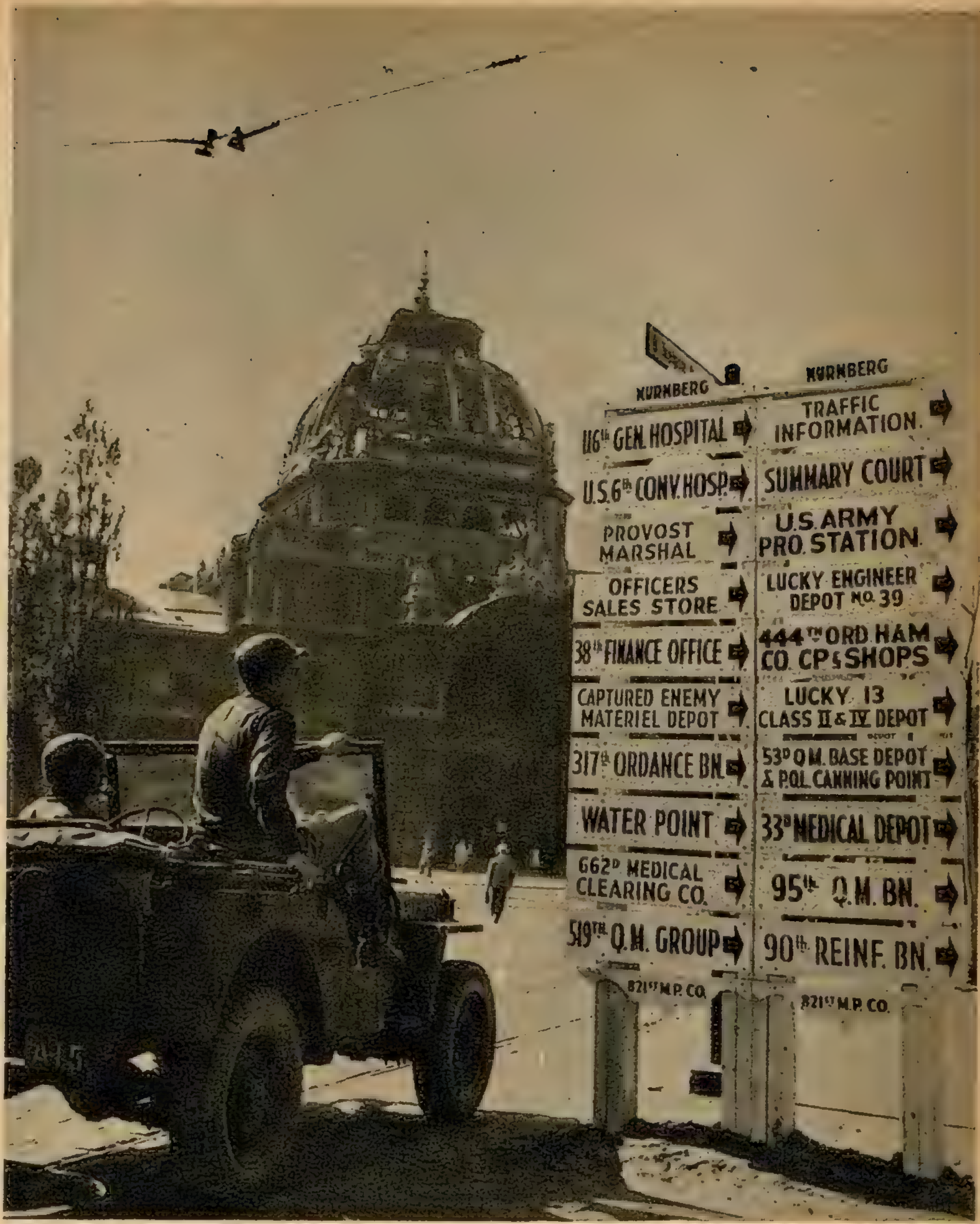


S'POSE IT'S A DOG?—Ch. Ali Khyber, an Afghan hound, really had these lads stumped when he was paraded in New York's observance of National Dog Week. One dog would hardly do for twins, anyway.



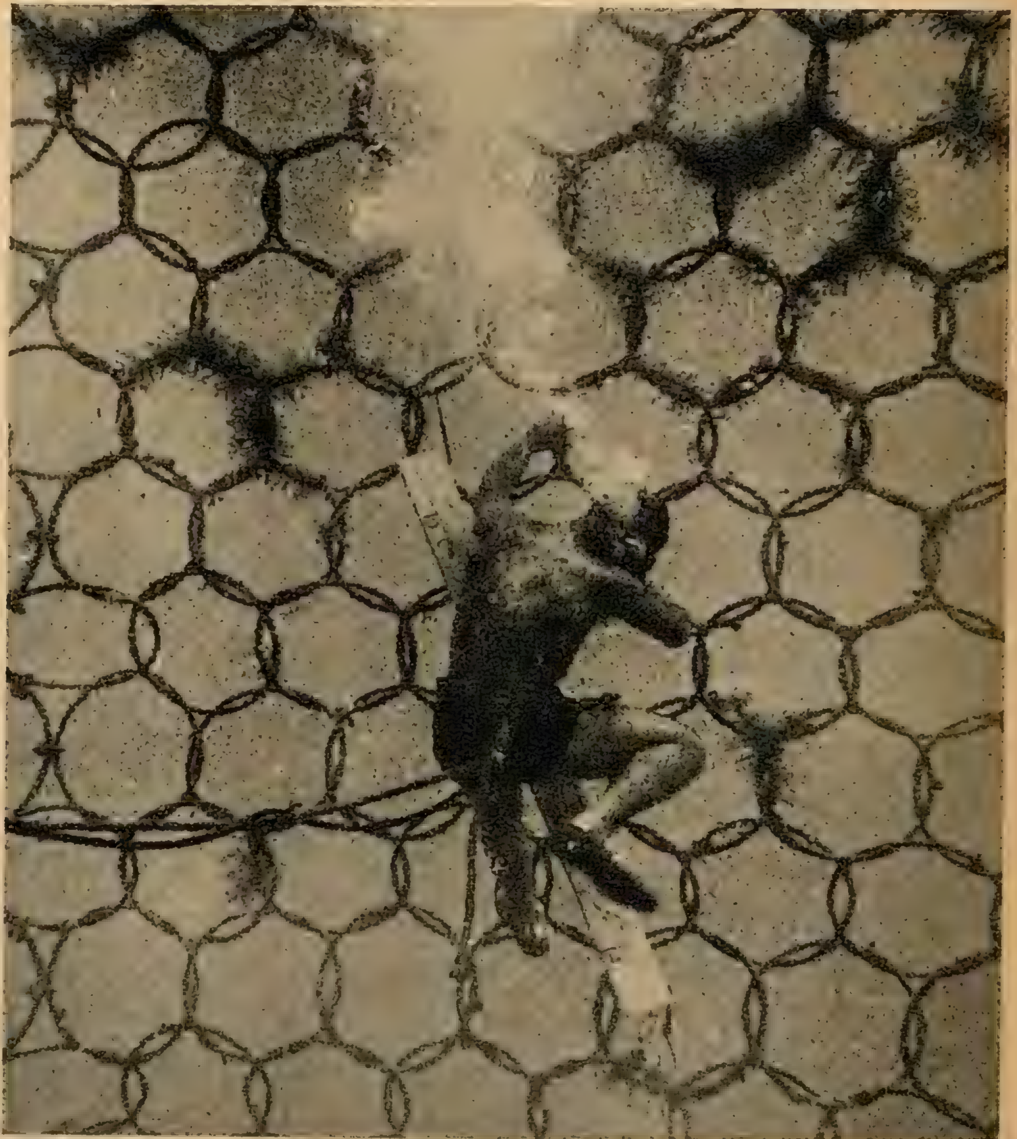
SHE MAY ROLL A BIT—But Mark Charlton of Toronto, a Canadian Army veteran, plans to cross the Atlantic in this oaken barrel. Given luck, he figures on a forty-day cruise.

NEW DOUBLES TEAM—Tiny Diana should learn fast. Her lovely mother, Sarah Palfrey Cooke, is U. S. women's singles champ, and her daddy, Elwood Cooke, ranks fifth in U. S. tennis.

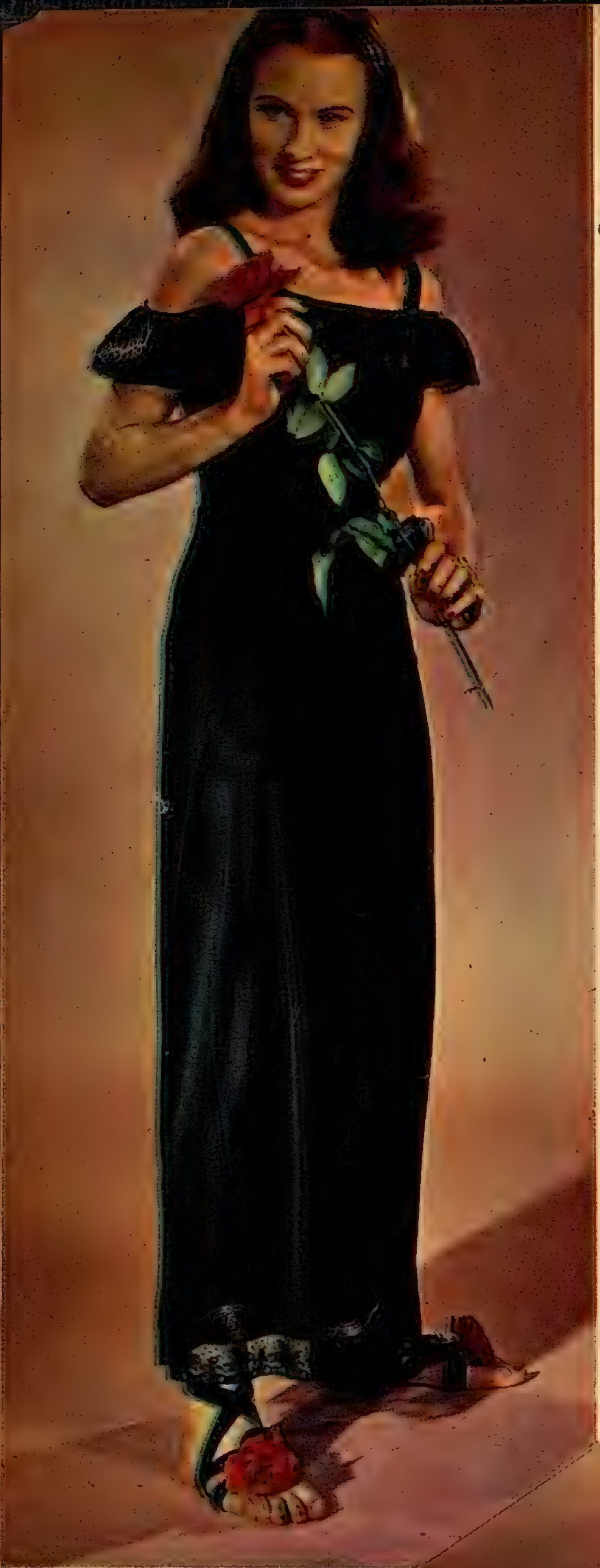

NURNBERG
NURNBERG
116th GEN. HOSPITAL
TRAFFIC INFORMATION.
U.S. 6th CONV. HOSP.
SUMMARY COURT
PROVOST MARSHAL
U.S. ARMY PRO. STATION.
OFFICERS SALES STORE
LUCKY ENGINEER DEPOT No. 39
38th FINANCE OFFICE
444th ORD. HAM CO. CP & SHOPS
CAPTURED ENEMY MATERIEL DEPOT
LUCKY 13 CLASS II & IV DEPOT
317th ORDANCE BN.
53D Q.M. BASE DEPOT & P.O.L. CANNING POINT
WATER POINT
33D MEDICAL DEPOT
662D MEDICAL CLEARING CO.
95th Q.M. BN.
519th Q.M. GROUP
90th REINF. BN.
821st M.P. CO.
821st M.P. CO.

OCCUPATION—AND HOW!—Military control of Germany involves administration on the grand scale—witness these assorted signs in a Nuremberg square. Beyond is the bombed-out railroad station.

PARADOXICAL JOB—Lt. Rebecca L. Schmidt of Long Green, Maryland, may detest General Tojo, who tried to commit suicide, but his survival is her assignment, all the same.



SPIDER'S PREY?—No, it's a diver on a net twenty feet under water, photographed by the Navy's new methods.



Ballet slippers by Capezio

Something Nice

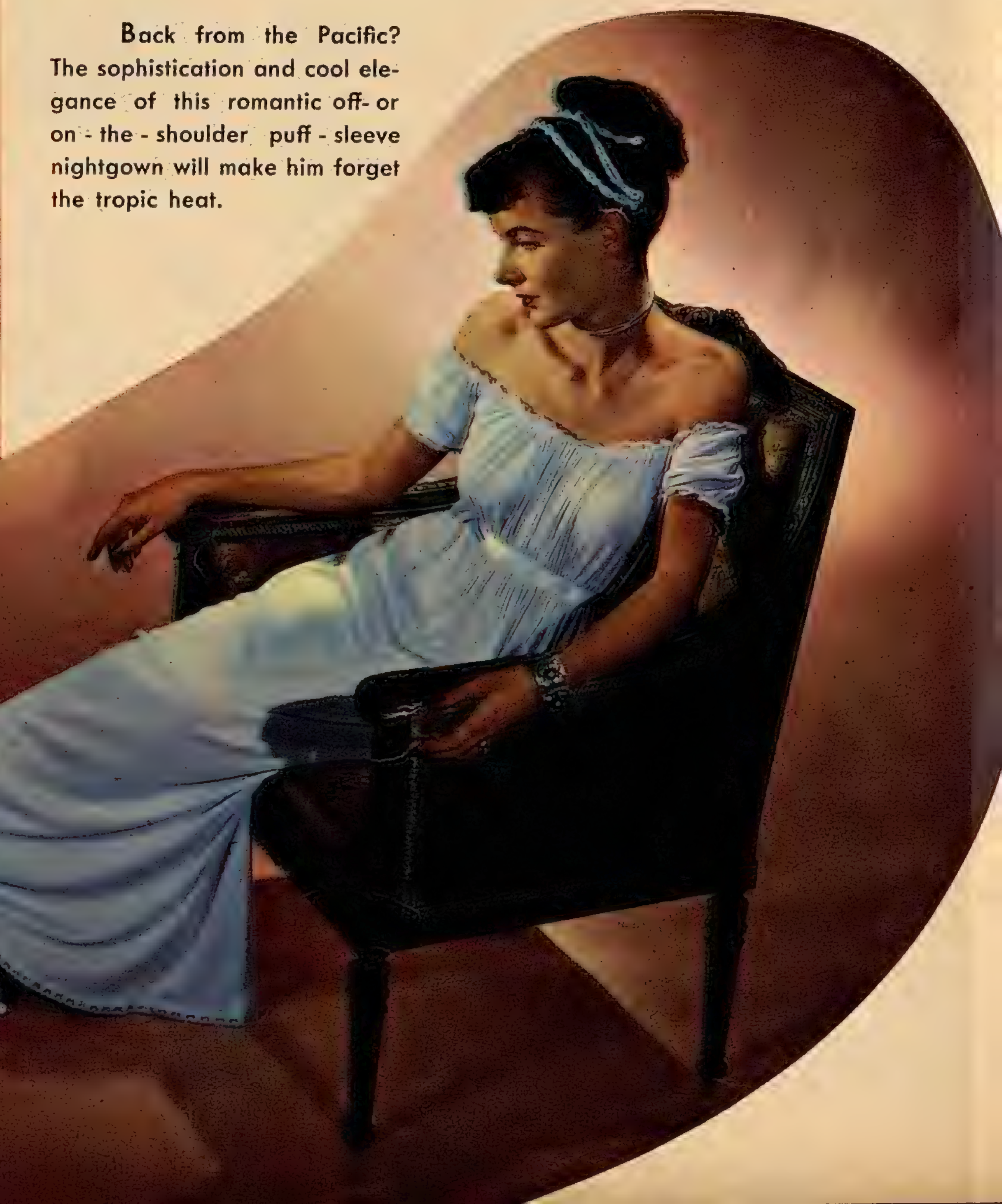
GIRLS whose husbands are returning from overseas have a job on their hands living up to G.I. dreams of loveliness—dreams fed for long on a diet of glamorous pin-up pictures. But aided and abetted by such "welcome home" fashions for the bedroom as these, the girls are proving more than equal to the task.

These nightgowns, styled by Vanity Fair, look as elegant as evening gowns. They are made of the finest tricot rayon jersey that clings smoothly to the figure without bulk or wrinkle. To top it, they are democratically priced at about six dollars.

Is he coming home from Paris? This young black magic will prove that the Rue de la Paix has nothing on the U. S. A. Tricot rayon jersey by Extacee.

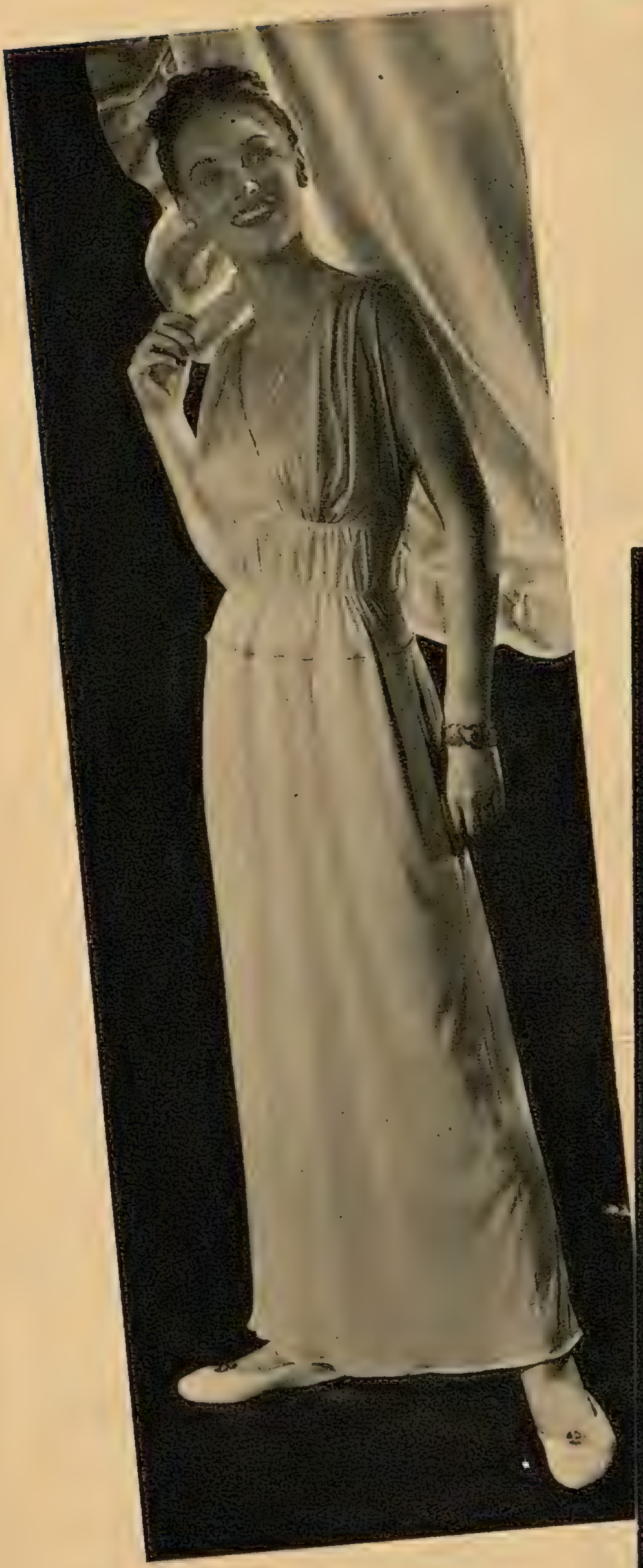
Photos by Edelmann — Muray Studios

Back from the Pacific? The sophistication and cool elegance of this romantic off- or on-the-shoulder puff-sleeve nightgown will make him forget the tropic heat.



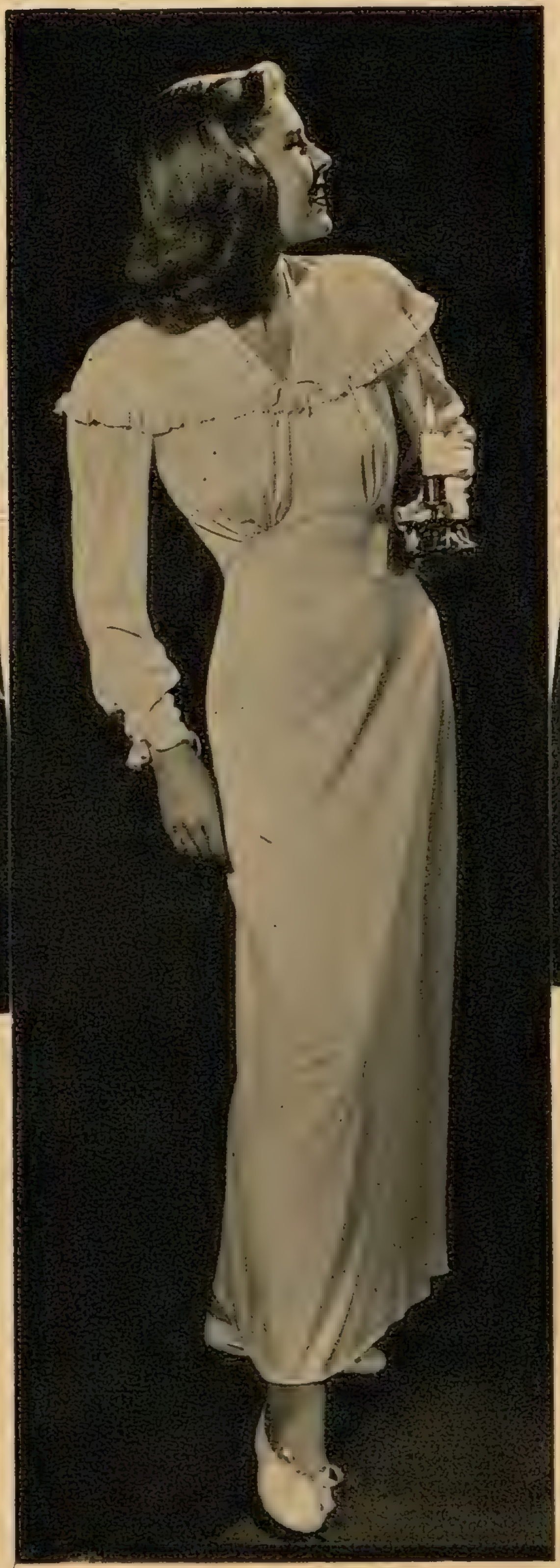
to Come Home to!

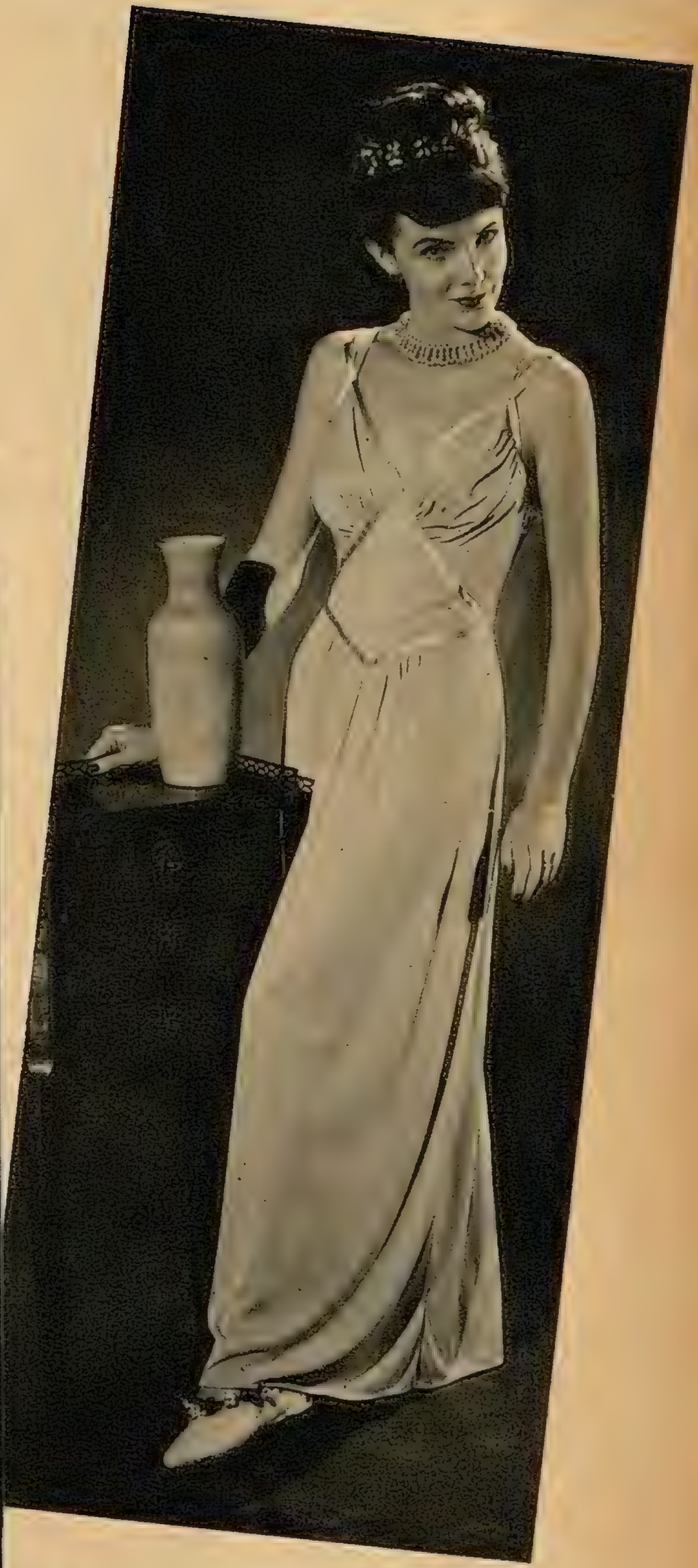
By Helen Faith Keane



Back from India? He will welcome every sign that American women are emancipated! This midriff silhouette, which follows the new trend in dress fashions, proves it.

Back from Alaska? A cozy beruffled style like this will thaw him out. Heart-warming charm in the old-fashioned long sleeves, in the modest high neck, and the new rounded shoulders.

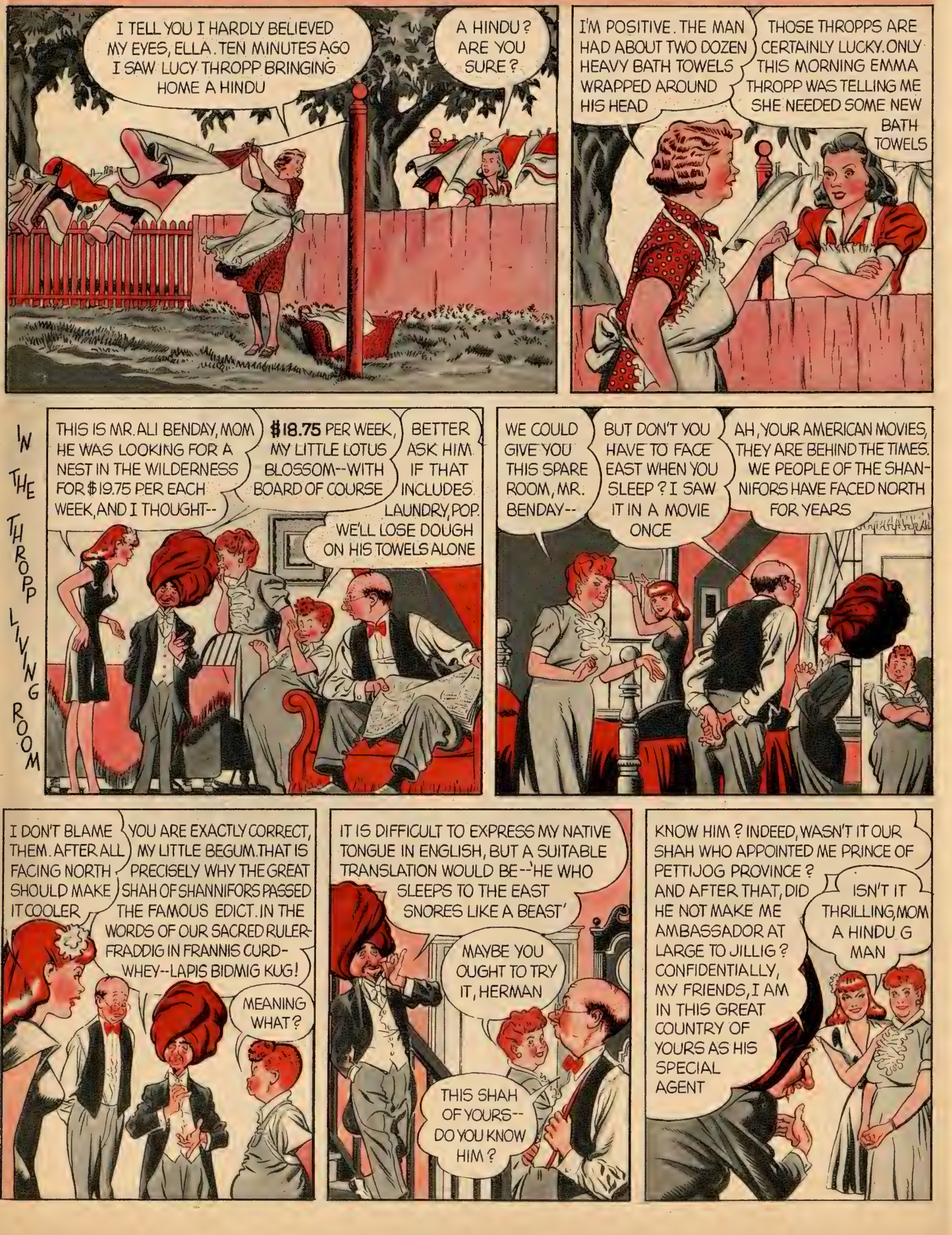


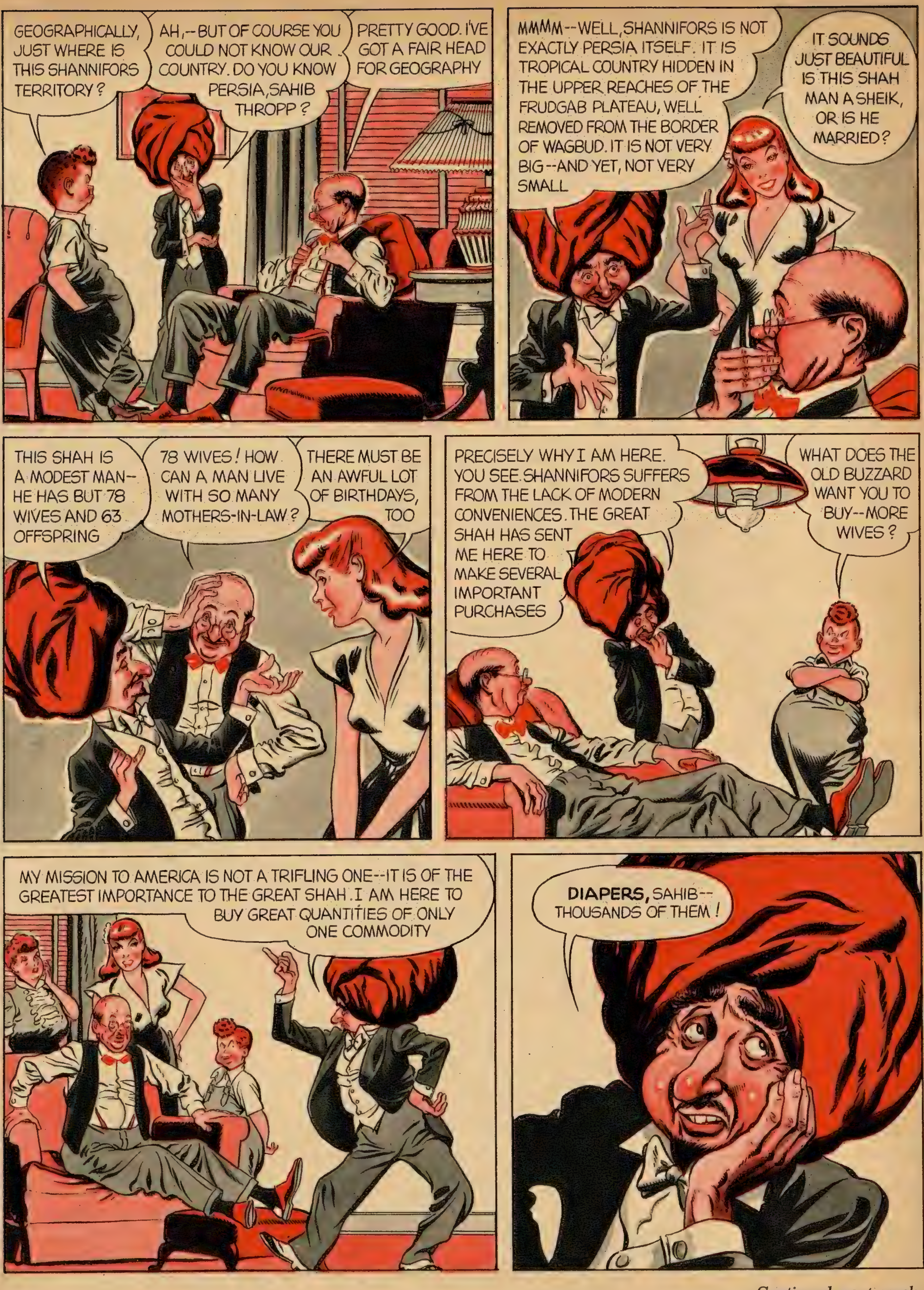


Back from Italy? He'll be thrilled to find an alluring goddess in his own home. Not only beauty, but ease and sleeping comfort combine in these well-cut graceful lines high-lighted in satin.

THE THROPP FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**

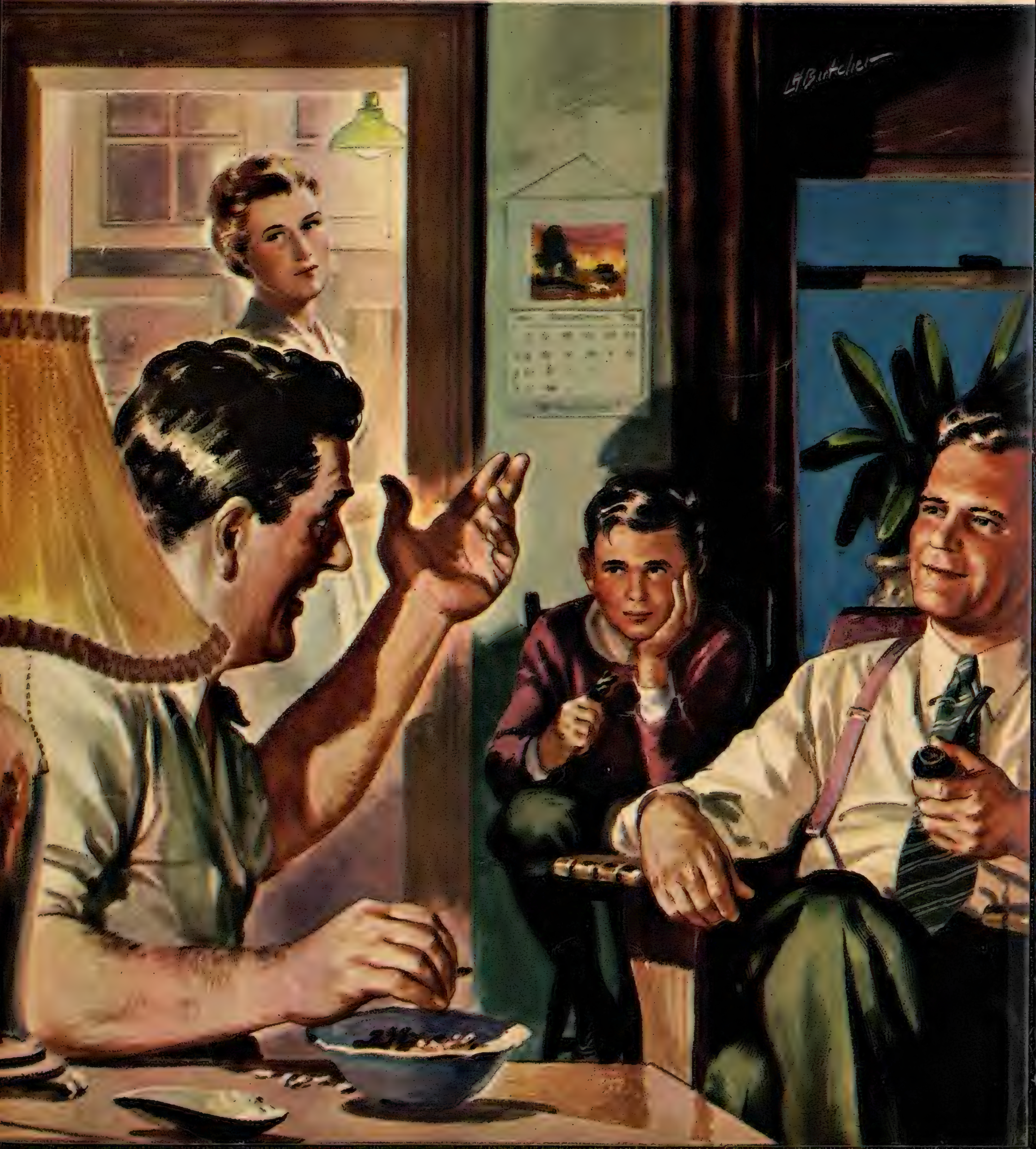

I TELL YOU I HARDLY BELIEVED MY EYES, ELLA. TEN MINUTES AGO I SAW LUCY THROPP BRINGING HOME A HINDU
A HINDU? ARE YOU SURE?
I'M POSITIVE. THE MAN HAD ABOUT TWO DOZEN HEAVY BATH TOWELS WRAPPED AROUND HIS HEAD
THOSE THROPPS ARE CERTAINLY LUCKY. ONLY THIS MORNING EMMA THROPP WAS TELLING ME SHE NEEDED SOME NEW BATH TOWELS
IN THE THROPP LIVING ROOM
THIS IS MR. ALI BENDAY, MOM HE WAS LOOKING FOR A NEST IN THE WILDERNESS FOR $19.75 PER EACH WEEK, AND I THOUGHT--
$18.75 PER WEEK, MY LITTLE LOTUS BLOSSOM--WITH BOARD OF COURSE
BETTER ASK HIM IF THAT INCLUDES LAUNDRY, POP. WE'LL LOSE DOUGH ON HIS TOWELS ALONE
WE COULD GIVE YOU THIS SPARE ROOM, MR. BENDAY--
BUT DON'T YOU HAVE TO FACE EAST WHEN YOU SLEEP? I SAW IT IN A MOVIE ONCE
AH, YOUR AMERICAN MOVIES, THEY ARE BEHIND THE TIMES. WE PEOPLE OF THE SHANNIFORS HAVE FACED NORTH FOR YEARS
I DON'T BLAME THEM. AFTER ALL FACING NORTH SHOULD MAKE IT COOLER
YOU ARE EXACTLY CORRECT, MY LITTLE BEGUM. THAT IS PRECISELY WHY THE GREAT SHAH OF SHANNIFORS PASSED THE FAMOUS EDICT. IN THE WORDS OF OUR SACRED RULER- FRADDIG IN FRANNIS CURD-WHEY--LAPIS BIDMIG KUG!
MEANING WHAT?
IT IS DIFFICULT TO EXPRESS MY NATIVE TONGUE IN ENGLISH, BUT A SUITABLE TRANSLATION WOULD BE--'HE WHO SLEEPS TO THE EAST SNORES LIKE A BEAST'
MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT, HERMAN
THIS SHAH OF YOURS--DO YOU KNOW HIM?
KNOW HIM? INDEED, WASN'T IT OUR SHAH WHO APPOINTED ME PRINCE OF PETTIJOG PROVINCE? AND AFTER THAT, DID HE NOT MAKE ME AMBASSADOR AT LARGE TO JILLIG? CONFIDENTIALLY, MY FRIENDS, I AM IN THIS GREAT COUNTRY OF YOURS AS HIS SPECIAL AGENT
ISN'T IT THRILLING, MOM A HINDU G MAN


GEOGRAPHICALLY, JUST WHERE IS THIS SHANNIFORS TERRITORY?
AH,--BUT OF COURSE YOU COULD NOT KNOW OUR COUNTRY. DO YOU KNOW PERSIA, SAHIB THROPP?
PRETTY GOOD. I'VE GOT A FAIR HEAD FOR GEOGRAPHY
MMMM--WELL, SHANNIFORS IS NOT EXACTLY PERSIA ITSELF. IT IS TROPICAL COUNTRY HIDDEN IN THE UPPER REACHES OF THE FRUDGAB PLATEAU, WELL REMOVED FROM THE BORDER OF WAGBUD. IT IS NOT VERY BIG--AND YET, NOT VERY SMALL
IT SOUNDS JUST BEAUTIFUL IS THIS SHAH MAN A SHEIK, OR IS HE MARRIED?
THIS SHAH IS A MODEST MAN--HE HAS BUT 78 WIVES AND 63 OFFSPRING
78 WIVES! HOW CAN A MAN LIVE WITH SO MANY MOTHERS-IN-LAW?
THERE MUST BE AN AWFUL LOT OF BIRTHDAYS, TOO
PRECISELY WHY I AM HERE. YOU SEE SHANNIFORS SUFFERS FROM THE LACK OF MODERN CONVENIENCES. THE GREAT SHAH HAS SENT ME HERE TO MAKE SEVERAL IMPORTANT PURCHASES
WHAT DOES THE OLD BUZZARD WANT YOU TO BUY--MORE WIVES?
MY MISSION TO AMERICA IS NOT A TRIFLING ONE--IT IS OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE TO THE GREAT SHAH. I AM HERE TO BUY GREAT QUANTITIES OF ONLY ONE COMMODITY
DIAPERS, SAHIB--THOUSANDS OF THEM!

Continued next week

The Hands of

I used to sit munching Simon's candy, listening. I wondered how Simon made a living. I felt he had escaped something.



Simon Lombard

To a little boy on the East Side, the hands of Simon Lombard wove a magic spell over everyday things. Now Simon had been gone a long time—and the boy was a man—but in a hospital one night he found out that Simon's kind of magic never dies

BY SID SCHUMANN

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

PEOPLE used their hands a good deal where I was brought up. In the back yards of Henry Street in New York City the housewives summed up radishes, ruffles and reputations. There were the East Broadway lodge-meeting orators whose fists galvanized the membership every week. On Canal Street the insinuating hands of the clothiers hovered at the store entrances, enticing the unbelievers. In Union Square the garment workers, fingers outstretched to the sky, pleaded solidarity. And on Clinton Street, in a big brown hen of a building, sat the dreamers drinking fiery tea, weaving their nicotined and bony fingers around the outlines of a society that was sure to come.

And there were the hands of Simon Lombard.

Each week he came to visit us. On the living-room table there would be a bowl of India nuts that Simon was fond of. For me he would bring some marshmallow figurines that I could roast over the stove, or some glistening braids of licorice. And Simon, who was one of my father's insurance clients, would seat himself, break the tiny nuts with his teeth, abstract the meat whole and unscarred, and then his hand would flick upward in the manner of an impresario. The walls would dissolve as he began to speak and an obscure but fascinating romance came upon us.

Simon would talk. His pudgy hand would reach into the bowl of tiny nuts like a giant crane groping for a pebble, then his hands would quiver, flutter, glide, and weave in a constant, illuminating gesture—a fabulous flourish. They reminded me of something.

I understood dimly the many things he talked about, except that they became unreasonably clothed with meaning under those hands. He would tell of buying a pound of meat and I had the feeling that he would open the package at home and find, between the layers of gristle, bone, and fat, a precious stone. And I would remember what his fingers looked like: the plump limbs of the Hippodrome girls I had seen.

Mother liked Simon because he was "clever." Father preferred Simon because they were lodge brothers and were both amateur fiddlers. Sometimes they played duets, but Simon seldom played very long. His fingers were short and they tired easily. Mother would then prepare the tea and Father and Simon would discuss famous fiddlers. Father stuck to Ysaye and Kreisler, and Simon to Elman. Both agreed that technique could be taught. Tone, ah! That had to be born with you, otherwise you remained but a vaudevillian. Of course you couldn't sneeze away Kubelik. Maud Powell and Spalding were, for Americans, unaccountably good. But all really fine fiddlers were hatched from Papa Auer and the Russian school. But wasn't Kreisler an Austrian? Wasn't Ysaye a Belgian? And so it went. And Kubelik—a Bohemian. A Slav nevertheless!

I used to sit munching Simon's candy, listening. I wondered how Simon made a living. Here he was, with his open shirt, his thick black mane and his cheerful dark eyes, that ringing voice and those evocative hands. I felt Simon had escaped something. It came out later he painted frescoes.

SOMETIMES Simon would bring his wife Bessie. She was a former milliner and when there were no private hats to be made she came along. She was a quiet little dame with chestnut hair. She always brought sewing and Mother and she would often sit and talk in the kitchen. She was, I realized, about to have a baby.

Once Simon came to us with a remarkable story. He had brought some Turkish candy for me in a box that could be used for marbles. He had come alone and had been asked the usual question: How was Bessie—when could one congratulate him? Simon smiled. "With Bessie," he said—"With Bessie it's ut-tut-tut." I was impressed with the imminence of biology to Bessie. Simon's expression changed. His head dipped and his hand flicked up. "I got a little job—a little job." His brow wrinkled reflectively, somewhat proudly. "Waldorf-Astoria," said Simon.

FATHER eyed him with skepticism. Mother, knitting, looked up with a smiling awe.

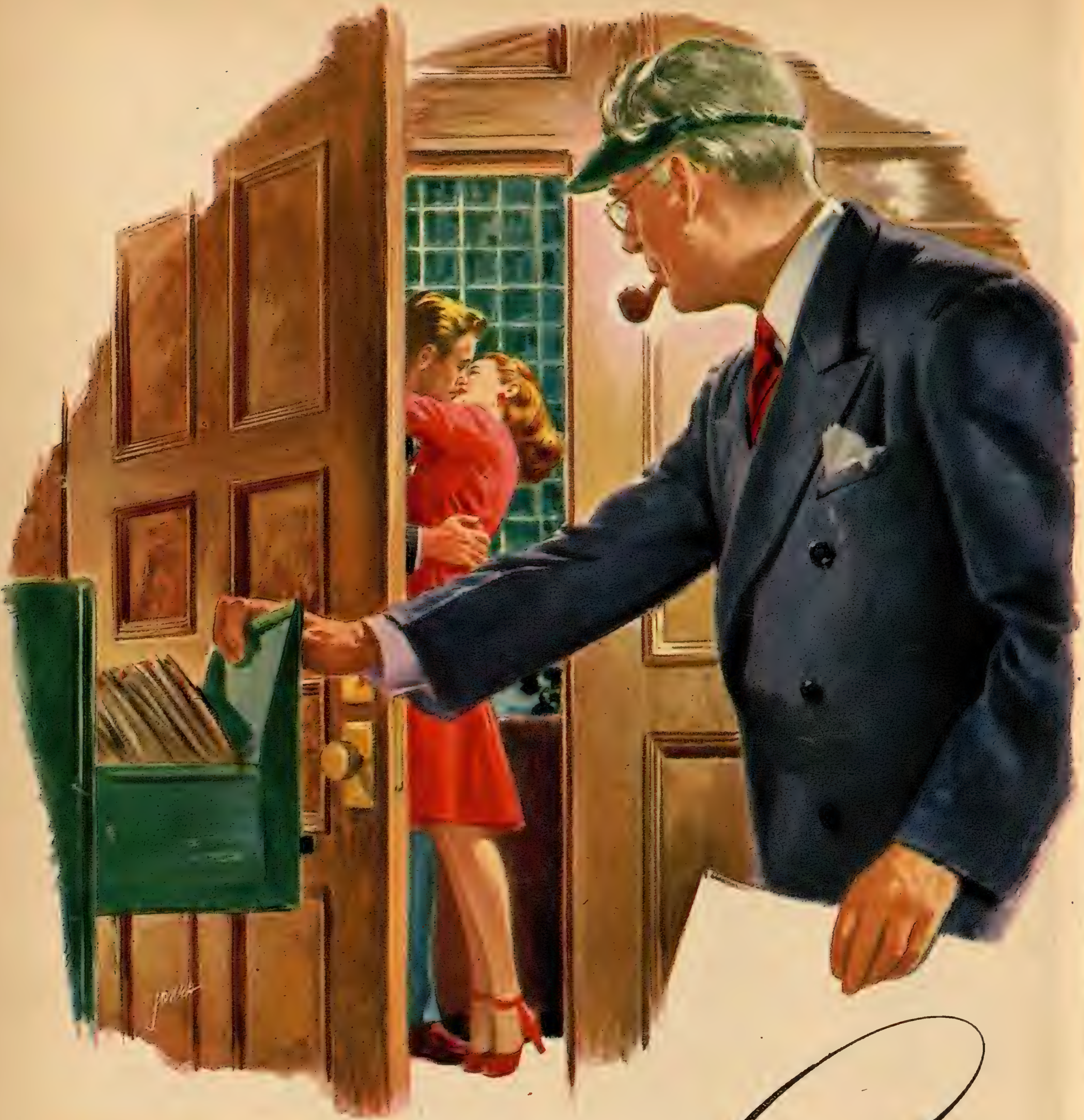
"My cousin Joe knows the superintendent, a Mr. Branson," said Simon. "So last Monday morning they call me to the telephone in the candy store. Mr. Branson is talking—a hurry job—a bedroom has to be decorated.

"I change my clothes and I go uptown. An East Broadway dollar, a Waldorf-Astoria dollar—does it make a difference? And there I meet this Branson and he gives me the order, written out: colors, designs, everything. 'It has to be completed by two o'clock,' he tells me. 'Tomorrow evening the guest will occupy.' He meant the tenant moves in. Waldorf-Astoria!

"Then he introduces me to the manager. The manager introduces me to the bellboy and the bellboy introduces me to the empty apartment on the third floor. To make an end—I'm working.

"I had to send the porter out for some special paint and I start to scrape. I work. Thoughts come to me. I think of Bessie. I think of my old father in Kishinev and the thrashings he got while he hungered for a crust of bread. And now I, his illustrious son, was right now decorating a bedroom in the finest hotel in New York—maybe in the world! And as I keep thinking and wondering if Bessie had her baby here, how much it would cost—I hear a fiddle. A fiddle? A voice!" Simon's hands started shaping chrysanthemums. "It cried, it pleaded, it prayed, it—it sang. From the E string came a melody," his hands fluttered. "Angels,

(*Continued on page 90*)



Jonah had his arms around D. T. and was trying to kiss her. Succeeding, too, rather scandalously well.

Genius

BY DARRELL HUFF

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN JONES

Rings Doorbells

He got the job by bluffing them into thinking he was a genius—and he kept it by turning into one. It's easy when you know the right girl

D. T.'S slim and wholly admirable body was bent at an angle of between eighty-five and ninety degrees and her businesslike black gabardine skirt was pulled tight over a well-sculptured rear. I looked at her soft brown hair and her oversize brown eyes and tried to forget that I was a graying, fiftyish statistician presumed to be interested only in the kind of figures that go on a piece of ruled paper. I felt my age and wondered how anyone could bend so abruptly at the waist; and why D. T. had her left ear so firmly snuggled against the door to the boss's office.

I must have sighed a little. Anyway, D. T. looked up and jumped guiltily away from the door.

"Oh!" she said; and then, "Oh, it's just you, Starchy."

That places me nicely. Just Starchy.

"Learning much, Mata Hari?" I asked in what I thought was my best humor.

"Starchy," she said, and her brown eyes were big and round and shiny, "Jonah's in there with the boss. I think he's going to get the job."

"You mean our handmade genius is beginning to function on his own?" I said. "We'll soon find out for certain. You know the boss's motto—"

Together our eyes went to the framed white card that hung above D. T.'s desk, as similar ones did above the desks of all of us who worked in Craig L. Craig's Market Research Agency. In unison we read the motto: "Time is money. If you can't Yes a proposition in five minutes, better No it."

As we finished reading, the door into Craig's office swung open and the genius himself came out, tall and confident-looking in his Air Forces uniform. He was waving grandly and saying, "So long, Craig. See you Monday."

Then he closed the door and leaned limply against D. T.'s desk. I could see the confidence ooze out of him. "Take me away," he said. "I've convinced him I can be an executive, but quick, get me a drink or something."

We three headed for the Stevedores' Club, a pleasant little joint on Forty-seventh Street, named for the multitude of schooners hoisted there each day by fugitives from high-pressure offices in the neighborhood. I noticed that our genius limped a little. We sat down around a shiny-topped little table, and I offered to pay for the coffee.

"Not coffee," said D. T. "Limeade for me. Out of loyalty to our client, Lime Industries, which has patronized Craig Market Research, Incorporated, for one year as of this month. I also brush my teeth with Dentogleam and scrub my sink with—"

"You can start tapering off Dentogleam any day now," I put in glumly. "We're losing the account."

"Oh, Starchy Roma, we're not!"

"Oh, Delia Tillingham Burris, we are," I mocked. "It's been trembling in the balance ever since they commissioned us to find out how often the average American brushes his teeth. You know we've tried every trick we can think of to get the answer, and we can't, not to save our necks we can't."

"That's just about what it amounts to, isn't it," said D. T. "Our necks. If we lose this account, Craig Market Research is on its way to being a gone goose."

THE boy across the table came to life. "Hey," he protested, "what's this? I throw the biggest bluff of my life to land a job because my girl tells me to, and now you sit there making like the job is going to explode right under me over some foolishness about how often people brush their teeth. You mean it's back to the goidle woiks for me?"

He was not joking about the girdle works. When they started going together, he was a messenger boy in a girdle factory and D. T. was in high school. She was just a pretty little brown-haired, brown-eyed senior who lived next door to me, and he was a kid named Jonah Valentine who thought being a messenger boy was pretty swell and maybe he could work up to shipping clerk some day and then he could marry his girl and everything would be rosy.

When Uncle Sam started pointing, Jonah enlisted in the Army Air Forces. You've probably read plenty of newspaper stuff about Jonah, who turned out to be quite a lad in a P-38. Cool nerve and exceptional reflexes had a lot to do with it, of course, but so did Lady Luck. I am a good enough statistician to know how important the old girl is.

WHAT happened to young Valentine is what happened to a great many other untried kids in the war, but with him the hand of Lady Luck pushed harder than usual. It pushed him into top ranking among Army aces in the Pacific for a time, and into successive promotions, until he was wearing the silver oak leaves of a lieutenant colonel. He was still so young then that some wag hung a sign in a bar, and a story about it made all the newspapers: "No beer served to Air Force lieutenant colonels under eighteen unless accompanied by parents."

Even when Lady Luck let Jonah Valentine down, she was fairly gentle about it. When he was dragged out of the wreckage of his P-38, the only damage to Jonah was a smashed left leg, and his prestige was unimpaired. It soon came to light that he had cracked up only because he had pulled out of the way of a crippled Superfortress; and you saw his grinning face even more frequently in newsreels.

When Jonah came out of the hospital with his discharge, he'd thought he would go back to work in the girdle factory, but D. T. convinced him that would never work. "You're used to giving orders now," she told him, "and you have been pulling down nearly six thousand dollars a year. You wouldn't be able to stick to your old job a week."

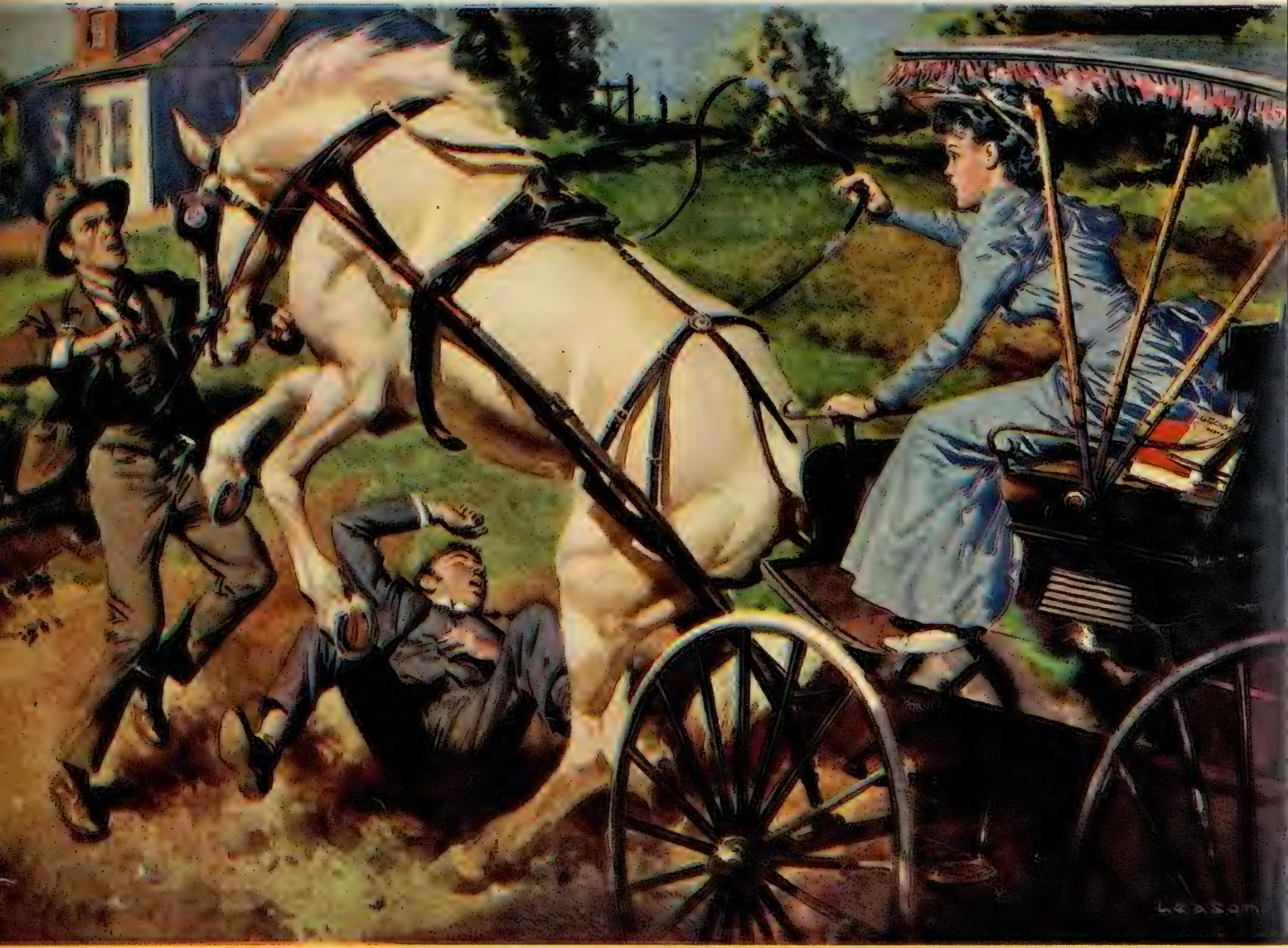
At that point D. T. roped me in and we hatched up a plot to give the boy a break. By piling vague hints and sweeping generalizations onto the glamor of Colonel Valentine, we had no great difficulty in persuading the boss that Jonah might be just the man for what ailed our company. For effect, I occasionally referred to Jonah as a genius. Finally Craig asked Jonah to come and see him.

And now D. T. was gazing at Jonah with admiring eyes and asking him about his interview. "All I could hear," she told him, "was Craig saying 'now, about your prewar activities'."

"Well," said Jonah Valentine, blushing a little. "I modestly brushed

(*Continued on page 86*)

Homer Latham got everything he asked for all right, including the lady by the name of Patience. But it didn't work out the way Homer thought it would, nor was the lady the kind he expected to get



The filly reared. This threw Clarence off balance and he went down. Homer grabbed the reins. "There, there, old girl," he said.

BY FRANCES W. QUINLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

WHEN folks used to ride past the old Latham place, they'd get to remembering the courtship of Homer Latham and Patience Quince, and they would likely get to laughing and someone was bound to say:

"Well, Homer got everything he asked for, didn't he?"

And the answer: "He sure did—even to the lady by the name of Patience."

Then the laughing would begin again, because even though Homer *did* get everything he'd asked for, it hadn't worked out in exactly the way he'd planned.

THE Latham farm was next to ours, and after the old folks died, Homer got to coming over to our place once or twice a week. He wasn't one to talk much, but he seemed to enjoy just sitting around listening to other folks. Mother said being alone so much had dried up his well of conversation. She said that what Homer really needed was a wife and young ones.

"I declare, that boy provokes me past endurance," she said to father once, after one of her schemes to get Homer interested in some girl had failed. "Here he is, twenty-six, nice disposition, no bad habits that I know of. Why, he's perfect husband

PATIENCE *was a Lady*

material, Daniel. Do you suppose he can't afford a wife?"

"You matchmaking women!" Father's booming laugh echoed through the house. "Sure he can afford a wife, Charity—two, three maybe. If he'd stop fooling around with horse breeding and cultivate even half the land he owns, he'd have the best farm in Pottawatamie County."

THE only thing wrong was that Homer didn't show any interest in the neighborhood girls. What no one but me understood was that Homer had a dream girl he was waiting for. I don't mean he had a real live girl, but he had a picture of one he'd cut out of a magazine and tacked up in his bedroom. I seen him looking at it once and asked if he knew her.

"Well, not exactly," Homer said. "But I know what she's like, Danny. She's pretty and soft-spoken, and when she laughs it's like the sound of water running over smooth stones. She's real accomplished too, like playing the piano and maybe singing. A lady like her wouldn't never get flustered—not even was the governor to come calling. A thoroughbred, Danny. Yep, be it a horse or a wife, if a man wants one he can be proud of, he should pick him a thoroughbred."

His voice sounded far away. "I seen some girls like her the time I went to St. Louie. I even got to talk to one, the time I was working for the circus." And he sighed.

So we stood looking at the picture, and even though I was only ten I knew it was right for Homer to wait. I wondered some why he didn't go back to St. Louie, but when you're a farmer you can't just up and go any time you like as city folks can. Homer couldn't afford a hired man either—he sent every penny he could spare to his sister Alice, who lived in Denver and had a no-good gambler for a husband. I heard father telling mother once when they thought I was asleep.

And then Patience Quince came to live at our house. Patience was father's second cousin and lived in Chicago. Her own father was dead, her mother had married again, and Patience didn't get on well with her stepfather. She was twenty-five and taught school, but she didn't like the head teacher and wrote to ask could father get her a job teaching near us.

There was a vacancy in the district school, so father got her the job. Mostly the teachers lived around at their pupils' houses, but since Patience was father's cousin he said she could stay with us.

Mother put up fresh curtains in the spare room. She said folks in Chicago lived real elegant and she didn't want Cousin Patience to think we were uncouth, even if we did live on a farm.

Finally the day came for her to arrive. It was a hot, still morning in late August, with thunderheads piling up in the northwest.

Father came up from the barn wearing that special frown he had when something was wrong with the stock. "It's Bess," he told mother. "She's getting ready to foal—you'll have to go for Patience."

I helped father hitch up Brownie and Dick, our two Morgan colts. They were so frisky that morning they couldn't hardly wait until we'd put the extra seat in the democrat.

He went back to Bess and I drove up to the house. Mother came out in her best calico dress and climbed up beside me. Her face was flushed and I knew it was because she was excited about meeting Cousin Patience.

We came to Homer's house and mother told me to stop and see did he want anything from Corinth. But before I could get down he came out in his good suit and said he was going with us. He wanted to get some things, he said, and didn't aim that mother should be his errand boy.

Mother said, "Tut-tut, we're neighbors, aren't we, Homer?" But I could see she was glad he was going. Sometimes the colts were hard to manage, especially at the station when the train came whistling in.

THE train was late, so mother got down and went to talk to Mrs. Miles, the minister's wife, who was waiting for her son Clarence.

Homer'd gone off somewhere, but he came back just as the train was puffing into the station. He had a letter and he kept looking at it. He didn't even notice that Dick and Brownie was rolling their eyes and getting set to cut up.

I ran over and talked to them and they stopped rearing and stood clamping their bits and stamping, their ears laid straight back.

"They act same as Ruth does when she sees a rat," I told Homer. "You got a letter from Alice?"

"Nope," he said. "It's from that man I worked for in the circus—Sumner English. The one who had that white filly I told you about."

"The one that could dance and do tricks?" I asked, excited.

"Yep, that one. Sumner's sick. He wants I should take the filly till he's well again, or if he don't get well, he wants me to keep her."

I stared at Homer. I couldn't understand why he didn't look happy. It was almost two years since he'd been with the circus but he'd never stopped talking about that filly. "Golly," I said, "you sound as if you didn't want her!"

"I don't like for Sumner to be sick," Homer said. "It's funny. I wanted to buy the filly and he wouldn't sell her. Now he wants to give her to me. It don't make sense."

"Maybe he seen you have a way with horses," I said. "Father said there ain't a horse living you couldn't make eat out of your hand. He said it's a mystery to him you don't get on better with girls, seeing they need gentling same as horses."

HOMER'S ears got good and red but he wasn't riled at me. "Some day," he said, "I'll have a lady in my house—a pretty lady, too—and some kids maybe."

He started to walk away, and then he froze in his tracks and in his eyes was something I'd never seen before, except once when he was showing me a picture.

And behind me, mother said, "Homer, this is Miss Quince, Daniel's cousin. Patience, this is Mr. Latham and my son Danny. Homer, will you get the trunks and things?"

I thought Homer looked awful funny, but when I turned around I guess I must have looked the same way. Because the lady with mother wasn't the old maid schoolteacher we'd been expecting at all. It was just as if the picture of Homer's dream girl had come to life, they were so much alike.

She wasn't no bigger'n a banty hen, but she carried herself as if

(*Continued on page 68*)

Dave knew she was engaged to another, though she was the one girl in the world predestined for him. And so he made his plea and got his answer—one that was completely satisfying to both

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Bonfires in the Spring

BY ROBERT WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

THERE were bonfires all along the river bank, burning orange and yellow in the early evening. Everyone was there, the whole graduating class and the juniors and sophomores, teachers and parents and alumni. From where he stood Dave could hear them singing and laughing as they did every year, roasting hot dogs and marshmallows in the fires and saying good-by until next fall, no more pencils, no more books.

Not really good-by, Dave thought. Never good-by for us.

He could see her standing in the light of one of the bonfires, the soldier who had arrived in the afternoon standing beside her. She was laughing and talking as though she weren't going away in the morning, as though tomorrow were just another day.

She had never said it—not in so many words—"Dave, Davy boy, I love you."

ALL winter he had watched Miss Landis, quietly and with a secret eye, as she moved back and forth against a background of maps and blackboards. He had watched December sun and the gray lights of January playing in her hair, long blonde hair that once, not long ago, had brushed his cheek.

She had said, "Dave, I want to see you for a minute after class." It might have been because he hadn't been able to answer any of the morning's questions, but he knew the real reason. He had heard it in the gentle sound of her voice, speaking always to him alone, no matter how many others were listening; the husky voice that made a personal love song of the Magna Charta, an intimate understanding between Miss Landis and himself of the dry bones of the Mayflower Compact.

After the class was over he had sat at his desk and waited. Soon she had come to him, opened the book that lay on his desk, and begun to mark, lightly, paragraphs she wanted him to read. It was then that her golden hair, falling from her shoulder, had touched his face.

The soldier didn't look very much like the picture he had seen in her room. Dave had often found reasons to go to see her there: he had forgotten the assignment for tomorrow; he couldn't understand the difference between a simile and a metaphor; could she help him with algebra? Many times, after dinner, he had walked downtown, climbed the stairs to her apartment over Casterman's store, and knocked gently on the door.

He'd sit down gingerly on the couch near the door, his mind full of the grandiose sentences he had planned so carefully. He would open his mouth expectantly, waiting for the stately flow of words, but they never came. The smell of the room was rich and numbing; always flowers over the mantelpiece, even in winter, and the faint odor of perfume coming from the curtain-covered closet where Miss Landis kept her dresses. He'd look around, saying nothing, trying to remember everything he saw, to recall and think about later—the open book on the chair arm, the comb and brushes on the dresser, the photographs, the soldier's picture.

She would laugh, not loudly, and say, "What is it, Dave?" and he'd answer, "Oh, oh—could you help me with this?" holding up a notebook.

Once he had asked about the soldier, "Who's he?" She had smiled at him, a teasing smile, he thought, to make him jealous, and said, "The soldier is my friend." No, she hadn't ever said it. Nothing like, "Dave, I love you." But he knew.

Miss Landis had left the bonfire. Dave couldn't see her any more and he felt a hot uneasiness as he searched for her in the crowd. A yellow sweater and a red skirt. . . .

He was fourteen. In two years he would graduate, a full year ahead of time. He wasn't small; his voice had changed and he shaved sometimes, occasionally nicking himself with the razor so that the mark would remain for a day or two, a brand of maturity.

He saw her. She was walking toward him, her eyes searching through the crowd. He knew, then, that she was looking for him, that she had seen him waiting alone for her at the edge of the firelight. He leaned against a tree, all the uneasiness vanishing and the beautiful sentences of love welling in his mind. He remembered, too, that Miss Landis had to be careful; if she came to him too quickly, if she sat beside him, laughing and touching his arm as she touched the soldier's, people would see it and understand.

"Dave," she said, "what's the matter? Do you like standing way out here by yourself?"

HE smiled at her. "You know why I'm here," he said, so quietly that it was possible she did not hear him.

"Come on over," she said. "I'd like you to meet—"

"Miss Landis," he said suddenly, "I went for a walk down the river. It's beautiful down there, fireflies over the water, and you can hear everybody singing."

She didn't answer.

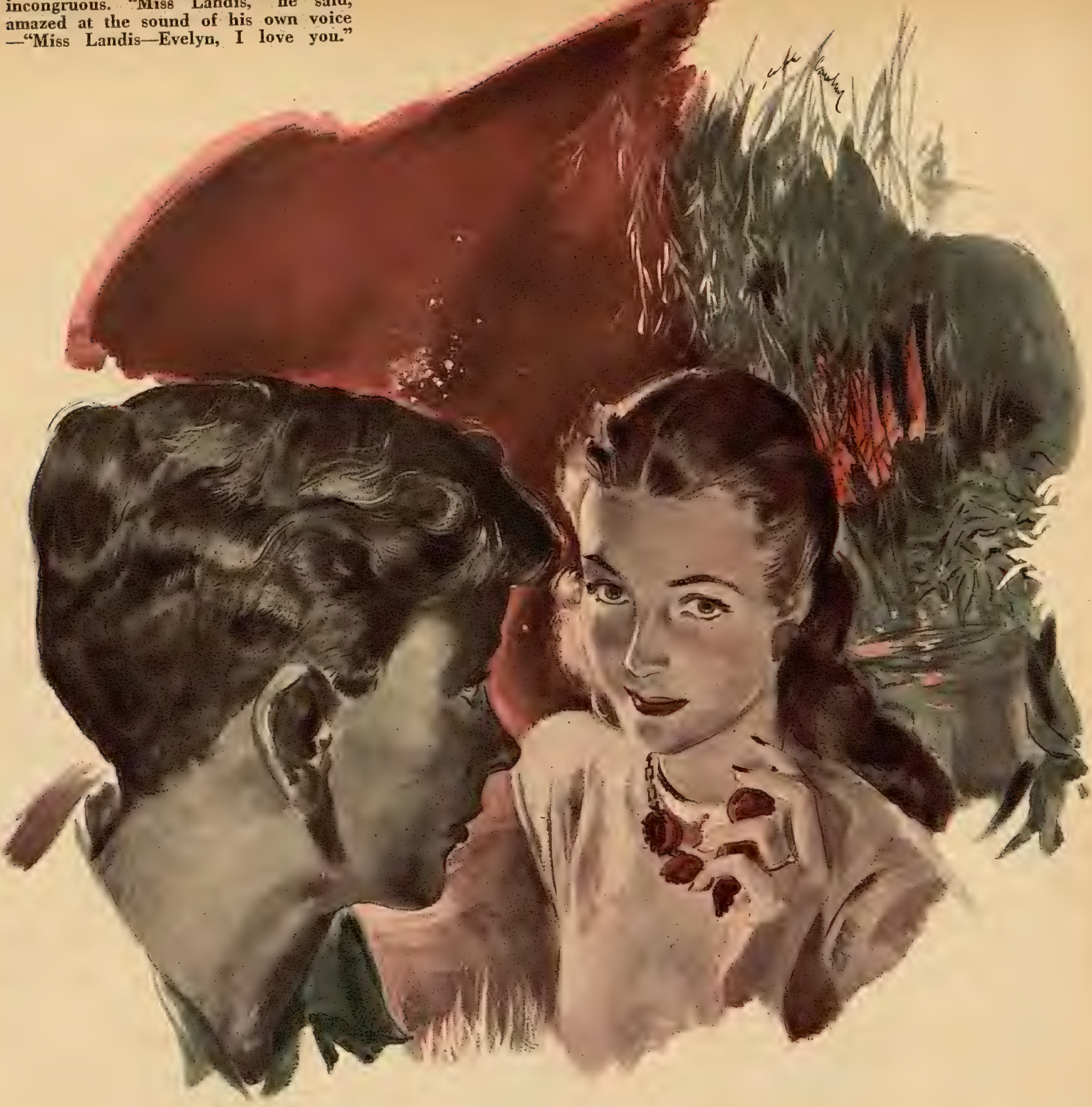
"Would you like to walk down with me?"

After a moment she answered, a hint of surprise in her voice, "Yes, Dave."

He turned his back on the firelight and started toward the water. She went beside him, stepping lightly in the tall grass. His hand, swinging, touched her arm.

An airplane passed overhead in the night sky, its jeweled running lights moving among the stars. The sound of it was a single diminishing chord, touching something inside the boy, beginning a kind of music in his mind, no sad song but of sorrowful notes. He tried hard to think of the words. Love, it sang, summer and love, love walking beside me in the grass and the whole hollow of my chest aching and filled with it.

Dave stopped beside the river near a willow tree. The branches of the tree, far out, dipped into the water and made little phosphorescent ripples. There were fireflies among the branches and over the water. For a moment he could hear nothing ex-



He heard his own heart beating, loud and incongruous. "Miss Landis," he said, amazed at the sound of his own voice —"Miss Landis—Evelyn, I love you."

cept the silvery tinkle of the water and the sound of singing at the fires, and then he heard his own heart beating, loud and incongruous.

He turned toward her, raising his hand as though he were going to put it on her shoulder and then letting it fall again.

"Miss Landis," he said, amazed at the sound of his voice—"Miss Landis—Evelyn, I love you."

She said nothing. For an instant the singing faded away and there was only the sound of the river.

"I'm not going to college. As soon as I get out of high school I'm going to get a job. We can get married. I—" He stopped, forgetting even the rough pattern of everything he had planned to say. "Ten years"—he stumbled—"I mean, I'm almost fifteen. Ten years isn't much difference."

She did not speak. He glanced at her face in the dim light. She was smiling, very softly, very gently.

"You're going away tomorrow," Dave said. "I won't see you for a long time."

Miss Landis looked at the water. Her hands were clasped in front of her, and as she thought of something to say her fingers curled around the ring, the soldier's ring, on her left hand.

The singing began again. Suddenly Miss Landis bent forward and put her hands on Dave's shoulders. She kissed him gently on the forehead, holding her lips close to his hair when she spoke. "Dave," she whispered—"Dave, I love you." Then she turned away. "I've got to go back. They'll be looking for me."

"You'll remember, then?"

"I'll remember."

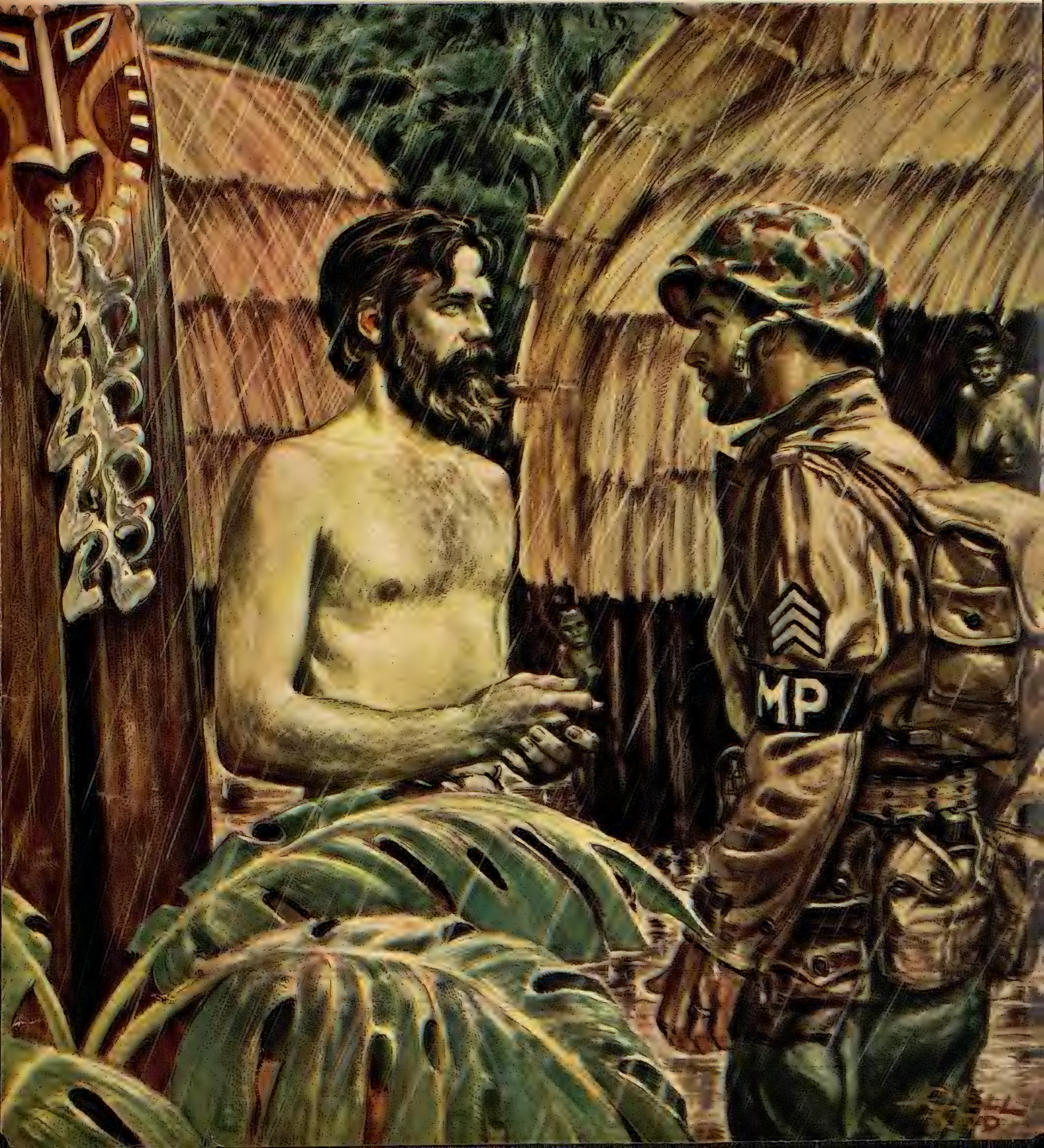
While she walked away he leaned against the trunk of the willow tree, closing his eyes. The song inside him went on and on, soaring toward the stars and sweeping him up with it, and the aching hollow in his chest was full.

Dave thought briefly of the soldier, who had come miles and miles for this night, for Miss Landis. From the pinnacle where he was, from the height between the stars where the song had borne him, he looked down without petty triumph. "Too bad," he whispered. "Tough luck, soldier."

He stood beside the tree a while longer. He was tired; it was late. But suddenly the meaning of the songs beside the fire came to him. Summer, the wild running over the grass, swimming all afternoon in the cool river, the hot untroubled days unfolding one after another, summer, and autumn was a thousand years away.

THE END

It could happen to the best soldier in the world—and it did. But not the way you've heard. Only one man really knew what happened when Major Ranson disappeared in the jungle. If he told you, you wouldn't believe him. But here it is



"I've been perfectly contented up here. I don't suppose I've walked more than a hundred yards from this place since I deserted."

HERO

BY DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

LEA, without knowing why, knew that he was nearing a village. There was no path, he had heard no sound of straight-descending rain; but convictions like this do come to you when you've clowned around in the jungle long enough.

Yes, here it was. He entered it abruptly. The natives knew he was coming, though how they knew this he could not even guess. He had seen nobody, heard nothing; and though the Japs had been cleaned out of this part of the world for months, Lea had walked with the caution and skill of a veteran who knows that a slapped frond, a creeper's thorn caught, a foot pulled suckingly out of the mud might mean a bullet. Nevertheless they were waiting for him. Most of them stayed inside their stilted huts, and those he saw only as eyes. Bolder ones stood behind the huts, alert. Though some had hunting spears, they did not seem fierce. They were small, and had the usual upshooting frizzy hair, in some cases dyed pink by lye. The men had great potbellies, the women enormous breasts. Some of the men wore nose sticks, but there was no clothing.

No, there was nothing unusual about the natives, nothing unusual about the village—except the presence of Arthur Ranson.

Joe Lea stopped short.

There was a picture circulated in newspapers and magazines—no doubt the only picture of Major Ranson they could get hands on—which showed him a determined college student, jaw out, chin high. This picture had invariably given the Raiders a laugh. The major, a kid then, had obviously been scared when it was taken. All the same, it did the trick, supplying to millions a mental picture of what his country's most celebrated jungle fighter, after all, *ought* to look like.

Men who boasted they had belonged to Ranson's Raiders knew better. They knew his personal appearance well; for despite an inner aloofness, an unsmiling thoughtfulness which had set him apart, denying him any intimate friend, physically he had shared everything with them, had eaten with them, slept with them, never asked them to do anything he wouldn't do himself. *They* knew that he did not look like a daredevil. He might stick his neck out, but never his chin. Habitually he had showed himself mild and somewhat frightened—not frightened by the enemy, not frightened of others' opinions, of the world, but frightened rather of something inside himself.

Major Ranson still had that look in his eyes when Lea encountered him in the village. He still looked as though he was trying to figure something out.

"Hello," and his voice was low, uncertain.

"Hello, sir."

They advise those who are about to interview great men, illustrious men, to conquer their trepidation bv picturing these same men as they would look if stripped to the underclothes. Stage fright vanishes then. Not many distinguished guys half dressed would be anything but ludicrous.

Now, when he looked at Arthur Ranson, not only did Lea feel no inclination to giggle; he drew himself instinctively to attention and all but saluted—though saluting had not been the rule among Ranson's Raiders; and anyway you can't salute a man who is naked.

Actually Ranson wore a string around his middle, and hanging from this a small bunch of flying-fox furs. The hair on his face and his head was weedy and long and uncombed; it was penciled with gray, though the man was in his lower thirties. His skin was an unholy white, almost the white of leprosy.

"I remember you," he said at last. "Joe Lea."

"Yes, sir."

"You used to be a corporal. You're a sergeant now, I see."

"Yes, sir."

"Good boy! How are the others?"

"They're scattered, sir. In different outfits. And some of them are back in civilian life." As Arthur Ranson stretched open his eyes: "Oh, they're releasing thousands of men—millions. The war's over. Or did you know that, sir?"

"No, I didn't."

Nor did he seem interested. He glanced at Lea's arm band.

"And you're an M. P. now, I see

"Yes, sir. I figured I'd had enough action."

"And what are you doing here, may I ask?"

"Looking for you, sir. Are you all right? Can you go back with me, or should I go back myself and get a doctor?"

"I never felt better in my life."

"Well, then, excuse me, sir, but maybe you're on some sort of secret mission and I ought to keep my trap shut?"

"Here? Don't be silly, sergeant!" He looked around, smiling a little, but his eyes still showed a faint puzzlement. "As for leaving, I wouldn't dream of it. I've been perfectly contented up here. I don't suppose I've walked more than a hundred yards from this place since the day I deserted."

A peregrine falcon swooping past the edge of the clearing, with a whine like a shell, raised squeals from hidden parakeets. The rain thinned; the sun made some attempt to clear a way through the clouds but only succeeded in creating a liverish sky smear, from which it presently withdrew; and the rain thickened, coming down hard. The natives did not stir.

"No sense standing here, sergeant. Let's go into the *tambora*."

This building is always the biggest and always in the middle of the village. It is a sacred place, more or less, the place where the elders confer, where young men are initiated into the secrets of manhood: it is strictly taboo for women. It is called by some different name in almost every village, for these people speak scores of languages—not mere dialects but separate languages—and they don't mix, so that a man in one valley wouldn't be able to make head or tail of what a man from another valley only a few miles away says. *Tambora*, or something similar, seems common to most, however.

"Isn't that taking a risk, sir?"

"Not with me." Arthur Ranson dropped to his knees. "Come along."

Sometimes the *tambora* is surrounded by a palisade or fence. It is always necessary to enter on hands-and-knees through a low tunnel, suggestive (this is the only thing about a *tambora* of which this can be said!) of an igloo.

Lea did not glance back before he stooped. He just hoped for the best. The natives *looked* harmless; but it was always advisable to act casually: these blacks, not inherently malicious, panicked easily.

(*Continued on page 64*)

Home . . . and all that it Means

Folks who have been abroad seldom lack enthusiastic words to describe what they have seen in strange lands. Yet, there is one experience for the traveler that is far beyond his ability to make clear to others. It is that emotional moment when again he sees his native shore and a mixture of exhilaration and veneration soars from his heart.

Even in little daily incidents, the 600,000 words of the English language are powerless to help you explain certain things—how a color looks, a voice sounds, a flavor tastes. Much, for example, can be said in praise of the distinctive flavor that sets Budweiser apart from all other beers . . . but only when you raise a tall, cold glassful of this delicious brew to your lips will you understand completely why it is the world's most popular beer.

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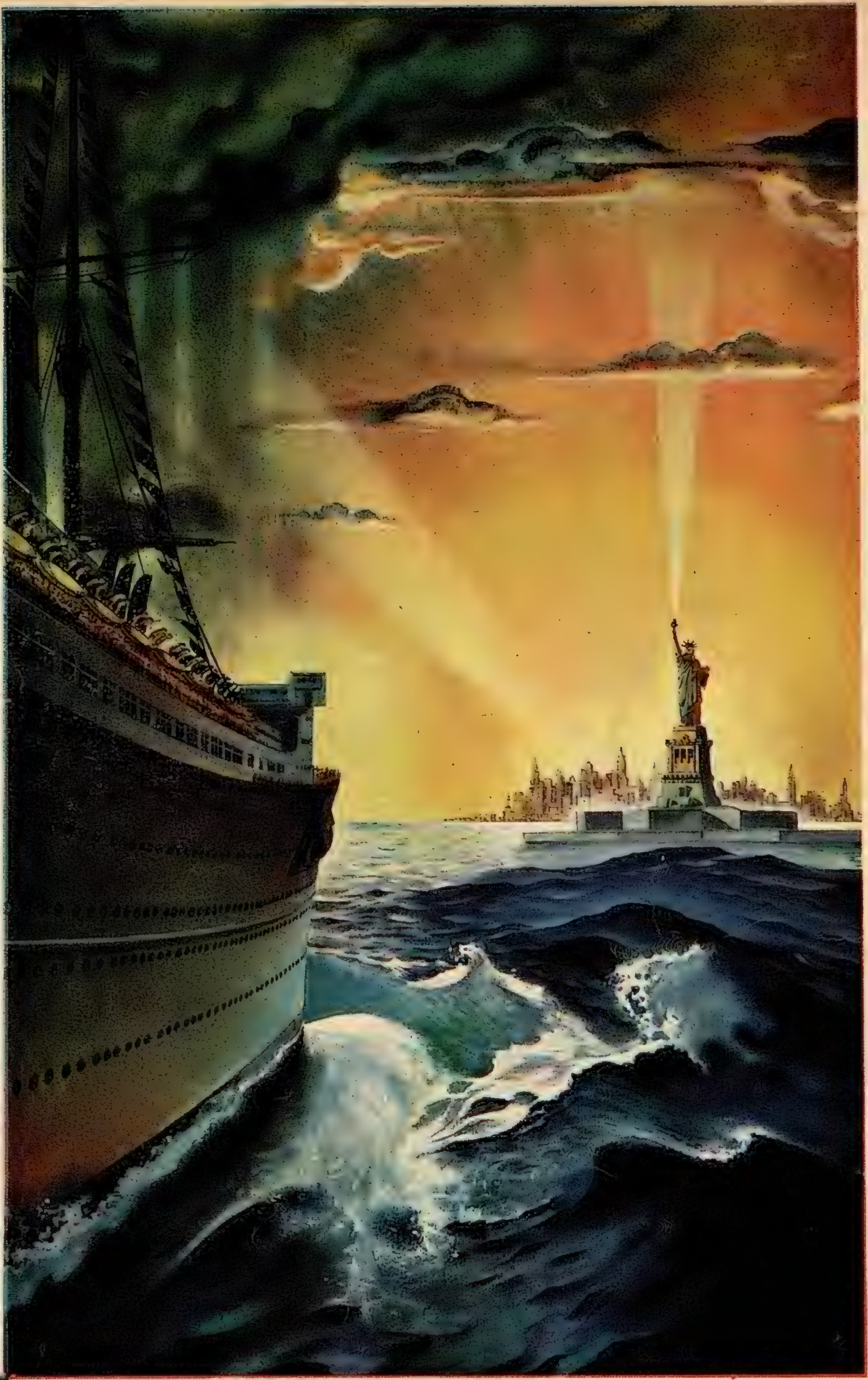

Every sip tells you what words can't —why Budweiser is something more than beer . . . a tradition

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Budweiser

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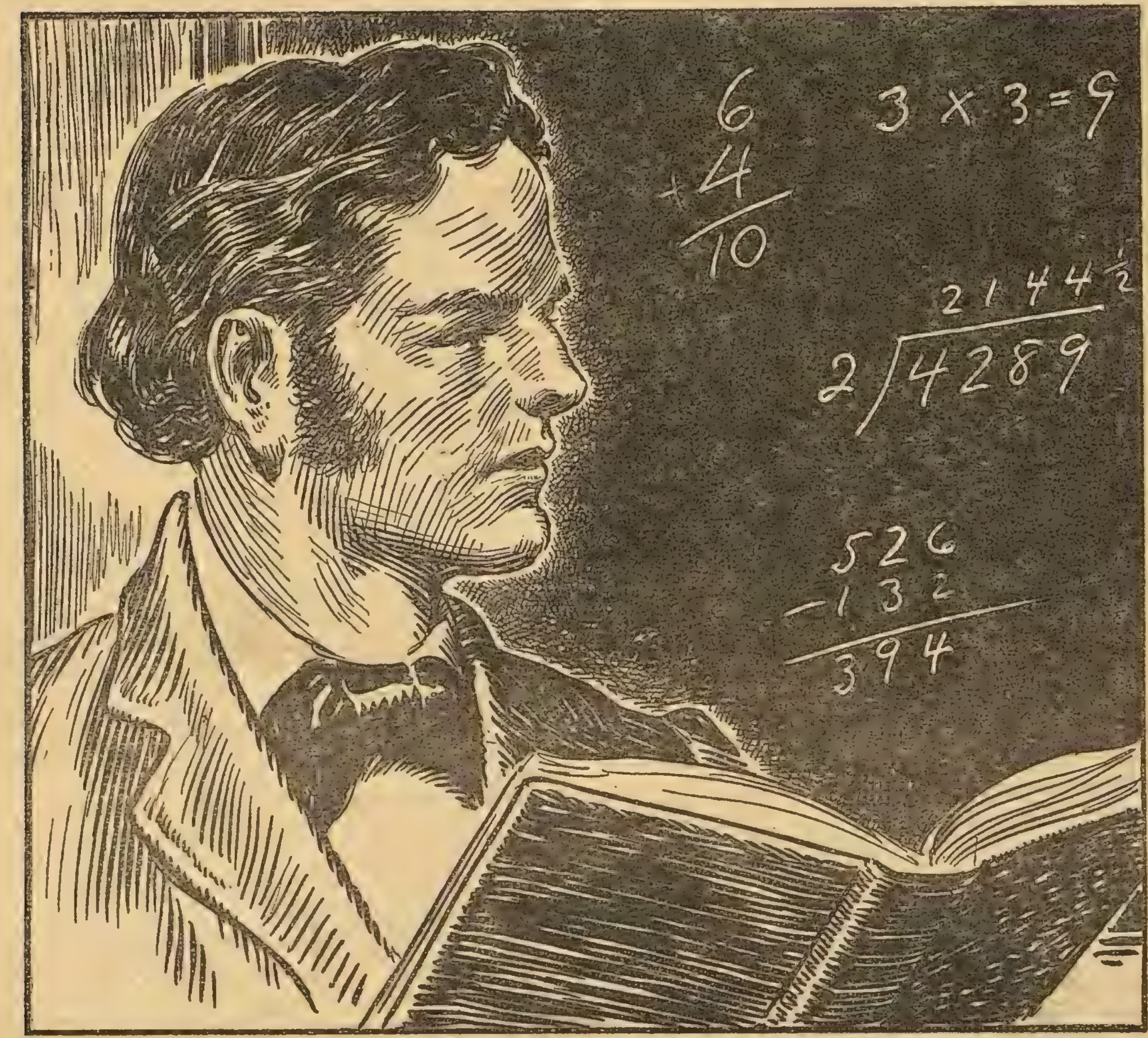
The Townsman

BY JOHN SEDGES

◆

A townsman by nature, young Jonathan Goodliffe was cast unwillingly in the role of a pioneer. How he met the challenge is the theme of this poignant romance, in which both the critics and the public have recognized with delight the true spirit of the American frontiersman.



A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN

On the thirteenth of January in the year 1866, at half past four in the afternoon, Jonathan Goodliffe was coming home from the village school cold and hungry for tea. If his father were not home, he and his mother and the small ones would have their tea about the kitchen hearth. All day long in the damp chill of the schoolroom he had been imagining that hour before the fire, his knees hot, his face burning, his hands and feet warm at last, and he drinking hot tea. If his father were home, tea would be set out on the table, and he would have to take his place and listen to his father's boisterous talk.

He turned in at the little gate, and from the low-set windows candlelight gleamed softly through the fringing mist. Now, if only his father were not at home, he'd tell his mother what the master said today about his Latin, how he said, "You can learn so uncommonly fast, young man, it's a downright shame I have to spend hours on a lot of numbskulls and let a lad like you have the minutes. But 'tis the educational system we labor under."

And then he gave up every hope. He heard his father's voice as he opened the door:

"I say to Ameriky I'm goin', and so I be agoin'!"

He shut the door quietly. Nobody noticed him. They were all staring at his father, who was standing in the middle of the kitchen. He had a loaf of bread against his chest and was cutting a great slab from it. Edward, three years older than Jonathan, leaned against the small wooden mantel behind the stove. The children, Jamie and Ruth, were at the table, eating buttered bread and drinking their mugs of milk and water. But Jonathan looked at his mother. She was sitting at the table with the baby Maggie at her breast; and her face, turned toward his father, was white and woeful.

"Oh, Clyde!" she whispered. "You'd never go off to America!"

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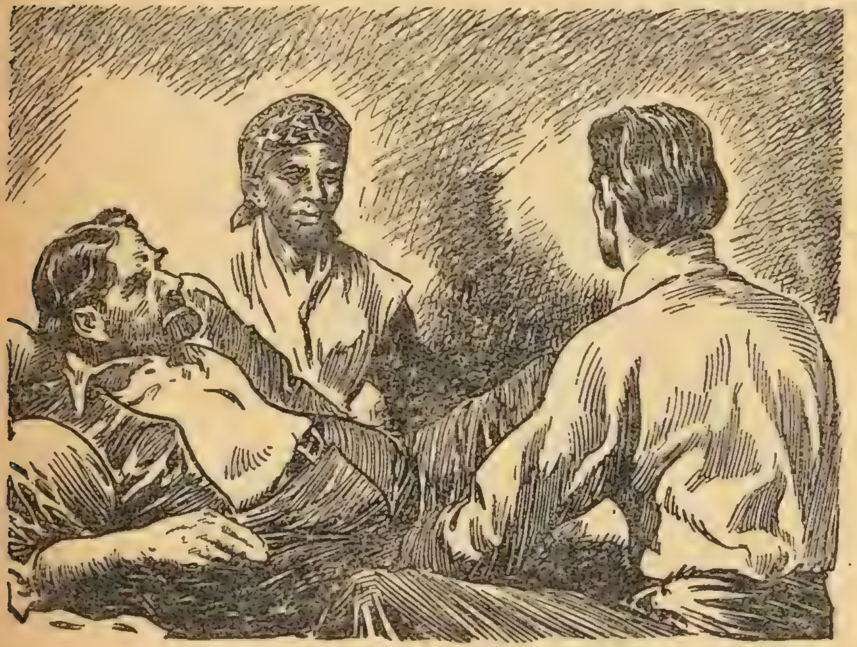
"Why not?" Clyde Goodliffe retorted. "I been hearin' of it. It's the on'y place now on God's earth a man can hope to get land for himself. I'm sick of puttin' my back and my blood into land for another man." He banged the flat of his hand on the table so hard that the thick dishes jumped.

"I'm goin' to Ameriky," he said sternly. "I've signed papers to go. And you're all goin' with me. The man asked me, 'Have you help?' and I sayed, 'I have—three on 'em.' And he sayed, 'Good—it's a country where the more sons a man has, the better!'"

"I'm not goin'," Edward said in his hard voice. He was a square young man called handsome by his fellows because he was fair-haired and his skin ruddy.

"You'll go if I say it," his father shouted.

"Not I, Father," Edward said. "I'm doin' well in my job, and Millie Turner and I are engaged. I was goin' to tell you tonight, Mother."



Nothing else, Jonathan knew, could have staved off his father except this news. Old Mr. Turner owned the best ships' chandler's shop in Blackpool and the one in which Edward worked.

"So a man would be a fool to go if he was me," Edward added triumphantly.

"He would be a fool if he was anyone," his mother retorted. "And you, too, Clyde, if you leave the land you've lost money on five years runnin', and this year the first, after all the manurin' and tillin', that it has brought us in a bit."

"Rented land!" Clyde Goodliffe muttered.

He was tearing off great snags of the bread crust and wiping them in the butter before he put them in his mouth.

"Oh, Clyde!" His wife broke down into weeping.

His wife's tears always made Clyde sweat with rage. He leaped up and threw the loaf on the floor.

"Dang the last lot of you!" he shouted. "You're allays holdin' a man down. I'm goin' to Ameriky if I live a lone man the rest of my days!"

He kicked the loaf across the kitchen and stalked out of the door and slammed it so that lime flew from the whitewashed walls around it.

Behind him they sat exactly as they were, except that the mother wiped her eyes on her apron. Then after a few seconds she went and picked up the loaf and dusted it with her hands and put it on the table.

Edward rose. "Must be goin', I reckon," he said. "Millie's waitin'." He began putting on his reefer coat. Outside, the twilight had thickened into night. "Well, good-by, all of you," he said, his hand on the door. "Shall you be givin' in to 'im, Mother?"

His mother lifted tragic eyes. "How do I know what to do with him?" she replied. "I only know when I think of leavin' England I feel myself sick inside. 'Twould be bad enough to leave Dentwater and this bit of a place I've held together for home for all of you. But to leave England!"

Jonathan resolved to ask her nothing. How could she know what to do? How could any of them know?

Suddenly she looked up. "Draw back the curtains, son," she said. "Your father will be comin' home after his rage. He always does, though he'll be late, maybe. And set the candle on the sill."

He drew back the brown homespun curtains as far as he could, and then, after an instant, he set the lighted candle upon the deep stone sill.

At noon next day, when he went home to dinner, Jonathan found his father not at home and his mother unexpectedly cheerful.

"We don't have to go for a year, Jonathan," she told him the moment he came in the door. "That is, you and me and the children don't. Your father's goin' first. If he likes it when the year's up, we'll come along to him. If he don't, he can come back to us. I stuck out for that," she added triumphantly.

Clyde Goodliffe had the furious determination of the impatient and variable man. Within twelve days he sailed for America.

IN the long dark evenings of winter Mary Goodliffe grew restless. First she would hear the wind, and then she would murmur, "Anyway, he's not on the sea. It's better to have him in America than a sailor."

Late one night, when the younger children were in bed, she sat by the fire.

"I dunno," she said sadly. "I dunno but what we'll have to go to America, after all. He's not comin' back, Jonathan. I can tell it."

"Wait, Mother," he begged. "Wait till the spring comes."

His mother turned his head away from him. "Spring'll only make me want him more," she whispered.

"Whatever you say, Mother," he said in a low voice.

"Lads usually like adventure and all," she said, beseeching him. "It's likely be fun for you."

He looked away from her. "Maybe," he said.

THERE were many others in the crowded steerage going to America. In the berth next to Jonathan's, was a blond Englishman, high-colored and big-nosed, handsome if one took his face all into account as belonging to a huge man. They struck up a sidewise sort of friendship, the man amused at Jonathan's troubles with the three younger Goodliffe children. His mother was too sick to tend them.

"Has your hands full, hasn't you, young chap?" the young man asked good-humoredly. "Here, give us the little tyke."

The "little tyke" was the baby Maggie, at that moment howling for food. He carried her off with him to the breakfast table.

"Eats anything, don't she?" he said admiringly when he brought her back, smiling and full of food. "Ate my porridge with me after she'd done her own, drank my coffee, and would ha' smoked my pipe if I'd let her. She's my sort, she is—hearty-like."

He came back every now and again to ask for her and carry her off, and when on the last day they stood watching the harbor of New York come into view, he handed Jonathan a paper whereupon he had written in a large round hand, "George Tenney, Screw Falls, Arkansas."

"Got an uncle there, with a sheep farm," he said. "Write to me, will you, boy? I'd like to keep up with that red-headed little tyke. I'm fond of her. Makes me laugh, she does."

CLYDE pushed his way on the ship almost before the ropes were thrown out to hold her to the pier. He lifted his wife off her feet and kissed her while she clung to him. Maggie was frightened and burst into weeping. But Ruth and Jamie fell upon him and seized his legs, and then he was hugging them all, even Jonathan.

The train they took to Kansas rocked and jumped beneath them, swerving and bending and swaying.

"The sky is surely bigger here than it was at home," Mary said gazing out of the window as they neared Fort Thomas.

"'Tis only there's nothing between us and it," Clyde said. No hill, no tree, no rise of any sort, indeed, cut off the sky from this earth.

They waited on a dusty platform while Clyde went for the hack he had bespoken for the drive to Median. They packed in their bundles and bags and the small trunk, and then they all got in and the horses began moving steadily across the flat green country.

A strange wide place for a home, Jonathan thought. Ahead or aside, everything looked the same. At last, against the sky a low rectangular roof rose a few feet above the horizon, and another and another, until there were perhaps half a dozen.

"That's never Median!" his mother cried.

"Median it is," his father said half-sullenly. "It's goin' to be a big place, Median is. They're goin' to make it the county seat, and there'll be streets and houses and banks and a school, even."

Just now, Median was mud. A smooth, black, shining substance as thick as gum. A quarter of a mile, and then they saw faint lights. The wagon swerved and drew over and stopped before the American House. A door opened, and in the light streaming out of the inn stood a tall, thick figure of a man.

"Well, here we be, Drear," Clyde shouted.

"We'll feed you," the man said heartily, "and bed you, if you don't mind where you sleep." He turned his head and bawled, "Wife! Goodliffes is here!"

She came running, a tall, broad woman of middle age, with a sharp face and dry sandy hair combed into a braided knot on top of her head.

"Now then, folks," she commanded them when they were all inside the house. "Jennet—that's my daughter—is ready to feed you."

They sat down beside a long unpainted table. A redheaded young girl with a dirty blue apron came in with a wooden bowl of mush and a jug of milk. She set them down and went away and came back with bread and slices of thick bacon. The rain had begun in a long droning roar upon the roof.

Jonathan took Maggie on his lap and made ready to feed her, and as he did so a thin stream of water began to patter on the table from the roof. Drops flew into his face. Jennet, seeing it, went out and brought in a pan and set it under the leak. Jonathan watched her.

"Does the roof always leak like this?" he asked.

She looked at him with a sudden glint in her large greenish eyes. "No," she replied impudently, "only when it rains."

She went away in the midst of loud laughter from Clyde and Mr. Drear.

Mary spoke to Mrs. Drear about a house, and Mrs. Drear laughed. "Lord, love you, dear," she said. "Houses don't grow here—they have to be made." Two days of full time, she told them, and they could get up a sod house. It could be laid up rough or smooth, sixteen feet wide and twenty feet long.

THE first day it did not rain Jonathan went out with his father to choose a site on Henry Drear's land, two acres whose rent was to be paid in such labor as Drear might ask. Clyde was very lordly about it.

"If I be horse tradin', as I s'all be come good weather," he said largely, "Jonathan'll fill the obligations."

Henry Drear and three other man came to help start the house. One of them was leading a team of mules. One of the men was black.

"Samuel Hasty, miller—come last year from Vermont," Henry Drear said, "and Lew Merridy, storekeeper, and his mules. And this here's Stephen Parry."

"Pleased to meet you," Samuel Hasty said. He was a small man with a long nose on a long face.

"Glad to see you," Lew Merridy said heartily, putting out his hand to Clyde and then to Jonathan.

But the black man did not step forward or put out his hand. "Howdy, suh," he said in a soft bass voice and at once began to work.

They worked all day plowing, cutting, and carrying the strips of sod to where the house was to be. Then, when the North Star appeared in the darkening sky, Henry Drear drew a line direct from its point and paced off twenty feet and drove in the stakes.

"There," he said, "the house sets right. It's straight to the Northern Star."

They went back to the inn, tired and hungry.

"Come in and have a drink," Clyde said at the door. "It's ill luck to a house not to drink when the foundation's decided."

"Thank you, suh, but I'll be gettin' along," Stephen Parry said. He touched his hat and went away.

They sat down and Drear shouted. Jennet came in, her hands white with flour.

"Whisky," her father said without looking up.

"How can I git it in the middle of the bread?" she demanded.

"I'll get it for you," Jonathan said.

He went after her and saw that her red hair, which he had never seen otherwise than tumbled upon her head, was brushed and braided in a long braid down her back to her knees.

"What wonderful long hair you have," he said surprised. He had indeed never seen such long gleaming stuff. "It looks fine."

"I had time today to clean myself," she said shortly, but her face was not angry.

IN a few days the house was done and Mary had made it a sort of home. Women she had not seen came over the quarter of a mile of grass and brought her a pot, a plate of food, a mended blanket, a wooden stool. From Merridy's General Store she had six wooden boxes.

Hanging her homemade curtains one morning, she saw out of the window a wagon coming near. It was Henry Drear's, with yellow letters painted on its side, "American House." When it came nearer, she saw something else—Clyde, propped up on the seat and looking as if he were dead.

"He's cut his leg," Henry Drear told her impatiently. "A more orkward feller never was born, I told my wife yestiddy, watchin' him handle the ax. I'll carry him in, and I'll go for Stephen Parry's wife. Some say she's a witch, but there's times you want a witch."

The big brown woman who came presently uncovered the wound and shook her head.

"It'll be many a day befo' dis man walks," she said, "and it may be he'll never walk straight again, at dat."

When she had washed and closed the gash, she said, "If he gets a fever, I'll come again. If he don't get a fever, he's all right."

"I do thank you, Mrs. Parry," Mary said, "and when I can, I will repay you."

"Nothin' to pay," the big woman said. "Nobody pays me for this kind of he'p. And nobody calls me Mrs. Parry. I'm just Sue." She gave them her slow, deep peaceful smile and went away.

JONATHAN got a job clerking in Lew Merridy's store. On his first afternoon, Jennet came in.

"Hello, Jonathan, boy!" she said carelessly.

"How do you do, Miss Jennet," he replied in a clerkly manner. "What can I do for you today?"

"Well, say, you can stop talking like that," she said.

He waited stiffly. He would talk as he pleased.

"Oh, heck, what do I care how you talk?" she cried discontentedly. "Give me a yard and a half of red ribbon."

"Not for yourself, I hope," he said.

"Why not for myself?" she demanded.

"Not with that red hair," he said, without knowing why, for it was none of his business.

"It's *my* red hair," she retorted.

"Anything else?" he asked coolly.

"Red calico, for a red dress. That! Eight yards. I'll come and show you the dress when I've made it," she finished insolently.

He did not reply. He disliked her presence, and yet when she was gone he could not forget her.

"Dad and Mother, they've been jawin' all day," Jamie reported to his brother that evening. "Dad says you're to homestead for him over in the West. He says he can't make it this spring if he don't start, and he can't start with his sore leg, and so you're to go, and me with you."

Plains and sky lengthened before Jonathan's eyes. "And who'll feed them while I'm gone?" he inquired bitterly. "That's like Father, saying what I'm to do and giving no thought to Mother and the little ones."

"He says he'll tend 'em," Jamie replied. "And oh, Jon, let's go! I hate this little bit of a place. Everybody says it's better out West."

"It'll take thinkin' of," Jonathan replied sternly. But it did not. He would not go.

Six days later Clyde left Median, taking only Jamie with him. The wound in his leg was not healed yet, but it was closing healthily from the bottom, and he was not as lame as he was to be later when the muscles made a knot under the scar.

Jonathan ran out of the store in midmorning to see the wagons start. Clyde did not notice him. He was full of joy, and his black eyes were snapping with laughter and light. Jennet came running out of the tavern door, her arms full of loaves of bread.

"Here—I baked 'em last night," she cried. A tall young man took them from her, and she did not hear Clyde calling her name. "I wish I was going," she said boldly.

"Come along," he replied as boldly. He was tall and blond, and he drawled. "I'll take you."

"But will I take you?" Jennet said, laughing.

"It's for you to say," the young man replied. He pulled his belt and knotted a red handkerchief around his neck and tilted a big straw hat he wore. Then he leaped up on the wagon beside Clyde.

"That's the kind of lass I admire," Clyde said heartily.

Jonathan went close to the wagon. "Good-by, Father," he said.

Clyde looked down. "Good-by, Jonathan, I was lookin' for you."

"I was here all the time," Jonathan said dryly. "Good-by, Jamie, mind you take care of Father."

The wagon started, and the young man whipped his horses until they galloped away in whirls of black dust. Jonathan watched them until the noise was lost in the distance. When he turned his head Jennet had gone.

AS they had clung to the cottage in Dentwater after Clyde left it, so now they clung to the sod house in Median. But the cottage had not seemed so much an island as the sod house. Median was a steppingstone, a wayside stop. Those who stayed spent their days in serving those who were going on somewhere. The inn was made for these, and the store prospered on travelers, and Stephen Parry put a blacksmith forge in his carpenter shop.

He came to Jonathan one day with a smooth white pine board. "Please, sir, Mr. Goodliffe," he said respectfully, "will you write me some letters on this?"

"I will, of course," Jonathan said. "But what letters?"

"I'd like my name put," Stephen Parry answered, "and that I can do carpenterin' and blacksmith's work and I don't cha'ge no more'n fair."

His eyes were full of wonder and wistfulness as Jonathan printed with a pencil. "Sho' do wish I could read," he said.

"Would you like me to teach you?" Jonathan asked.

Stephen Parry hesitated. "I'd shore like my children to learn." He looked at Jonathan with sudden earnestness: "Mr. Goodliffe, why don' you open a school?"

"Tell you what I'll do, Mr. Parry," Jonathan said. "If you'll lay a board floor in our house, I'll teach them Saturday afternoons and evenings."

"I'll do it gladly," Stephen Parry said. He stood turning his hat round and round. "I don't know if you noticed my son Beaumont, Mr. Goodliffe. My wife and me, we think he's real smart. We'd like him to have a chance, not jest because he's ours, but because we figger that now us colored folk got our freedom, next thing is to show what we can do with it. My wife and me, we figger we can't do much 'cept give our younguns a chance to do what we cain't. Beaumont's the one, or so we think."

"Beaumont," Jonathan repeated. "A queer name."

"My wife belonged to Beaumonts befo' we married," the man said. "I was always a Parry, though, and my father befo' me. Well, I'll be gettin' along, Mr. Goodliffe. It'll be good news to my fambly. And I'll git the lumber together right away for the floor."

Thus it came about that Jonathan taught his first school to four black children.

ONE afternoon Jennet came into the store. He saw her as soon as she stood in the door. She was wearing her red dress and a small red bonnet that she had made of the same calico. The violent scarlet dominated her red curls and made them gold and tawny, it deepened the whiteness of her skin.

"Jonathan, I'm going away."

"Are you?" he said stupidly.

"Do you care?" She looked from under her red bonnet to his eyes, exactly level with hers.

"No," he said, and went white.

"You lie," she said.

He did not answer this, having no answer.

"Are you going to stay in this hole of a Median all your life, Jonathan?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Oh, well," she said, and parted from him abruptly, carelessly.

He heard the next day that she was gone. She had run away by the earliest wagon to leave the inn that morning.

THE wintry spring gave way to a summer so different from any Jonathan had ever known that the very sun seemed another than the one which had shone upon England.

The one marvel which the days held was Beaumont, the black boy. For in this child of a strange race there was an intelligence the like of which Jonathan had never seen, and he knew humbly that it was far beyond his own.

On an early September day Clyde came limping in, his leg healed, but a stick still in his hand.

"Mary!" he shouted at the door.

"Clyde!" she screamed and came running. "Oh, Clyde!" She flung herself upon him, and he held her and laughed.

"Where's Jamie?" she cried suddenly. "Why, I'm a wicked mother, forgetting my son. Where's the boy? Clyde?"

"I left him out there, Mary," he said.

"Clyde!" she screamed. "Not alone in all that wild country!"

"There's neighbors in the next section hut," he said. "And you can't leave a foot of homesteadin' now, Mary. Somebody'll steal it while you're gone."

"What's he living in?" she demanded. "Has the child a shelter?"

"Now, Mary," Clyde said. "Listen to me before you're all slathery and frettin'. He ain't goin' to be there long. I'm goin' back—with you and the children is my prayer, without you if so be I must. Seventeen is a man; let Jonathan have his own mind. But I've a home and three hundred and twenty acres of the best land—"

"What kind of a house?" she interrupted him.

"Mary, I won't say it's anything but a good sod house, but frame's to come," he replied. "I'll promise you . . ."

That night Jonathan was not surprised when she told him, "I'm going with your father."

They left in seven days, and Jonathan stayed away from work that morning to help them off. They started in such confusion that there was only a moment left to him in which to say good-by to anyone. He gave it all to his mother.

"Oh, Jonathan," she cried, weeping, "take care of everything."

"MR. MERRIDY," Jonathan said, "I want to give you my resignation. I hope you won't mind. I'm going to start a school."

"We don't need a school here, Jonathan," Lew Merridy said. "There ain't enough children to support it."

"There's sixteen children that I know, sir," Jonathan replied. "Besides, there's your Katie, sir. I should think you'd want her to go to school."

"No, I don't," Merridy replied. "I don't believe in educatin' females. She's learned to read from her mother, and I've taught her how to count up figgers to help me. I can't see any mortal use for her to know more."

He picked up an old newspaper and pretended to read.

Jonathan put on his hat and walked out, his knees trembling. Merridy owed him nothing. He had drawn the last of his wages to give to his mother. And he had nothing except the small stores of food in the sod house. If he was to have a school, he must have it at once—that he might live as well as work.

But there was only himself to feed. For the first time he saw good in his loneliness.

By the end of the day, out of Median's thirteen houses and out of four farmhouses within walking distance, he had the promise of seventeen pupils; and when the school opened on the first day of October, Katie Merridy was there with the others.

"Sure, I'm coming to your school, Jonathan," she had said, coming into the store one day when she heard his voice.

"Oh, you are, hey?" her father had said. He had scratched his head and laughed. "Well, if she says she's goin', she's goin'. But it don't alter anything I said, Jonathan. I don't believe in educatin' colored people, Indians, and females. They don't need it, and it only makes trouble for the rest of us."

Jonathan laughed at Katie a good deal. She was suddenly beginning to grow and her spare little body took on the curves of a meager adolescence. When she began to put on grown-up airs he teased her and pretended to defer to her. But she was always equal to him.

She was such an ugly little thing, he thought, looking at her out of laughter; so completely commonplace except for that aggressiveness of her nature which burst out of her stiff pigtails and her sharp hazel eyes and every movement of her quick, thin little body. He could not imagine her growing up into a real woman.

"Jonathan, there's a preacher coming through on Sunday," she said one day after school.

"A preacher!" he repeated. "Well, I never, Katie! There's never been a preacher in Median before, has there?"

"Yes, sometimes he comes once a year or maybe twice," she said. "And I want you should go to the meeting, Jonathan."

"Why?" he asked, amused.

" 'Cause folks say you ain't hardly religious enough to be the teacher of a school," she said. "They say you don't read the Bible and pray before school like you ought."

"Well, it won't hurt me to go to church once a year," he said. Then to tease her he added, "Will you be there, Katie?"

"Of course," she replied solemnly. "I'm a baptized Christian."

For some reason he could not understand, he went into loud laughter.

"Don't you like me?" she inquired, and he saw she was hurt.

"Of course I do," he said and stopped at once, and on an impulse reached over and took her little claw of a hand and patted it. Then to his horror he saw her thin child's face change and turn crimson.

"I like you—something terrible," she whispered.

"That's nice," he stammered, and dropped her hand as though it burned him.

JUDY SPENDER, waiting for her father to announce the hymn, sat holding upon her knees the accordion she had played for him ever since her mother died. He was at least six minutes away from the hymn, and so she looked idly upon the faces of the people gathered in the main room of the tavern this Sunday morning to worship God. She knew American House very well. Off and on they had come here, she and her mother and father, almost as long as she could remember clearly, which, since she was seventeen, was now very nearly a dozen years.

Watching her, Jonathan thought to himself that he had never looked at so pretty a girl. He had noticed almost at once when he entered the room, the fair-haired, brown-eyed girl in a dark red dress. After the meeting was over he went up, not to the preacher, but to her. He had always to forget his own shyness, and he fought it now.

"I am Jonathan Goodliffe," he said. "Excuse me if I introduce myself."

She put out her brown hand, and he felt it soft and plump. "I am Judy Spender," she said.

"The minister's daughter?"

"Yes."

He could not restrain himself. "Then you'll be going on, won't you?" he asked.

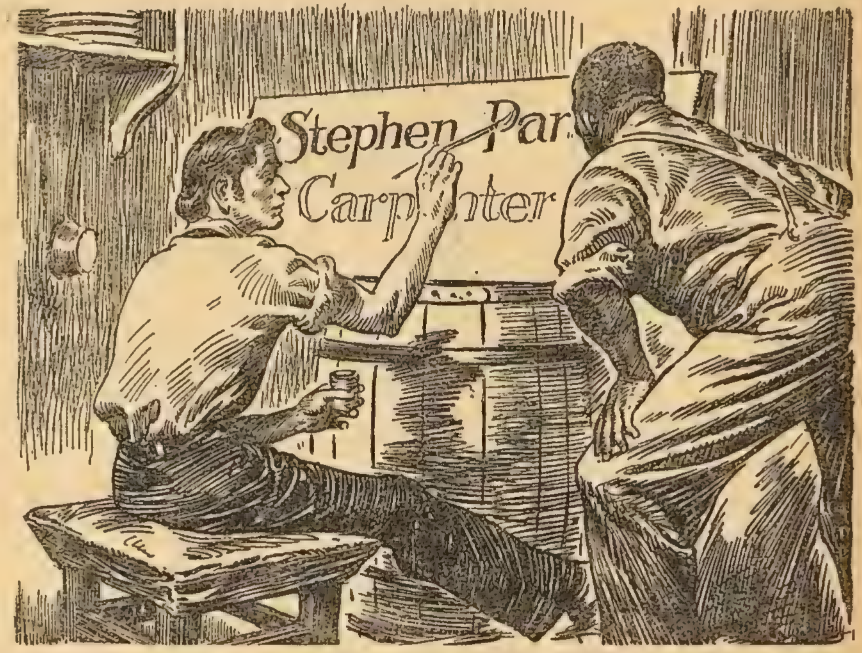
"It depends," she said. "Sometimes we stay, if folks want a protracted meeting."

"Then I hope they will," he said earnestly. "In fact you must stay." Under his calm face his heart echoed, "You must—you must," and then he felt her hand pulling softly out of his and realized, to his horror, that he had been holding it all this while.

He went away so confused that he did not think of anything else until the middle of the Sunday dinner which he was eating with the Merridys.

At the end of the last day of the meetings he went to her. "I hope we'll meet again," he said.

"I reckon I'll be back in the spring," she said carelessly. She was looking away over the prairies as she spoke.



He wanted to pull her gaze back to himself. He said earnestly, "I'll look forward to it all winter."

"You want me to promise?"

Her black-lashed eyes flashed to him, and their gaze upon him was warm.

"Yes, I do," he said.

"All right, I promise," she said. She smiled, then suddenly she put out her hand and touched him on the cheek with the palm of it, a touch too light for a caress, and immediately she went away into the twilight.

WHENEVER Jonathan thought of his mother, he suffered for an instant a pinch of dulled pain. Since winter had begun and the movement West was stopped, he felt as cut off from her as though by an ocean. But he did not need her as much as he once had. Other lesser securities were growing up in him. The store of fuel in his room was a small security, not merely for its own sake, but because the people of Median had come to his help and put it there. He felt them united about him in a friendliness—not intimate, yet solid. Lying in his bed one night he thought of them, one by one. Then he remembered something. Last night Beaumont had said he wanted to be a surgeon.

"My grandfather Beaumont's a surgeon," the boy told him, and in the proud look he gave Jonathan he was suddenly as alien to his mother, Sue, as though her blood had forsaken him.

"That gives me a notion," Jonathan said, "You say your grandfather's living. Where does he live?"

"In New Orleans," Beaumont said. "Pierre Beaumont's his name, and Pierre is my first name, too. I took it for myself, when I found out who I was."

Thinking it over now slowly and carefully, Jonathan came to a determination to write to Pierre Beaumont without saying anything to Sue or Stephen Parry.

Next day was the Sunday before Christmas, and when

Jonathan had washed himself and eaten, he put on his stock and coat and sat down close by a small fire.

"Honored Sir," he wrote, "I take up my pen to address you upon a matter Personal to yourself. I am a Schoolmaster, and in my School I have as a pupil a youth whose name is Pierre Beaumont. It seems to me, therefore, Sir, that the Instincts of Nature and Virtue will move you to educate this unusual Youth in whose Veins is your own Blood and who bears your Name."

He signed his name and after it wrote "Schoolmaster." Folding the sheet, he sealed it with wax and superscribed it "Doctor Pierre Beaumont, New Orleans, State of Louisiana, in the United States of America"; and took the letter with him to Lew Merridy's when he went to dinner. The mail went once a week from the store, except in storm.

On this day, as he walked across the black, frozen ground, he felt a new and vicious bitterness in the wind. Lew came to open the door for him.

"Takes a man to hold the door against this wind," Lew said. "Come in, Jonathan. I don't know as you'll get back today. It's fixin' to come a blizzard."

By three o'clock Jonathan, peering out of a window, saw only his own face staring back into the lamplight.

"You'd never find your way home, Jonathan," Lew said. "Why, in a blizzard a man can get lost and froze to death between his house and his barn. Stay here with us. We'd admire to have you."

"Reckon I must then, thanks," Jonathan said. He turned away from the window to the warm room and the light and fire and to the sight of Katie, tying bibs around the necks of two small brothers sitting in little high chairs Lew had built out of barrels. She looked practical, sure of herself, sound in all her habits. He said, "You're a rare good girl, Katie."

She looked up at him with a shyness so strange upon her sallow plain features that he was moved by it. Then suddenly she turned and ran out of the room.

Mrs. Merridy went to bed early.

"I might as well sleep if you're settin' up, Lew," she said. "You can let me know if the house blows away."

"I'll tell ye," he replied dryly.

Then Katie got up.

"You goin' too?" Lew inquired. She nodded.

"You're mighty quiet," he said. "Ain't sick, be you?"

"No, Pa," she replied. "A body can be quiet sometimes."

"Katie'll make a wonderful wife," Lew said when she had gone, "but it'll have to be for a man wise enough to see behind her face. It'd be a Godamighty relief to me, Jonathan, if you was that wise man."

Jonathan felt his body grow stiff. He was fond of this big slatternly man, fond, too, of Mrs. Merridy with all her acid, and fond of this home where he was always welcomed. But he knew he could not marry Katie.

Lew waited, drew a few long breaths of smoke and then knocked the ash from his pipe.

"Don't you mind my sayin' it, Jonathan," he said.

"I do mind, though," Jonathan replied. "I mind it terrible, for I'm—I'm fond of you, sir—and I'm fond of Katie, but I am not free—in a manner, that is—" He stopped.

"Why, I never see you lookin' at nobody!" Lew exclaimed.

"But I'm—in love," Jonathan confessed.

Lew stared at him, and his blue eyes grew solemn.

"Then I'm sorry I spoke," he said. "I shouldn't have spoke if I'd dreamed it. But I didn't. And Katie's fond of you. It's goin' to be hard on her."

"Does she know you were going to speak?" Jonathan asked.

"No, but I gotta tell her that she mustn't think about you."

Jonathan's head began to hum. "She's just a child," he murmured.

"Fifteen ain't a child for a girl here," Lew said. He got up and took the lamp.

Jonathan said miserably, "I feel I ought to get right out of your house."

"You can't," Lew said. "Besides, I wouldn't let you. What I've said is to be fergot. I'll be downright mad with you if you don't fergit it. Now let's go to bed. Think you can sleep on that sofy?"

"Yes, of course," Jonathan said. He stood up involuntarily as Lew went to the door.

They spent Christmas afternoon at the tavern. Everybody in Median was there except the Parrys. There was singing and dancing, and he saw Katie dancing again and again. There were no other young girls in Median since Jennet went away, and Katie shone in a solitary glory which, if it could not be splendid because of her plain face and dun-colored hair, was nevertheless real. She went from one man to the other with a sedate industrious energy. She did not once look at Jonathan.

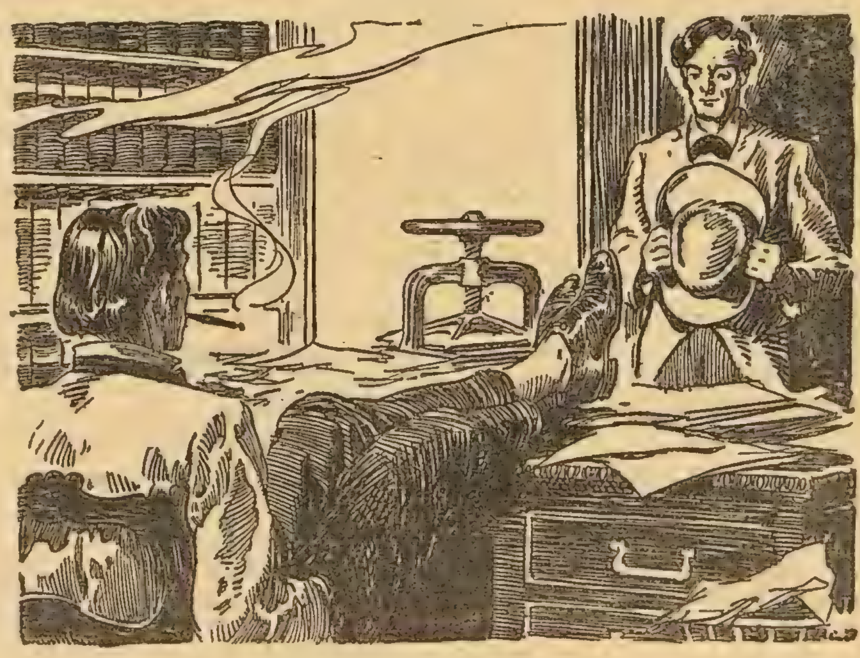
Ah, she knows! he thought and was at once relieved and foolishly hurt. He was fond of Katie. Sometime when he could he must tell her how a chap could be fond of one girl even when he was in love with another. But he did not go near her. He danced a little with Mrs. Drear, who told him she had heard from Jennet. She was in San Francisco and hoping to be married to a rich man.

"Have you heard from your folks?" she asked.

"No, but I'll hear as soon as the roads open," he replied.

"Sure you will," she said and laughed. "There, Jonathan, leave me be. I'm breathless and too old for a young feller."

What touched him most that Christmas Day was to go home at dusk and find upon his table a small bundle tied in newspaper dyed red and secured with string made of woven grass. "Merry Christmas from Parrys" was written upon a piece of paper in Beaumont's best hand, and a branch of berries was thrust under the string.



Inside the package were molasses candy and dried wild raspberries and some black walnut meats in a little wooden box made very light and thin and polished until it was like porcelain to his touch.

He lit a small fire and sat near it and ate some of the candy and nuts and thought of his mother and the children and Judy. Then, to his own amazement, he thought a little of Katie. He discovered that he was hurt because she had let this day go by without a mention of something he knew she had long been making for him. He suspected it was a shirt because more than a month before this she had brought a piece of string to school and measured his arm and the breadth of his shoulder and chest.

But this was the end of Christmas, and she had not spoken to him. He felt foolishly irritated with himself that he cared. I'm an unreasonable chap, he thought, after some pondering, and was much surprised at himself.

One morning in spring, Jonathan, looking up from sweeping the floor, saw Sue upon the threshold. "Come in, Mrs. Parry," he said surprised. He saw Stephen often, but not Sue.

"I brought this-hyeah fowl," she said, "thinkin' you might like to start chickens. She's full of eggs and will set, I'm sure."

"Thank you, I'll be glad of it," he said.

"Mr. Goodliffe, did you evah git an answer to dat letter Beaumont tol' me you wrote for him?"

"I never did," Jonathan said. "I was about to write another as soon as the mud clears. The mail's delayed by mud."

"I been waitin'," Sue said, "'cause I know somepin. A Beaumont is daid." She turned her strong profile to him, first one side and then the other. "See, Mr. Goodliffe? Them earrings was soldered on my ears by my Beaumont master. He said I wasn't never to take 'em off until he died. He said they was full of spell, and as long as he was alive the pearls would shine. But when they turned dark I could know he was daid. Then I could take 'em off."

He saw them gray against her fine dark skin.

She went away, and he went on sweeping. He did not believe in that sort of thing.

BUT the first mail brought him a letter folded and sealed with wax, and when he opened it he found it was from a lawyer's firm. Old Dr. Pierre Beaumont, the letter said, was dead. His last act, apparently, for he had died alone in his library, had been to write a letter granting five hundred dollars a year to a young man named Pierre Beaumont. Could information be sent concerning this individual?

Jonathan was so astonished that he forgot that five minutes before he had been sore with disappointment because this was his only letter, and that still there was no word from Judy or his mother. He took the letter at once to Sue Parry.

She lifted her dark hands and raised them upward. "Thank You, God," she said.

Jonathan stood, that evening, looking out over the smooth green prairie. If he did not get some word from his mother, soon he would have to get a seat in a wagon going west and go to see how she was, he thought; and then remembered that he might have to go to New Orleans. He would go if there was any trouble about the legacy.

It was full summer before a reply came from New Orleans—a curt legal letter from a firm of lawyers. It asked for proofs of the alleged Pierre Beaumont's birth, and it desired to know whether or not the alleged son was born of a white mother.

"In case the mother was not white," the letter concluded, "the whole case must be reconsidered."

So Jonathan went to New Orleans. At the office of the lawyers he was put off twice. On the third day a young Negro manservant showed him into an office where everything, it seemed to him, was covered with a snowdrift of open letters, documents, and newspaper. At the table sat a tall, black-haired young man with his coat off and his feet on the table. He was so handsome that Jonathan's anger changed instantly into shyness.

"Morning," the young man said in a gay voice, but without getting up. "Come in. I hope you don't mind seeing the junior partner. I'm Evan Bayne. Mr. Bartlett's pleading a case."

"I'm glad to see anyone," Jonathan said.

The young man laughed. "Lawyers always keep clients waiting," he said. "We're taught that in law school."

The impudence of this made Jonathan speechless. He sat down and for a moment looked stern. Evan Bayne did not notice it. He was lighting a long thin brown cigar.

"Have one?" he asked.

Jonathan shook his head. "I don't smoke," he said, "and if you please, Mr. Bayne, I should like to proceed to my business. I am a schoolmaster and my duties begin on a date which compels my early return."

Evan Bayne brought his long legs down from the table nimbly.

"Sorry, sir," he said, and with quickly moving, supple hands found by some miracle a letter upon which Jonathan saw his own handwriting. Evan Bayne studied it. He looked serious for a moment. Then his black eyes sparkled, and his right eyebrow flew up.

"You're from Kansas! I've always thought I'd like to go there. Say, what's it like?"

"I only know what Median's like," Jonathan said carefully.

"Well, what's Median like?" Evan Bayne demanded.

"Median's not too bad," Jonathan said. "It's at a crossroads north and south, east and west, and there's a river—small, but it never dries up. The wagons all come through. I've made a sort of plan in my mind for Median—not that it's anything of my business, but I like planning for something to grow, and Median can grow, I think."

"Does the railroad go there?" Evan asked. His eyes were warm, sharp, and shining.

"Not yet," Jonathan said.

"Any reason why it shouldn't?" Evan demanded.

"No, reckon not," Jonathan said slowly.

They had both forgotten altogether why he was here.

"Any lawyer there?" Bayne asked.

"No lawyer, no doctor, no church," Jonathan said, "and need for all."

Bayne laughed. "You're persuading me," he said.

"No, I'm not," Jonathan said quickly. "If I am, it's not meant. I know very well how Median looks to a stranger. When I first saw it it seemed to me a mudhole in the prairie and the prairie nothing but a green desert."

"But you don't feel so now?" Bayne said.

"And I can't tell you why I don't," Jonathan said frankly, "for it was as muddy as ever this spring, and winter was long and bitter. But the prairie doesn't seem a desert any more. I've grown to like plenty of sky overhead. And though I live in nothing but a sod house, I teach school in it, and there's no other school in two hundred miles for those children to go to. I keep thinking there's no reason why Median shouldn't grow."

"I am persuaded," Evan Bayne said with gaiety.

"Never say I persuaded you," Jonathan retorted.

"No, I won't. The truth is, I was three-fourths persuaded before you came. I'm sick of this office. It was my father's. He's dead, but his old partner isn't, and I have to jog along with him. I want to get out on my own. But I can't do it here—too many old family associations." He leaped to his feet and put out his hand. "I'm coming," he declared. "When are you going back?"

"As soon as my business is done," Jonathan said, smiling now.

Up shot that fluent right eyebrow on the handsome face before him. "That's right—what was it? Never mind, consider it done!"

"No, not until you know at least what it is," Jonathan said, and by his gravity compelled the young man to his seat again, and told him what it was and what Beaumont was.

"I'll manage it for you," Evan promised at last. "I won't tell you how I'll do it, but I'll do it for you. When do you start?"

"Tomorrow?" Jonathan asked.

"Day after," Evan said. "I have to make it right with my mother and my sisters."

They shook hands and parted, each content with the other and secretly astonished at the speed of their friendship.

IN the first week Evan came to know all of Median. He was always gay and seemingly careless and always able at night to talk shrewdly with Jonathan about each one he had met.

"Drear's a man to tie to," he said, "and so is Merridy. Hasty is an ignorant low fellow."

Evan moved into American House on the day that Jonathan opened school. Next door to the inn he bought a square piece of land from Henry Drear, and he contracted with Stephen Parry to put up a two-story frame building, one room on top of the other, the one below to be his office and the one above his home.

Meanwhile, he paid Henry Drear ten dollars a month for his storeroom cleaned out except for a table and two chairs, and he nailed up a neat block he had drawn and painted himself: "Evan Bayne, Lawyer."

Everyone in Median liked him. If Jonathan had been able to be jealous, he might have been now, for everyone went to Evan and claimed him for a friend. But Jonathan could not be jealous. Besides, sooner or later each night Evan would stroll down the boardwalk to the sod house and come in and help Jonathan at whatever he was doing. Sometimes it was midnight before he went away again.

Those were good hours. In them they planned for Beaumont, and they sent him away one day, dressed in Evan's own suit of drab broadcloth, his purse full of money and his few clothes in Evan's best bag. No one else in Median except Stephen and his mother knew where the boy was going, or indeed that he was gone. To have said "Paris" as a destination would have seemed madness, and Evan and Jonathan agreed not to let it be said.

EVAN was giving a great dance at American House on Thanksgiving night. Jonathan, waiting until the hour to go to it, and feeling thankful and buoyant and full of sure hope for the future, wrote to Judy, putting down in words the warmth of his heart. Evan had made him less prudent than it was his nature to be, and he had come twice as quickly to writing these words as he would have had he never met Evan:

"My dear darling, now I am ready to ask you, will you be my own wife? I have missed you so fearfully these months. Darling Judy, I do not reproach you for writing me such a few letters that in all these weeks I have only eleven. When Sunday comes and there is no new letter from you, I sit down and read the old ones again. But we must have it so that we are always together and then there need be no blame if letters are not written."

When he had finished the letter he stayed for a while feeling very solemn. Much must be done if Judy was to come into this house as bride and wife. The school, for one thing, must be moved. He would talk it over with Evan and see if by issuing bonds there could be collected enough money to put up the schoolhouse he had planned on the side of the square nearest the church that was not yet there.

He rose. If he did not make haste he would be late for what Evan had called his "shindig." He hastened across the moonlit square to the tavern.

Evan, dancing with Katie, saw Jonathan and paused for a moment, his arm still about her. "Well, Jon! I was about to send somebody for you!" he shouted.

Katie was nearly pretty. She wore a pink dress he had never seen before. Her shoulders were bare, and the skirt ruffled to the floor.

"Change your partners!" Bill White's voice rang out. Bill White, long ago too fat to dance, played a banjo and called the dances.

Evan made a large gesture. "Here, Jon—I've been keeping her for you, the youngest and prettiest girl in Median!"

He bowed deeply and handed Katie to Jonathan and went away. Jonathan saw him a few minutes later, not dancing but leaning over the bar talking to a strange man; a cattleman, he guessed, by the man's leather trousers and open collar. There was an increasing number of cattlemen now coming through Median, rough noisy men who drank too much and swaggered about the store and the tavern.

Then he looked down at Katie. She was dancing sedately to the new tune Bill was plucking, her thin little face quite grave. In his hand Jonathan felt hers lying passive and without pressure.

He examined her face just beneath his own—a plain, regular little face, each feature well enough, but the combination somehow lacking the magic for beauty. He thought of Judy and knew that, for him, she alone was beauty and there could be none other.

The music stopped, and he and Katie stood for a moment uncertain. "Thank you, Katie," he said and let her go.

Evan went home with Jonathan when the night was near to dawn. "Grand folks," he said, sitting down in Jonathan's most comfortable chair. "Mend your fire, boy—your house is as cold as a cave. I shall be staying the night with you, Jon. I'm as full of talk as an egg of meat. Don't hope for sleep, for you shan't get it."

"Well, tomorrow's a holiday, luckily," Jonathan replied. He reached for the bellows as he spoke. Evan sat sprawling in the chair, his feet to the blaze and his hands locked behind his head.

"Jon," he said suddenly, "I'm going to make Median a cattle town."

Jonathan, on his knees, held the bellows. "Evan, you didn't tell that chap—I mistrusted he was a Texas rancher!"

"I did," Evan said. "Why not? Why shouldn't Median have their money? American House would profit, the store would profit, it would bring all sorts of business in."

Jonathan rose, dusted himself, and sat down on a stool.

"Yes, and what else? Tick fever for every cow around and bad diseases for our own folk, and sicknesses worse than that for us all. No, Evan!"

"Jonathan, you're not serious!"

"I am," Jonathan said.

"Why, it's the law of growth, man! You can't stop the sources and expect Median to grow!"

"Maybe you and I don't see Median the same," Jonathan said stubbornly. "I want a good town, a town with a schoolhouse in it and a proper church. Business, of course, but not the brawling, cursing, fighting sort of business cattlemen bring in. The sort of town a man would want to settle in and bring up his family."

"You're in love, Jonathan!"

"Yes, I am, I own it," Jonathan said simply, "and I speak out of all my thoughts about what's most valuable to me."

"Why, who could it be, Jon? There's nobody here—it's not little Katie Merridy!"

"No, it isn't," Jonathan said, growing red. "It's nobody you know, Evan, though I've been going to tell you a long time. It's a young lady I've known a year now and fell in love with as soon as I saw her. Her father's an evangelist and she's in California, and I wrote her today asking her to marry me."

"And have you reason to hope she will have you?" Evan asked, his eyes merry and full of affection at the same time.

"Yes, I have reason to hope," Jonathan replied.

IN the sod house Jonathan read the words again and again: "For my mind is set, dear Jonathan, and it is to marry you."

NEAR the end of a gray day, Judy stepped down from a wagon and went into the American House. Mrs. Drear, bustling out of the kitchen, embraced her with floury arms.

"Goodness gracious, it's Judy!" she cried. "Now I must send someone straight off and tell Jonathan."

There were men at the tavern bar, as there always were, and one of them came forward instantly.

"Let me go, Mrs. Drear," he said.

In the quick habit of her eye, Judy saw a handsome man, tall and young, whose eyes were dark.

"I'd admire to be the one to go, Miss Judy. I'm Jon's best friend—Evan Bayne. He's expecting you."

He put out his hand, and she put hers in it for an instant.

"Wait just a bit of a while," she begged him. "I'm hungry and tired and real cold."

Without seeming to see anyone, she sank to the bench beside the table and drew off her gloves and took off her brown felt hat with velvet bows.

"Want a nip?" Henry Drear inquired.

"A little hard cider, please," she said. She smiled up at him as he set a small tin cup before her.

He inquired, "Where's your paw?"

"He's had a call to be a missionary in the Sandwich Isles," she said.

She sat sipping her cider, seeming to see none of them, her head bent, her eyelids demure; but they were all watching her, helpless not to watch her.

"You didn't hear tell of Jennet anywhere, did you, Judy?" Mrs. Drear asked.

Judy lifted her great innocent eyes. "No, I didn't, Mrs. Drear, and I'm sorry."

Mrs. Drear sighed. "Well, I didn't expect it—it would be a needle in a haystack if you did." She went back to her kitchen.

Evan did not move as he watched Judy. He would wait, he thought, filled with fury, until this girl had finished her supper to the last mouthful before he went to find Jonathan. He hated her already, a selfish, cold woman, thinking of herself, not of Jonathan. He thought of Jonathan with a passion of protection.

He made a deep bow when at last she put down her spoon. "Now, Madam, may I go and tell my friend that his fiancée has arrived?"

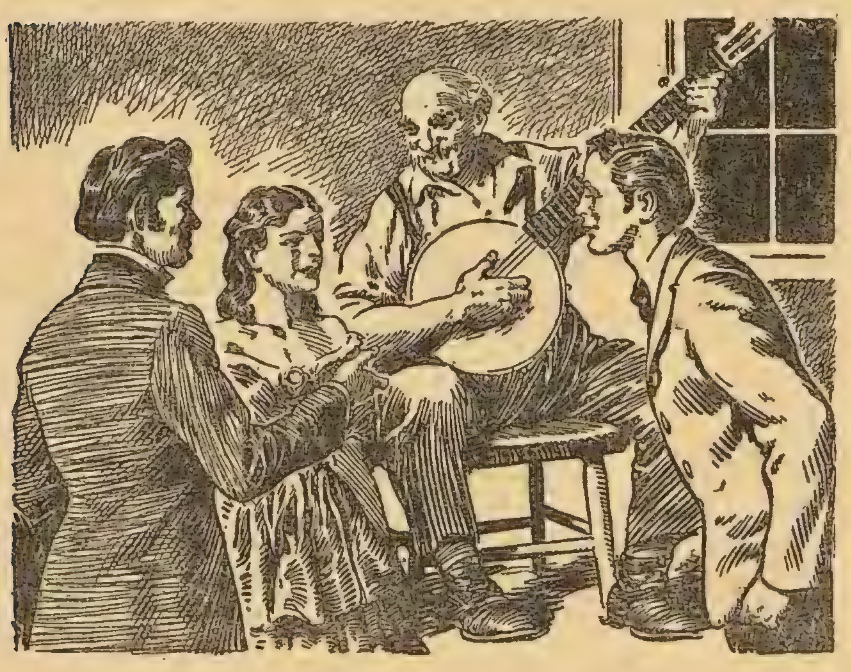
His voice was weighted with sarcasm, but Judy only lifted her eyelashes at him.

"If you please," she said gently. Her eyes rested on him reflectively, and Evan turned away and strode out of the door into the deep cold dusk. He walked fast, thinking with melancholy how this was the sort of woman who would demand every service of a man so that his life was consumed in trivialities. And he wouldn't even know it, he thought in a strange sort of terror.

He gave a great thump on Jonathan's door and walked in. Jonathan sat by his fire with a book in his hand.

"Judy's come," Evan said.

Jonathan dropped his book and leaped for his greatcoat. "I had a premonition, not ten minutes ago," he cried. He blew out the lamp and took the lantern from Evan's hand. "How is she? Does she look well?"



"She looks well enough," Evan replied, so coldly that Jonathan was amazed.

"Evan, what's up!"

Evan stood still. "I don't like her, and that's a fact," he said. They were talking in the darkness.

Jonathan lifted the lantern and saw Evan's stern face in the light of it. "You don't know her," he said.

Evan saw Jonathan—too young, too good, he thought. What he wanted to say was, "I knew her the minute I saw her."

"Maybe I don't," he said instead, and they went on to the tavern. But he did not enter it again.

"Come in," Jonathan said to him.

"No, I've got a brief to write tonight," he replied, and then he added, "You don't want me along and you know it."

Jonathan smiled at that and let him go. He could wait for no one, not with Judy in there waiting.

At the sound of his voice at the door, Mrs. Drear motioned Judy into the kitchen with her beckoning finger and came out and shut the door.

"She's in there waiting for you," she told him. Her red face was suffused with vicarious tenderness.

Behind the closed door Jonathan and Judy stood for the least part of a moment. Then Judy put out her hands and lifted her head.

"Dear Jonathan!" she said softly.

And at the sound of her voice he stepped toward her and took her in his arms. "Judy—Judy!" he muttered. His lips were on her hair, her temple, on the smooth firmness of her cheek and then her full throat, and with every kiss his arms hardened about her.

"Why, Jonathan," she cried. She was a little frightened. And yet in the end it was he who let her go, not she who withdrew herself. But she said, "Oughtn't we to go out now? They're waiting for us out there."

"I've waited a long time, too, Judy," he said.

"I know." She came of her own accord the space between them and kissed him. He felt her kiss, soft as a snowflake on his cheek, and he said abruptly, "Reckon you're right, Judy. Let's go out."

The room was full, and not a soul without a tin pan or a horn or a cowbell to make a noise, and to noise everyone added yells. Judy hid her face against his shoulder, and he put his arm about her and stood in the doorway smiling as long as the noise blared. Then Evan leaped on the bar, beating Mrs. Drear's tin wash tub, turned over like a drum. When he caught Jonathan's look he beat the louder.

"Let's see the bride!" Evan yelled.

"Look around for a minute, Judy," Jonathan whispered. "They mean the best."

And Judy, after a moment's coaxing, pushed back the curls from her face and lifted her head, and every man in the room saw her. But Jonathan, gazing at her too, saw the direction of her eyes. They were fixed upward in soft appeal, and Jonathan followed as he might follow the path of a moonbeam and he found the end. She gazed at Evan, and Evan gazed at her.

JUDY made her room at American House comfortable and somehow pretty. She had curtained the bed off with Indian blankets so that the rest of the room was her own sitting room. Every evening she and Jonathan sat together in this room.

Around the house the prairie wind howled, and in the tavern there would be the clatter of pewter and tin cups and plates and men's voices. One evening they heard the door bang, and then a roar of laugher.

"That'll be Evan," Jonathan said immediately.

"I hate him." Judy spoke without a flicker of intensity in the soft slow way in which she said everything.

"Why?" Jonathan asked. He was greatly astonished.

"I don't know," she said pleasantly. "I just naturally hate him."

"You mustn't say that, my Judy," he scolded with tenderness. "Why, Evan's my best friend. He'd stick to me through anything, and to you, too, for my sake."

"He's conceited," she said. "He thinks all he needs to do is to raise his right eyebrow at a woman."

"No, no, he lifts his eyebrow like that whenever he's about to crack a joke," Jonathan cried.

Long after he was gone, Judy sat by the stove, her elbows on her knees and her hands soft fists against her cheeks. There were still voices in the tavern, and she was listening to them. Besides, what use was there in going to bed when she could not sleep?

It was nearly midnight when silence fell. Jonathan had gone at half past nine, tender of her good name. Now she rose in this first silence and went to the door and threw it open. Evan sat there alone at a table, a mug of beer in his hand.

"I hoped you'd gone, too," she said. "I want to sleep."

"I'm going," he said shortly.

She came in and stood by the table. "I'm marrying Jonathan on Saturday, two weeks," she said.

"Damn you," he answered, staring at her.

Mrs. Drear came in, her eyes bleary with sleep. "It's closing time, folks," she said. Her voice was sharp.

"I was just telling Evan that Jonathan and I have set the day," Judy said without moving. The purity of her face grew, as it always did when she felt anyone was angry with her.

"I'm glad to hear it," Mrs. Drear said. She swept up an armful of dirty mugs.

Evan got up. "So'm I," he said heartily. "Jon's waited long enough for you, Judy."

"I think so, too," Judy said. Her voice was tender with sweetness.

EVERYTHING went right for Jonathan except one thing. Two days before the wedding Evan was not sure he could stand up with him.

"I'll be here if I can, boy," Evan said. "It's bad luck this case had to be called right now in Topeka. Wait till

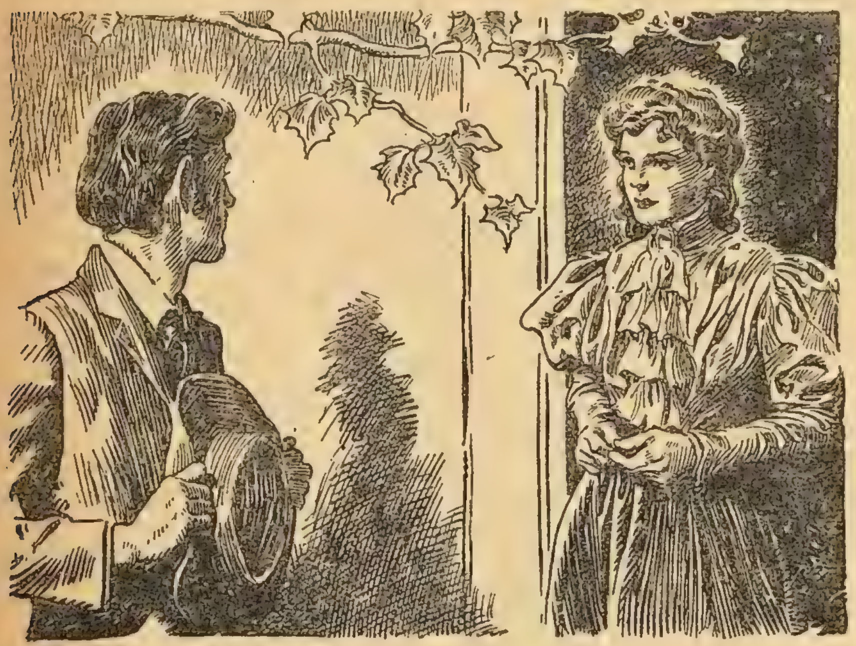
I get Median the county seat. Will you let me do that, Jon, if you won't have it a cattle town?"

"I won't have anyone else," Jonathan said: "If you don't come, I'll stand up alone."

When he stopped at the tavern to tell Judy, she looked strange, he thought.

"I'm glad he's not coming," she said. "He always makes me feel I've put my clothes on wrong, somehow."

Jonathan laughed. "Oh, you two," he said. He kissed her very lightly. "I'll kiss you hard later after I've shaved," he told her half-playfully, and turned homeward to make himself ready for her.



The early dark beyond the windows was like midnight, and the door was closed against the early cold. But a wagon had drawn up and stopped. He put down the razor he was using and wiped the soap from his cheek. Then he threw the door open.

A tall boy and a girl were clambering out of the wagon.

"Jonathan!" a voice called faintly. He leaped forward.

"Mother, it's never you! Ruth—Jamie—why, what in heaven's name! Maggie too! Where's Dad? Oh, Mother, whatever's wrong with you?"

Mary had raised herself out of the end of the old covered wagon, and he saw her sick face. He lifted her out, and carried her in.

"She would come," Ruth said. Her old timidity had grown deeper in the long months upon the plains. She blinked in the light of the room and clutched Maggie's hand fast.

Less than an hour later, Mary died.

"AIN'T you goin' right over there to Jonathan's?" Mrs. Drear demanded of Judy next morning. "He shore needs a woman to help out."

"I'll go the minute I've had my breakfast," Judy said gently. She moved gracefully about the tavern kitchen, pouring herself a cup of coffee from the big granite pot on the range, and cutting herself bread and buttering it.

She sat and sipped her coffee and ate her bread and butter daintily and slowly, and when she was finished she rose and smiled. "I'll put on my bonnet and go."

When he saw her Jonathan leaped to his feet and took her in his arms and put his face down upon her shoulder. "I knew you'd come. It's been a dreadful night."

She put her hand to his cheek. "I knew it," she said. "So I came."

She saw Ruth, and over Jonathan's shoulder smiled at her. She drew herself gently out of Jonathan's arms, but she kept his hand. He had not wept at all, but now, with Judy's hand softly in his, he wanted to.

"Run outdoors a bit, Ruthie, there's a good girl," he said. And when she had gone he put his head down on Judy's shoulder and let the tears well up in his eyes.

"Can you marry a chap like me, Judy sweet—with all these here in the house?"

"Don't let's talk about it now, Jonathan," she said in her gentlest voice. "Only we mustn't put Ruth out. It's cold today, and she's no coat on." She gave him a little squeeze and went to the door, "Come in, Ruth," she said. "It's too cold outside."

She stayed nearly all day in the sod house. In the afternoon she sat down to mend a rent in Jonathan's coat, and looked so quiet and so beautiful that his sore heart took rest. He drew a three-legged stool to her side.

"Maybe we could manage after all," he said. "Maybe we could all live at American House."

"And leave no room for travelers, besides the cost?" She shook her head and stitched steadily. She seemed so remote that he was frightened.

"Will you wait, Judy?"

She lifted her beautiful black eyes. "What do you think?" she asked.

He thought she would, but he did not speak. He took the pretty thimbled hand, so smooth and white, and kissed the palm passionately.

After a moment she said, "Won't Evan be surprised when he comes back!"

"What made you think of Evan?" he demanded.

"Only because he'll be pleased," Judy replied, "because he doesn't want you to marry me."

The composure of her face did not break. He sat watching her quick hands, his heart clinging to her in his sadness.

"It's getting late," she said suddenly, glancing at the sky. "I must be going, Jonathan, if there's nothing else I can do. Ruth's so handy." She smiled across the room at Ruth, who sat holding Maggie, her back turned carefully toward them.

"Good night, Jonathan," she said. Her face had never looked more sweetly pure than now, in the pale evening light, and her lips were softer than a child's.

JUDY, in good time for the funeral, had tied her brown fur-trimmed cape under her chin and then tied on the small fur bonnet that went with it. She glanced at the big clock as she passed through the empty tavern. It was exactly the hour at which she should have been marrying Jonathan, and in this very room, if his mother had not come home. Even if his mother had died out there in the West, the wedding would have been going on now, because they would not have known it. But the children would have come home to Jonathan, and then it would have been too late for her to do anything to save herself. Now she was saved. Something always saves me, she thought solemnly.

She stood for a moment looking out of the panes of the tavern door. The wind was whirling in great coils of dust and snow. I wish something would save me now from having to go out, she thought. She lingered on at the risk of being late. Everyone else had gone.

And then the door of Evan's office next door opened, and he hurried out, wrapped in his great cape, his head bent to the wind. He had managed to get back from Topeka.

And no one has told him, Judy thought, watching him. So he will come here because he will think it's still the wedding. She sat down quickly beside the big tavern table and buried her face on her arms and waited. When she heard the door open, when she felt the fluster of the wind against her, she did not move. She waited for his voice.

"Judy!" he whispered.

Then she lifted her head. She had never looked so beautiful and so piteous.

"There's no wedding," she faltered. "It's a funeral instead. Jonathan's mother came home, and she died."

She turned her quivering face up to him, seeming not to think of him or to care who he was, but only to be full of her own trouble.

Evan was dazed. "Why, I rushed back—for Jonathan's sake—" He breathed out the words. He glanced about the empty room. "Where's—I suppose everybody's at the —the funeral."

She nodded and drew a little lace handkerchief from her muff and put it to her lips. Evan sat down on the long bench but not quite near her.

"But—you'll be married very soon, Judy."

"How?" she asked. "The house is full of the children.

Jonathan—he can't marry anybody. He oughtn't to—he hasn't a home to offer."

"You mean—you wouldn't marry him anyway now?" he was breathing in great sighs.

"How can I?" she replied in the gentlest voice. "There is no place for me."

"That—could be remedied. If you—"

"Evan—oh, don't think me wicked," she said quickly, "but the last few days have shown me—I don't love him. I couldn't have married him."

He was leaning toward her. She flung back her head and stood up. And he leaped to his feet and snatched her into his arms and kissed her upon the lips again and again. He's loved me all the time he was hating me, she thought with triumph.

"We can't help it," he groaned. "But who'll tell him?"

Who would tell Jonathan, indeed? Who could save them now, save her and Evan together? She looked at him in real fright. "Let's run away," she whispered.

"In this storm?"

"Is it too bad? You came through it."

"Yes, but—because I had to see you once more before you were—lost to me."

"Is that why you came?"

"Yes."

"Evan, have you loved me always?"

"Yes, ever since I first saw you."

"I loved you, too," she said.

At least she had looked at him that day and had known that he was a man she could love. She divided all men into those she could love and those she could never love, and now she knew that Jonathan belonged to those she could not.

"Let's go. I'm not afraid. Evan, we could go now, and no one would ever know you had come back. They will just find me gone. And I'll write Jonathan from Topeka that I've changed my mind. And then later, we can just—tell him we're married. You see, you wouldn't even lose him, that way. He couldn't blame you if, after I changed my mind, I married you. I'll make you terribly happy!"

His arms about her, they hurried out of the tavern, and she waited while he harnessed his horses to face the storm again.

THE search for Judy on the plains was led by Jonathan with such fierce vigor, that never afterward did people of Median think of him as a medium-sized fellow with quiet ways and a gentle voice. He was a flame scorching them with his anger, a general driving them beyond their duty, a giant of endurance and anger.

"No, we'll not rest," he shouted at midnight when they staggered back to the hotel. His eyes burned at the bottom of their sockets, his lips were cracked and his face gray with cold. His pale hair was stiff with a fringe of ice under his cap. He drank off a cupful of whisky neat. "Shame on us, great men, if we can't stand the blizzard a delicate girl is lost in!" He was certain she had lost her way going to the funeral.

Long after sunrise the men came back exhausted.

In the sod house it was so still, so warm, that for a wild moment Jonathan thought, She's here! She had come, perhaps, and made this warmth for him. There was the smell of bacon frying and of boiling coffee.

"Sit down, Jamie," he ordered his brother. "You're beat out."

"No, I ain't," Jamie gasped. But he sat down.

"I'll eat and go out again," Jonathan said.

"You're foolish," Jamie retorted. "It's comin' on heavier."

It was, and Jonathan knew it. But nothing could have kept him here while he thought of Judy struggling through the storm. She must have been blown out of her way like a little ship at sea, he thought, groaning to himself. Great men were sometimes blown across the prairie miles out of their way.

"You ain't goin' out again, Jonathan Goodliffe!"

He jumped at the unexpected voice. Someone came out of the bedroom.

"Katie! Why, it's—it's terrible good of you to be here!"

When Ruth came in at this moment with Maggie washed and dressed and her red hair in round tight curls, Jonathan ate, not wanting to talk further. Food choked him, and yet he knew he must have it. He tried not to hear the wind rising in howls about the house or to see the darkness growing blacker against the windows. The sun had risen, but the day was not lighter for it. When he had eaten the food Katie had set before him, he rose and put his hand on the block that barred the door. She called to him sharply from the stove.

"If you don't come back, what's to be done with the children?"

He had never thought of not coming back. He stopped short. He flung open the door to test the storm before he answered and was blown across the room. They rushed together, he and Jamie and Katie, through a sheet of icy snow and forced it shut again and pushed the bar. And this he knew was the answer. He went headlong into the bedroom and flung himself upon the bed, and to the bitterest of death he gave up Judy.

Through all his suffering and silence Katie moved serenely, managing everything well. She knew his trouble, but she did not once speak of it. She spoke to him very little, and only of something she wanted done.

BEFORE the next day was over the first mail came in from Topeka and brought a letter for him. There was no privacy anywhere in his house, and he went outside into the silent sunlit snow. Standing with his back against the wall, he tore open the envelope.

"Dear Jonathan:" The thin paper crackled in his trembling hands. "It is best to tell you straight out that I went away because I could not marry you. It came over me like that when I was ready to come to the funeral. So I took seat in a wagon that happened then to be going to Topeka. I will find some work here. Forgive me if you can, but whether or not you can, I know I am right, and it is kindest in the end to both. So I give you no address because I don't wish to be found. Judy."

He crushed the letter and held it in his hand and stood staring out over the endless snow. He was beyond pain any more, having suffered to what he could endure. This was beyond.

The door of his house opened, and Katie's voice flew out, "Jonathan! Dinner!" She thrust out her head and saw him. "What's the matter with you?" she cried. And he, who had not wanted to mention his trouble to her, now felt that someone must know because he could not endure his loneliness otherwise. He put out his hand with the letter crushed into the palm, and she took it. There was silence while she read, then the sharp sound of paper torn to bits, and he felt his hand seized by her rough one.

"You come right in and get your food while it's hot," she said.

Between them was now this secret of his broken love. Neither spoke of it. Jonathan was so bottomlessly lost in the emptiness in himself that he never stopped working from his waking at daylight to his sleep when sick fatigue compelled him to it. How he would have managed it if Katie had not come morning and night to keep all straight was a thing he thought about.

A strange thing in women, he thought sorrowfully, that Judy, who did nothing for anybody and who had wounded him for life, he would love and long for because of her lovely looks and her sweet voice and her gentle ways. And though Katie was better than Judy, he was on certain days in agony until she was gone. She was so kind always to him, but he felt every edge in her voice and saw every abruptness of her thin sharp frame.

Evan did not come back to Median. Another blizzard came and went, bringing six days when there was no school and two days when Katie even could not come to Jonathan.

February ended with a handful of mild days, and then the news trickled back to Median about Evan and Judy. In an hour all the town knew except Jonathan.

When he came into the tavern that night, silence fell upon the half-dozen men there, as though he had been a stranger. Then they were too quick to greet him, and their voices too hearty. Mrs. Drear put her head out of the kitchen.

"You, Jonathan, come here," she said.

He went into the kitchen, and she shut the door.

"Sit down," she said. "Now listen. You've got to know somethin'. Judy's married Evan."

Her face before his eyes swam and receded, was lost and appeared again.

"But—but—Evan—hated her," he gasped. "At least, no one could hate her, but—but—"

"That's it, I guess he didn't," she said. "Now, Jonathan, you take it like a man. There's other girls as good and much better. It's a pity you had to see Judy first. Every man's got to see one woman first, and he thinks that's all there is. And they all see somebody like Judy."

She talked on, and Jonathan listened and heard nothing. He rose to his feet, his eyes on the ground.

"Thanks," he said vaguely, and then walked to the door, and through the silence in the other room he went outside.

At the door of his house he met Katie. When she saw him enter the hotel, she had put her mother's old red shawl over her head and run down the boardwalk to his house. She did not want to meet him, nor have him see her; but she could make sure, while he was gone, that everything was right in the house and his supper cooked.

All this had made her late, and so she met Jonathan at the door when she opened it to go. He looked down at her face, shadowy under the red shawl.

"You've been in to clear me up again, eh, Katie?" he said somberly.

"Nothin' much," she said, her lips dry.

"Yes, it is much," he said suddenly. "It's very much. It's more than anyone in the world would do for me." He took his hands out of his pockets and put them on her thin, sloping shoulders. "So I ask you, Katie—will you be my wife?"

She stood under his hands for one brief moment, her breath so tight it caught in her lungs. Then she gasped and ducked and went running up the walk in the darkness and left him with neither yes nor no.

He went into his house and ate his food, and then he said, "Would you mind if I left you a bit, Ruth?"

"No, not if it's not long," she said.

"It won't be long," he said gravely.

He lit his lantern and through the darkness plodded back to the Merridy's and went through the store. He found Katie in the parlor, sitting on the horeshair sofa, her hands clasped in the lap of her brown poplin dress. He sat down beside her and took one of her hands. It felt stiff and unwilling, but her fingers quivered when they touched his.

"Have you made up your mind, Katie?" he asked.

She nodded, her mouth too dry for speech.

He hesitated and in his bosom felt his heart give one last turn of agony. In the deepest silence he leaned and kissed her cheek, and they sat a moment hand in hand.

With her hand still in his, he led her out.

"IT'S settled," he said to Lew and Mrs. Merridy.

In the night Jonathan woke to scarify himself. What had he done so quickly? He should have gone to Topeka and seen for himself whether the thing were true or not. But the more he thought, the more inevitable it seemed to him that Evan and Judy were together. Their seeming hate was clear to him. They were trying not to call it love, he thought. In a small way, but the same, he had once hated Jennet like that.

He sent a letter to Evan: "Evan, where is Judy? Jonathan."

Evan's letter came back, in that fluent and familiar script.

"You must know, dear old Jon, that I did not take her until she had decided that she had made a mistake. I found her ready to run away—she insists that had she not seen me the result would have been the same so far as you are concerned. Believe me always unchanged, and eager to give you any help. Would you like a position in the high school here at a good salary? I might be able to secure it for you—"

He finished the letter and put it in the stove, and went out to find Stephen Parry.

"When are you going to finish my schoolhouse?" he demanded. "Winter's nearly over, and I want everything new this spring."

"I'll get mahself right to work," Stephen promised.

JONATHAN and Katie were three years childless, and then one December night Sue Parry came to Jonathan to say softly, "The little child is bawn. It's a boy, suh."

His son he named Jonathan, and two years later Katie named their daughter Lula after her own mother.

Katie was a good keeper of his home, scrupulously just to his sisters and as kind to them as to her own children. And never did she let him know she felt a lack in him. His faults she might flare against, but then she made amends which he could scarcely endure, because that way remorse compelled something beyond the power of his affection, and beyond he could not go.

But it was a marriage. It had become a marriage. Love was a single bond, but marriage could be a web woven of a thousand threads, none strong enough alone, but together as strong, in time, as love could be. He came to believe that.

One bright October day when his children were still small—it was the year 1881—Jonathan, coming home from school, heard his father's laughter roaring out of the kitchen and went in. Lula was on his knees and Jonathan standing a little off, sucking his thumb.

"And then I says to the old bear, 'It's me as s'all have the honey, my lord, not you.' An' so in I dashes with my stick, an' the bear sees my beard and thinks, 'Ah, that's a bigger bear nor I be, and mebbe I better go home.' An' that's how I had honey on my buckwheats next day's breakfast."

At the sink Ruth, washing Clyde's dishes, was smiling.

Clyde stayed with them, penniless and making no move to earn anything, for two years. Then one day he said, "Guess I'll be goin' if you can spare me fifty dollars."

"I suppose I can," Jonathan said, not looking at Katie. He drew it out of his small savings and gave it to his father, and with this in the suit of clothes Jonathan had given him, Clyde took the train westward.

But a strange good thing came out of his stay. Some timidity went out of Ruth forever. He teased her and grumbled at her, and she came to mind neither. He made constant fun of her shyness with young Matthew Cobb. When on Sunday afternoon Matthew came to see her, Clyde would open the door himself.

"Come in, lad! She's been waitin' for you all day. Couldn't eat no dinner, our Ruthie couldn't, and she's got on her best dress."

By now Ruth could not be found. Then he would shout at Matthew, "Sit down and wait, I'll find her!" He stormed through the tiny house, and from somewhere pulled Ruth out, half-crying and half-laughing, and pushed her by the shoulders and then shot her into the sitting room.

The Sunday night after Clyde's going, Matthew came out of the sitting room to where Jonathan and Katie sat in the kitchen, his shoulders very straight.

"Mr. Goodliffe, sir, if you are willing, Ruth says she will have me."

To Katie that night Jonathan said, "If my old Dad did this, I'll forgive him part of the nuisance he's been to you in the house."

He put out his hand for hers in a gesture he did not often make. She quivered a little whenever he did it.

"There's something in him that makes folks easy-like," she said, and longed to tell Jonathan that she loved him. But between them those words had never passed.

JONATHAN had made up his mind that Median must be the new county seat, not the rival town, Ashbee. The school closed for summer and from the schoolhouse he drew together the web of affairs in Median.

The matter was put to a vote on a hot August day. In his office Jonathan sat with three other men counting ballots steadily, stacking them into packages and slipping rubber bands about them.

Henry Drear waited patiently, a rifle across his knees. "Ashbee's goin' to declare the election's illegal if we win," he said.

"They can't do that," Jonathan said.

When the count was tallied, Henry leaped to his feet and rushed to the window and fired into the sky.

"It's Median!" he yelled.

Left alone at his desk Jonathan picked up a letter. It was an answer to one he had written, and it said:

"Dear Jonathan:

I shall be glad to see you for any cause. Shall we say on Saturday the eighteenth? Come to my house. Judy joins me in regards. I am yours as ever, Evan."

"Do you mind if Jonathan comes here?" Evan had asked Judy.

"Why should I mind?" she had replied, lifting her lashes at him.

"No reason whatever, my dear," he retorted. "All the agony is over, and it seems a little ridiculous now."

Judy did not answer. But had someone been there who loved her, he might have seen timidity in the look she gave her husband. She was afraid of him because she loved him and because he had ceased to love her.

It was Evan's curse that he had a gentleman's conscience, and that he had in his way loved Jonathan more than he had ever loved any human being. With Jonathan he had been himself, his good self, large and honest and free. Jonathan had been his foil and his inspiration. As for Judy, he had ceased to love her when he understood that he could never hope for more from her than the beauty of her body. He found himself wishing often that under the lovely face he might also have found an exciting mind.

He kissed her swiftly now, glanced at himself in the mirror, and went away.

Her eyes followed him with their large dark gaze, and when he was gone she went to the window. Behind the curtain her childish hand held from her face she saw Jonathan step from a hired hack and pause for a moment. He lifted his head and looked at the house, and the look seemed to fall upon her, direct as a beam from a lamp. She shrank behind the curtain and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh!" she murmured. "He's just the same!" She sat down on her rose-colored taffeta chair, and waited to see whether Evan would send for her.

Downstairs in the library, Evan and Jonathan looked at each other after many years.

"We'll take up where we left off, Jonnie." Evan's fine smile made his face young, but Evan was changed. The even, early gray in his dark hair made him strange.

" 'Tisn't for anything past that I've come, Evan," Jonathan said calmly. "It's for a thing I want now. It's for Median and not me. Looks as though we'll get the county seat unless Ashbee protests the election, and if they do, it'll help us to say we have funds for the courthouse."

Evan's smile glimmered. "Still building Median, Jonnie! How far have you got?"

"Schoolhouse is up, post office, and after the courthouse I aim to start the church."

"Do you have children?"

"A boy and a girl," Jonathan replied.

"Ah, you're luckier than I am. Judy has never had a child."

THE name fell between them like a stone. Evan, watching, saw a dull red creep into Jonathan's colorless cheeks. He still thinks about her, Evan thought with cool pity. He turned the big photograph frame on the table abruptly to face Jonathan. "She's changed very little," he said carelessly.

Jonathan did not move by a hair. But with all his heart he gazed upon Judy's face. He saw her as infinitely handsomer and more stately than he remembered her. How ill she would have fitted his small plain home, he thought suddenly.

"Well, Evan?" he said and made his voice as dry as rustling winter cornstalks. "Will you do what I ask?"

Evan put the picture back. "What's your proposition?"

When the loan had been arranged, the two men clasped hands for a swift instant and parted, each aware that they were not brothers as they had been, not sorry to part.

But Jonathan stood outside the door with a strange hesitating clairvoyance, as though the closing had not been final. And the door opened again suddenly, and Judy stood there.

The moment he saw her he knew that this was why he had come, and that he could not have gone away without it. He had never seen a pretty girl until he saw Judy, and he had never seen a beautiful woman until he saw her now.

"Jonathan, I couldn't quite just—let you go."

He was speechless, gazing at her, and she put out her hand to him.

"You aren't still angry with me, Jonathan?"

He shook his head and felt her hand in his that was trembling. She whispered, "I often think you loved me best, after all, Jonathan."

He put the little hand to his lips and then turned and ran down the steps. Then he took one backward look at the door.

She was standing there, the hand he had kissed against her mouth.

IT was nearly six o'clock of a summer's day of the next year when he heard steps upon the cinder path which led from his own house to the open door of the schoolhouse. A strange man stood in the door, a tall man, broad-shouldered, strong-legged, his face shaven as though he were young and yet lined enough to show him not young. He was dressed in a new gray suit, which fitted him ill, and his step had been the heavier for his new yellow leather shoes.

"You Jonathan Goodliffe?" The man leaned arm and hand against the door jamb.

"I am," Jonathan replied.

"Ever see me before?"

Jonathan examined the sunburned face. "Can't say I have."

"Ever hear the name George Tenney?"

Jonathan stared again. "You were on the ship coming from England."

"I was, and I gave you my name and you never sent me a word about Maggie, though you said you would."

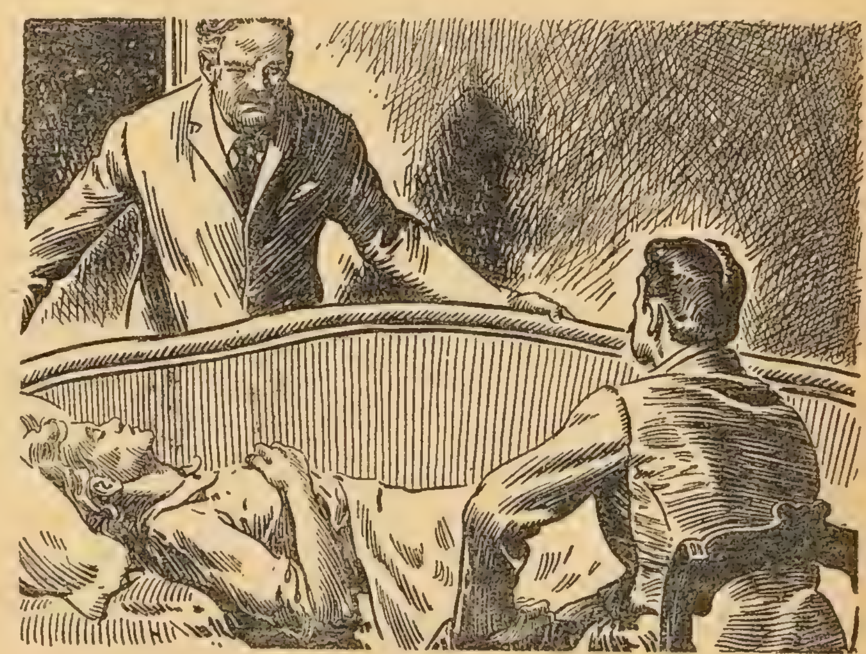
"I didn't take that serious," Jonathan said, smiling.

"Jonathan!" A clear loud young voice shouted through the silence of the evening. "Supper!"

"That's Maggie," George Tenney said. A shy peculiar look came over his face and he looked over his shoulder. Then Maggie came near and stood staring at him with young severity.

George Tenney's blue eyes smiled down at her. "Walk under my arm and let me see if you're the right size," he said slowly.

"I don't see as my size has anything to do with you!" she cried. The curly ends of her red hair sprang out about her face in the wind.



"It's got a lot to do with me—I'm George Tenney," he said in his slow deep voice. "Walk under my arm, Maggie." His eyes smiled at her.

She stood unwilling and shy. But suddenly, without bending her head, she walked under his arm. He dropped his hand to her shoulder.

"You're just the size I wanted you should be," he said gently. With his hand still on her shoulder he turned to

Jonathan. "I'll come and take supper with you, Jonathan, seeing as I'm to be one of the family."

George Tenney went away from Median and came back twice, and the third time he and Maggie were married.

ONE Saturday morning Mrs. Drear came running to Jonathan with news.

"Jonathan, you come over to the hotel quick. Jennet's come back, and your old man. They been married a good while. He looks the picture of a hearty, wicked old man," she added, and laughed.

But Jonathan did not even smile. He hurried to the hotel.

"Well, Jonathan!" Clyde leaped to his feet and seized his son's hand and shook it. Jonathan saw that his father had dyed his hair and his moustache. They were blacker than they had ever been, and he had cut off his beard. For the first time in his life Jonathan saw his father's chin. It was narrow and receded a little; and beholding it, Jonathan lost all fear of his father forever.

"Hello, Dad," he said coolly, and to Jennet, not shaking her hand, "How are you?"

But Jennet laughed, and her laughter was not changed. "You don't hold it against me that I'm your stepmother?"

"Certainly not," Jonathan said with all his dignity. But he knew he would never forgive his father.

"You're looking well," Jonathan said to his father. "Are you staying long?"

"The rest of time," Clyde said. "Jennet and me've money in the bank. We made out well."

"Pa and Ma need help," Jennet said, "and Clyde and I are going to take over American House."

ONE day in April Jonathan was walking homeward. It was noon and Katie would fret if he were late to dinner. Suddenly he heard Lula's piercing voice shriek at him down the street.

"Dad—Dad—where've you been?"

"Why Lula girl—" he broke into a trot to meet her.

"Dad—Dad!" Lula sobbed. "Mother's fallen on the kitchen floor!"

He hastened down the street, Lula's hand clinging to his, and pressed her with questions. In the kitchen he stooped and lifted Katie's inert body, and carried her into the sitting room and laid her on the couch.

"Dear wife," he whispered. But she could not hear him now.

The doctor came. It had been a stroke. He knew the signs so well. These swift, hard-bitten, thin-bodied women, driving themselves under the whip of their own restless energy! His own mother had been just such a woman, a prairie woman, lean and hard and direct as the prairie wind.

Five days later Katie died.

The summer dragged by. Without missing her, Jonathan was lonely. He wanted to go away.

"Where'll you go, Dad?" Lula asked fearfully when he spoke of it.

"Go?" he repeated, searching his heart for its longings. "I'm goin' away off—I'm going to England."

If he did not do what he liked now, when would he? The image of Judy framed itself before his eyes and he stared at it. Not you, he thought, not you!

He was free, and he was afraid of freedom. Month after month he delayed going.

He came down early one morning a year later to make his own breakfast. Since Katie's death he found himself in the habit of waking just before dawn. He opened the door and reached for the morning paper. The wind had unfolded it and great black letters leaped at him. EVAN BAYNE KILLED BY WIFE'S INSANE FATHER.

In an instant he had it all as clearly in his mind as though he had been there. Old Joel had been sent home from Honolulu to his daughter. He had been found wandering on the streets, a beggar. He had been in Judy's house less than a week, and yesterday he had walked into Evan's office, had shot him and killed him instantly.

Forgetting he had not eaten, Jonathan went upstairs, put on his best suit, and told Lula to get up.

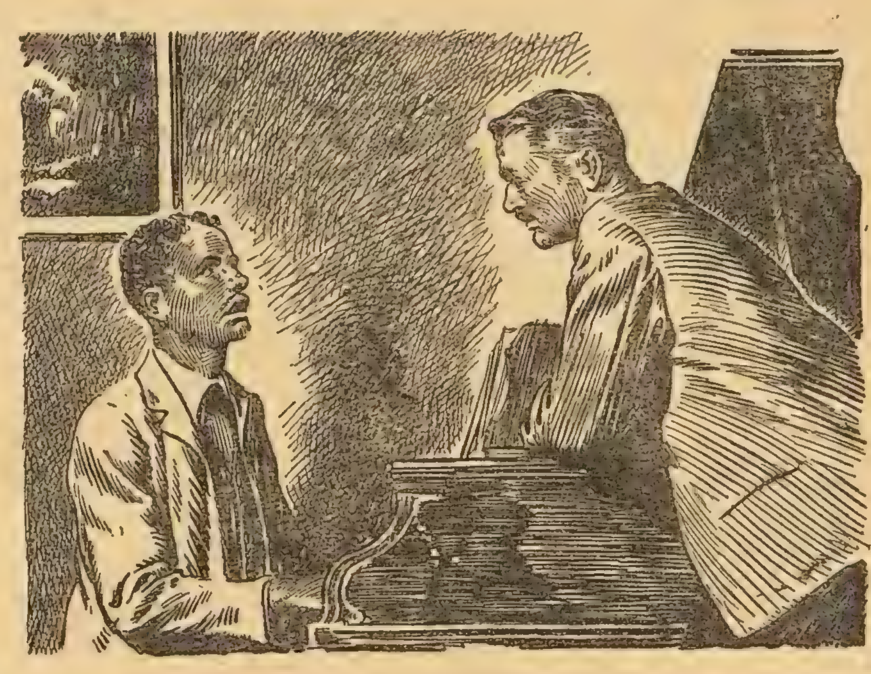
"I'm going to Topeka," he said. "I don't know when I'll be back. Evan Bayne is dead. . . ."

"I KNEW that you would come, Jonathan," Judy said.

"Of course," he said and took her hands. They were as soft as ever and crushed so easily—how he remembered! They sat down on a satin couch, and he went on holding her hands.

"Poor papa," she said gently. "He thought he was doing right. You know how he is, Jonathan. He told me over and over, 'I did God's will, Judy, and God helped me.' He was so pleased with himself, poor Papa. They won't kill him, will they, Jonathan?"

"No, Judy." She was so beautiful in his eyes, so frighteningly beautiful! "And you, my darling dear," he said with unutterable tenderness, "how are you bearing it?" He had her hands at his breast, fondling them, kissing them. He could not help it, after all these years. And she did not pull her hands away nor turn her eyes from his face. But large clear tears came rolling down her pale cheeks. "I loved Evan so," she said. "It never mattered what he did—I loved him."



He put her hands down gently. "Did you, Judy? Then how can I help you, my dear?"

She gave a sob and leaned her head against his shoulder. "Oh, be my friend—please, Jonathan!" He longed to put his arm about her, but he sat rigid.

"That I will, Judy, always. Count me for that, my dear." He forced false cheerfulness into his voice.

She lifted her head and wiped her eyes, and he sat rigid while she talked softly, sobbing now and then.

"Jonathan, I want poor Papa to come here and live with me, and I'll look after him. I haven't anything else to do, now."

"We'll have to see, my dear," he said. His voice was trembling again, but he mastered it. "It'll depend on others, I fancy—not on you and me."

He went away without touching her hand, but she did not notice this, and seeing her absent eyes when he said good-by he felt a shock that chilled his heart. The brief flame kindling out of the old smouldering fire of his love died suddenly to its final ashes. He knew, in the instant he closed the door, that she had never loved him. If she had loved him even when he was young, she would have come into the sod house with him in the days of his grief, and she would have stayed with him.

"As Katie did," he muttered bleakly.

No, Judy had come to him even today counting with simple unthinking selfishness upon the faithfulness of his love. But he understood now that she had thought only of herself. Well, he would help her, and then he would go away.

At the city hospital they let him see Joel. The old man's bright mad eyes did not look at him. "Are you sent to me from the Lord?"

Jonathan smiled. "Perhaps I am," he said. "I'm Jonathan Goodliffe. I was a lad in Median when you came there to preach, years ago."

"The Lord sent me there," Joel declared with energy. "The Lord has sent me to many places."

"And the Lord told you to kill Evan Bayne?" Jonathan asked quietly.

The vague blue eyes glittered, wavered, and fell to Jonathan's face. Joel put up one hand and clutched his hair. "The man wouldn't let me see Judy—he wouldn't even tell me where Judy was." Joel's voice was suddenly weak. "I was coming home to be with Judy, and the man behind the desk said, 'Put the old fool in the asylum.' "

"And what did you do, Mr. Spender?" Jonathan asked. His voice was quiet and kind, and Joel answered at once.

"I hastened out of that room, and the woman outside the door put a pistol into my hand, and I listened to the voice of the Lord."

"What did the Lord say?" Jonathan asked.

"She said, 'Go and kill that man!' "

Joel drew himself up to his full height and thrust out his hands as though in invocation. "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" he shouted.

Jonathan took this strange conversation to the nearest police station, and in less than half an hour he stood listening, with a police officer, to the dark handsome woman who had for years been Evan's secretary.

"He wouldn't marry me," she said sullenly. "He loved me, but he wouldn't marry me. He said it would ruin him if he divorced his wife and married me. People wouldn't trust a divorced man with their money. He said I had to go on as we were. He made me sit at his table, obey him, work for him. He used me like a servant. I'd bought that pistol weeks before. When that crazy old man came out talking about God—I took the chance."

"Take her to headquarters," the officer commanded.

So Evan's life had ended, a bitter frustrated history, Jonathan told himself sadly. But he thought most of Judy. I can understand, my poor dear, he told himself. In some queer way, I still love him, too.

He made up his mind to go to England, now, to see his brother Edward again. He left at once.

But he had not been there many days before he knew he did not want to stay in England. Edward and Millie talked while he listened, and he saw the picture of their lives—the petty troubles, the competition of too many people trying to earn their bread in the same spot. His own life in Median, he now saw, had been filled with immensities.

He took passage within the week for America.

On the ship crossing the ocean he found he could not sleep for eagerness. He rose at dawn and went on deck where he could feel the ship's speed. And while his body was carried forward to its home his mind roamed backward over the years and to his first voyage over these same waters.

"I ought to thank my dad, I reckon," he told himself, thinking of the unwilling lad he had been. "I'm glad now he pulled me up out of Dentwater."

He had been pulled up out of a small place and set in a large one. He thought with joy of Median. It was the core of all his being.

"A love of a town," he thought fondly, and knew when he said the words that Judy had lost her power over him at last. It was not Judy now who drew him, but Median, the creation of his being.

He found himself hungering for the first sight of it. He could not bear a moment's delay between ship and train, and seated by the window in a day coach of the first train westward out of New York he watched the rugged hills of the East shorten and smooth into the plains and his heart began to beat fast.

His mind dwelled with rising love upon every aspect of his town. He was proud of his own neat white house with its green shutters and of his good store. Jon was there now looking after things. His son's children would be born there in the town, too. Median was a good town for children, just as he had always planned.

He would get off the train casually, and say hello to old Jackson, the ticket agent, and then walk down the street to his house and go in. "Hello," he'd say. "Well, I'm back."

HIS heart beat hard when the train pulled in at the station.

The sun was so bright he was blinded when he got out. He had forgotten how bright the sun could be in Median. He stood uncertainly, looking about him. Then suddenly he heard voices cry out:

"There he is!"

And down the platform a host approached him. He stood smiling sheepishly. Why, it looked as if the whole town had turned out to meet him! And no one answered anything he said. They were full of a superb secret. They swept up the main street, the young people singing and yelling and the children blowing whistles.

"I never knew there was so much noise in Median," Jonathan cried.

"Never was before!" a voice shouted back at him.

Up Main Street they went, beyond the courthouse, beyond the church.

"Where are we going?" Jonathan asked.

"Never mind," the mayor said, laughing. "We're just going!"

THEY crossed the street, swarming around Jonathan, treading on his heels. Then they paused and he stood still. There, in a big empty space where years ago he had planted hardwoods on the edge of the town, he saw the foundations for a big building. Walls had been laid to the level of the ground, but only in one corner had they reached above the level.

"What in time—" he began.

The crowd drew back from him. He looked down and saw at his feet a great white marble stone, cut square and polished smooth. There were letters on it—he read his name.

"The Jonathan Goodliffe High School."

He began to tremble. The mayor stepped forward and drew a paper from his pocket.

"Friends and fellow citizens of Median," he read in a loud voice. "We are gathered today to perform a most significant act—"

Jonathan stood rigid, his eyes on the stone. The mayor went on reading—"named in honor of Jonathan Goodliffe, the man who more than other made and shaped the town of Median into a goodly home for us and for our children."

The mayor's voice rang out through the trees. A bird sang shrilly in the hardwood under which they stood and a boy threw a stone into the leaves and it flew away. Of course he did not deserve all these things the mayor was saying. He had simply lived in Median and had done his duty.

Something was put into his hand. It was a shining silver trowel.

"Will you lay the cornerstone, Jonathan?"

"Yes," he said. "Of course—yes—"

But the big white stone blurred through his tears. Two men stepped forward—his son and Steve Parry. They heaved the stone up before him, and Steve took the trowel and filled it with mortar and put it back into his hands again, and somehow he smeared the stuff on the wall and together Jon and Steve placed the stone.

"The cornerstone is laid," the mayor announced.

It was over. They were all gazing at Jonathan. Wherever he looked, he met the eyes of Median warm upon him.

"We talked over a dozen things we wanted to do for you," they told him. "Some of the people wanted a bronze statue."

Jonathan felt his tongue loosen. "Nonsense, that," he said sharply. "Waste of money, and for what?"

They roared with laughter, and he smiled and felt his blood begin to flow again. "The school's the thing," he declared. His eyes twinkled. "I shall plant some ivy at this corner and let it grow. I'm a common chap—no reason why my name should be on the school more than anybody's."

"He's just the same!" they cried to one another. "Jonathan Godliffe, you haven't changed a bit!"

They carried him down the street in the heart of the crowd. But Jonathan turned his head and looked back. Generations of children, coming and going, would read "Jonathan Goodliffe."

"It's queer how I like it," he thought. "I like it wonderfully well."

THE END

Puzzle 343 11/10/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Joseph Anthony

WE should approach the problem of our relationship with the U. S. S. R. without sentimentality on the one hand or prejudice on the other, but on a basis of enlightened self-interest that will lead to mutual helpfulness, says **Hans Heymann** in **We Can Do Business with Russia.** He offers the timely reminder that the economic balance between the two countries isn't as one-sided as is generally supposed, and that "we are in need of a multitude of materials in which Russia abounds."

Hans Heymann

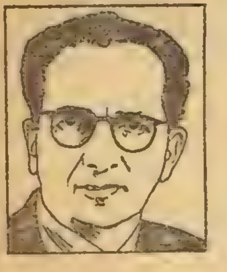
Dr. Heymann observes shrewdly that the Russian Constitution (a very liberal one on paper) hasn't yet been given a chance to function because of military considerations. "We must wait for a peacetime application of the Constitution," he says, "to see what Russia's real progress out of dictatorship will be. . . . The important thing is the general trend. Illustrations of this are the teaching of the classics in schools where once only 'proletarian' literature could be mentioned; the greater freedom of religion; the broadening tone of the people's criticism of its own government."

In his foreword to this book, Eric Johnston states: "I think the Russian people feel closer to the American people than perhaps to any others. As far as possible they went to imitate America, especially with regard to her standard of living."

Published by Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., New York. Price $2.50.

IN the stridency of present-day life, the writings of **Bellamy Partridge,** with no message except the importance of making oneself at home in he world, sound a mellow and pleasant note.

Mr. Partridge's new novel, **January Thaw,** is the story of an amiable couple, Herbert and Margie Cage, who fell so madly in love with an old Connecticut farmhouse that they bought it in spite of a flaw in the title. The flaw consisted of two crusty old New Englanders, Jonathan and Matilda Rockwood, who had reserved the privilege of life tenancy when they sold their property to the local water company.



Bellamy Partridge

Jonathan and Matilda, who had vanished to parts unknown, arrived at an inconvenient moment, bent on asserting their rights. There followed a war between two ways of life—a war for which Mr. Partridge, with his observant eye for the character values in houses and furnishings as well as people, is the ideal commentator.

Published by Whittlesey House, New York. Price $2.75.

"THE government of Japan has done the most thorough job of scrambling religion and political indoctrination in history," says **Robert O. Ballou** in **Shinto, the Unconquered Enemy.** "One of the most difficult—and necessary—postwar tasks which faces the United Nations is that of helping the Japanese people to unscramble them."

Mr. Ballou holds, as Andrew Roth does in Dilemma in Japan, that we must strip away the myth of the Emperor's divinity if we are to uproot Japanese militarism. This quotation from a Japanese authority on Shinto is typical of many that Mr. Ballou offers:

"Should any perverse nation dare obstruct the Emperor in the carrying out of his celestial undertaking, he will resort, though reluctantly, to arms."

Published by Viking Press, New York. Price $2.75.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

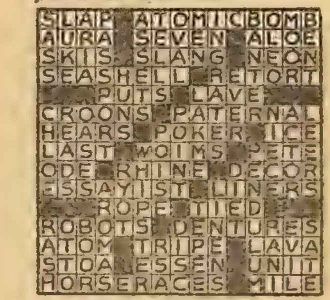
By Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 What's the eastern gateway to western Canada?
8 Came upon a superlative anagram
12 What sprinter lost a famous race to a terrible slowpoke?
13 What would you stroke a scull with to move it?
14 Which ration could've been called the one used for dogs?
15 Name the Khan of the racing world
16 What peace is most to be desired?
18 Complete this song title: —— or Nothing at ——
19 Source of most corncobs (abbr.)
20 Short-eared, barn, snowy, and screech are species of what?
21 What convictions sound like maternal pooches?
23 Eighth of a peck
25 Needles, vitamizes
26 Phony coinage is said to be what?
29 Lees or ——
31 What name is on a copy of the song Summertime?
32 What is it that hangs around rheumatic joints?
34 What was Pershing's Pride? (abbr.)
35 What does every man follow?
37 When someone says he believes in the greatest good for the greatest number he speaks as a what?
39 DDT will prevent the mosquito's what?
41 What bird is always dressed for a funeral?
42 Substitute a Mexican word that might fit into this Shakespeare: "——, and ——, and ——, creeps in this petty pace," etc.
44 What's old-fashioned slang for scram?
45 What's the first word in the U. S. Constitution?
47 Who was the dominant guy in the modernization of Japan?
48 Autumns, Niagaras, and what does a gal do after sixteen?
50 Name McKinley's Secretary of State
51 Whose shaneful life is half cockeyed?
53 Le what means king in French?
54 The Iron Maiden is technically a form of what tool?
55 What is one of the most pronounced things about fish?
56 We have one; and the cow has two whats?

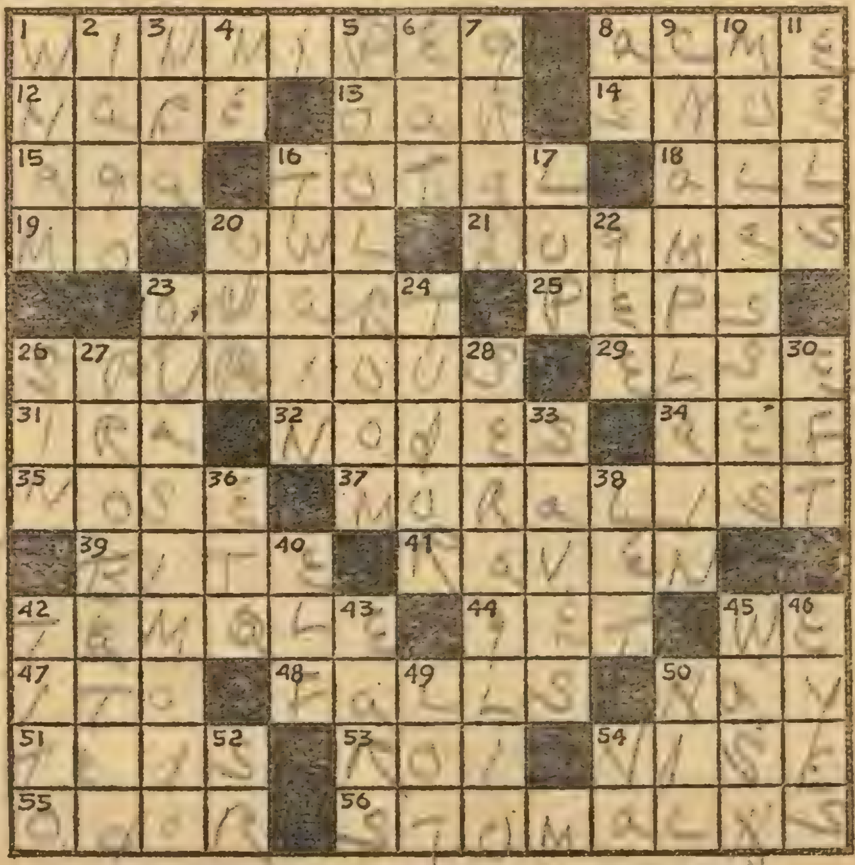
VERTICAL

1 What violent word is common to all comic strips?
2 Who was Othello's kibitzer?
3 Roosevelt's Bluebird of Economic Happiness was the what? (abbr.)
4 The Gaspé Peninsula is in what portion of North America? (abbr.)
5 Complete this headline: —— Burns Down, 10,000 Men Homeless!
6 What are Frenchmen said to live to do?
7 Alumnus
8 What's the symbol for arsenic?
9 Who was the father of New France?
10 What sweet's been found to be an excellent fodder?
11 What fresh-water fish grow to five feet, live sixteen years or so?
16 Who originated "Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it"?
17 Kind of eared
20 Complete this movie title: —— Town
22 Most awesome word (slang)
23 What was the name of the Hunchback of Notre Dame?
24 What house ruled England from 1485 to 1603?
26 Coolidge said the preacher was agin what?
27 When a will is checked it's said to be what?
28 Where did the sultan keep his dames?
30 Small lizard
33 What does the banker do?
36 Eight in Greece
38 A service which hits the net and bounces into the service court area in tennis is called a what?
40 What's a sprite?
42 Who is Gen. Josip Brozovich?
43 Corn and cauliflower suggest what?
45 What state abbreviates cleanly?
46 What are the mirrors of the soul?
49 Who had a wife who first turned to rubber then to salt?
50 What word suggests the Stein Song?
52 Paternal abbreviation
54 The Lonesome Pine grew in what state? (abbr.)

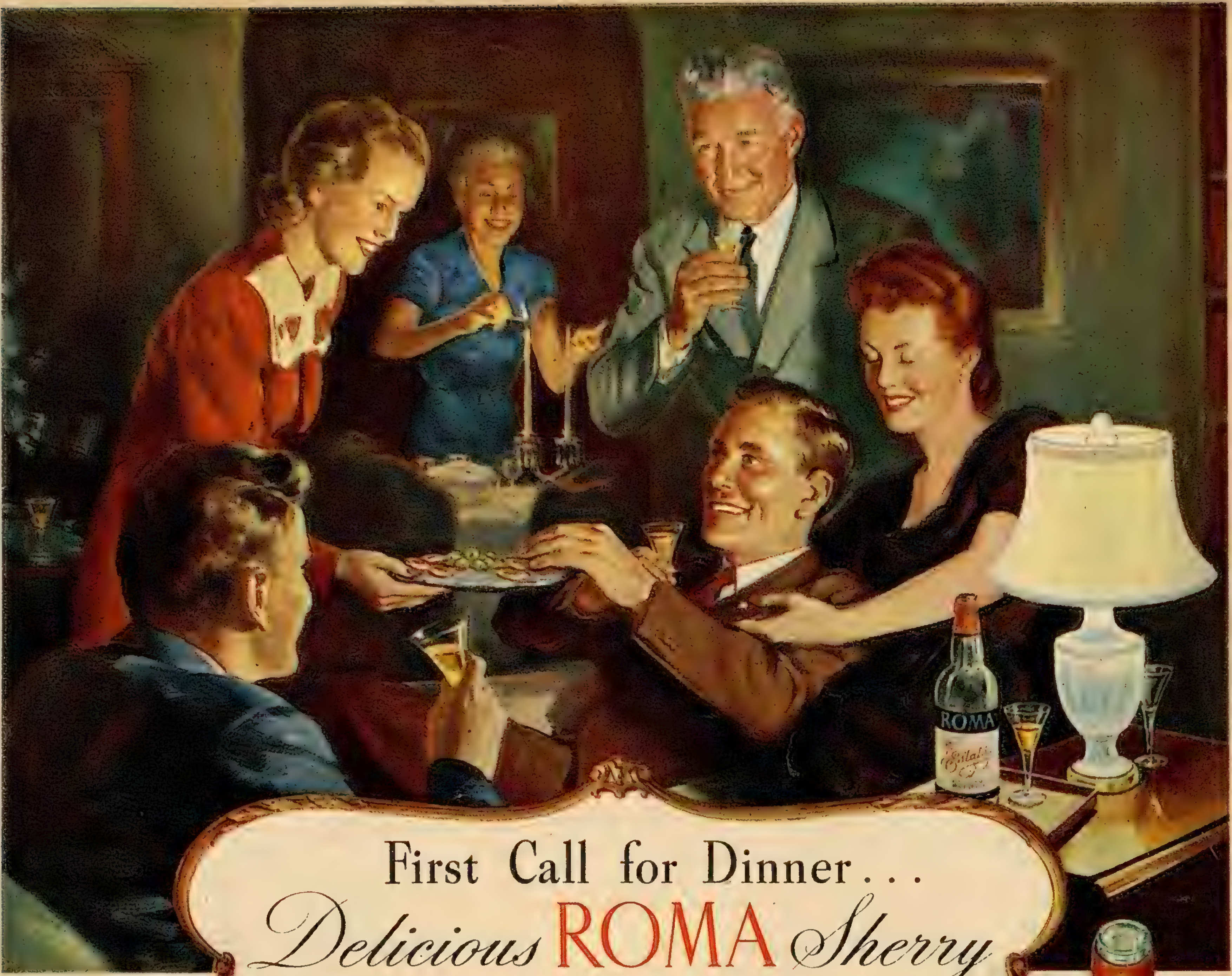


SLAPATOMICBOMB
AURA■SEVEN■ALOE
SKIS■SLANG■NEON
SEASHELL■RETORT
■■■PUTS■LAVE■■■
CROONS■PATERNAL
HEARS■POKER■ICE
LAST■WOIMS■PETE
ODE■RHINE■DECOR
ESSAYIST■LINERS
■■■ROPE■TIED■■■
ROBOTS■DENTURES
ATOM■TRIPE■LAVA
STOA■ESSEN■UNIT
HORSERACES■MILE

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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HELP BY HOLDING WAR BONDS

ROMA ESTATE *Wines*

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HERO

Continued from Page 45

Lea had never before been inside a *tambora*. This one, as he'd seen from the outside, was a familiar shape, the shape of a pineapple with its top snipped off for planting. He would not have known this from the inside. For some minutes he could not see anything at all. He squatted, listening to the rain chiff into the thatch. Presently insects began to crawl over him. Unhurried, he brushed them off, but they returned, a vast soundless unseen army. Lea squashed a few on the back of his hand, and knew from the smell that they were gora bugs. They live in rotting thatch, tiny black things with a long whitish fringe of fur around the edges which makes them show a sickish blue. They don't bite; but if you squash them—and it is almost impossible not to squash some, if there are many of them—they stink like hell.

"I'd rather be out in the rain, myself, sir."

"Why? Oh, the bugs!" Arthur Ranson, squatting near by, was brushing his arms negligently: Lea could hear him. "Oh, you get used to it. They're not like those red ones that give you scrub itch."

"Well— You've really lived here, ever since you got lost, sir?"

"I didn't get lost. I deserted. I slipped away from that patrol deliberately. But I have been here ever since, yes. It's probably hard for you to believe, sergeant, but the fact is I'm happy. For the first time in my life I'm not afraid of anything—and I'm not conscious of any fear or strain around me. I don't feel I have to explain anything, either to myself or to anybody else. I live up to the tribal customs, which are pretty simple, and that's all there is to it. Nobody bothers me. I eat when I'm hungry. I sleep when I'm tired. When I want a woman I just take one who doesn't happen to be doing anything else. We share our wives here, you know. Yes, it's a dirty life, but you get used to that. It isn't half as dirty as the life you and I and the others were living for months on end back there."

Lea nodded.

"That sure was awful, sir. But it was fun, in a way."

"Not for me it wasn't! I suffered every instant of the time."

"But anyway, it's over now, sir. No more jungle work. Oh, you'll be released, sir! Some neuropsychiatrist will ask you a few dumb questions and then testify that you'd been temporarily nuts but had fully recovered, and you'd be released. They couldn't do anything else—you with all those clusters on your D. S. M. and your posthumous Congressional. You didn't know about that, I suppose, sir? They haven't made the actual award yet because the nearest relative they could find was only a third cousin or something. But with you coming back to life, they'd be tickled to death. You're legally dead, of course, after a year missing. But that's only a technicality."

"Sergeant, save your breath. I have no intention of going back. And I'm as sane as you are, and I always have been."

LEA looked around. His eyes were getting used to the dark, and he saw that the walls were lined with skulls painted with clay and blackened by smoke. He was not alarmed. He knew that few of the natives were head-hunters; fewer still, cannibals. Many, though, saved the skulls of their dear departed.

Major Ranson, squatting near, reached out and touched his knee.

"So you came here to arrest me?"

"I didn't say that, sir. Nobody dreams you deserted. I don't believe it myself. I figure you just got a little jungle-happy, the way everybody might—"

"That will do, sergeant. Why are you here, then?"

"Well, an assignment to find out for certain how you died, if that was possible, and where you were buried if you were. You've got no idea of what a colossal hero you are back home, sir."

"And what are you going to report?"

LEA shrugged.

"Well, the best I can say, sir, is that if you just come back with me, or if maybe I send out a rescue party—there won't be any trouble. No court-martial, or even any real inquiry. Why, you can see that for yourself, sir! If for no other reason than to save their faces, they're not going to find a man a deserter that they've just awarded a Congressional Medal to! The point is, on that patrol you sort of got lost, and these natives found you and brought you here—"

"And planes flew back and forth over the place for weeks afterward and I didn't do anything to signal them."

"You were sick. You had malaria."

"A man like me, who was always so fussy about seeing that every one of his men took their atabrine? Besides, all they'd need to do is draw a few drops of my blood and prove that I'd never had malaria in my life."

"Well, you had something else, then. There are plenty of things."

"Things that last more than a year? And even now there are planes from time to time. It'll be some years before we can count on having no planes at all here. I hate planes," Arthur Ranson said gravely. "I wish I had never seen a plane. I hope I never see another."

"Well, then, it comes down to what I said in the first place. They'll make it that way, don't worry! You'd seen months and months of the nastiest kind of fighting, and you hadn't had any leave, and— Well, you know the psychiatrists, sir. They'll have some name for it. We used to call it jungle-happy."

"Sergeant, I forbid you to use that expression again!"

"Yes, sir."

"I was not jungle-happy! I'm not jungle-happy now! I'm as sane as you are!"

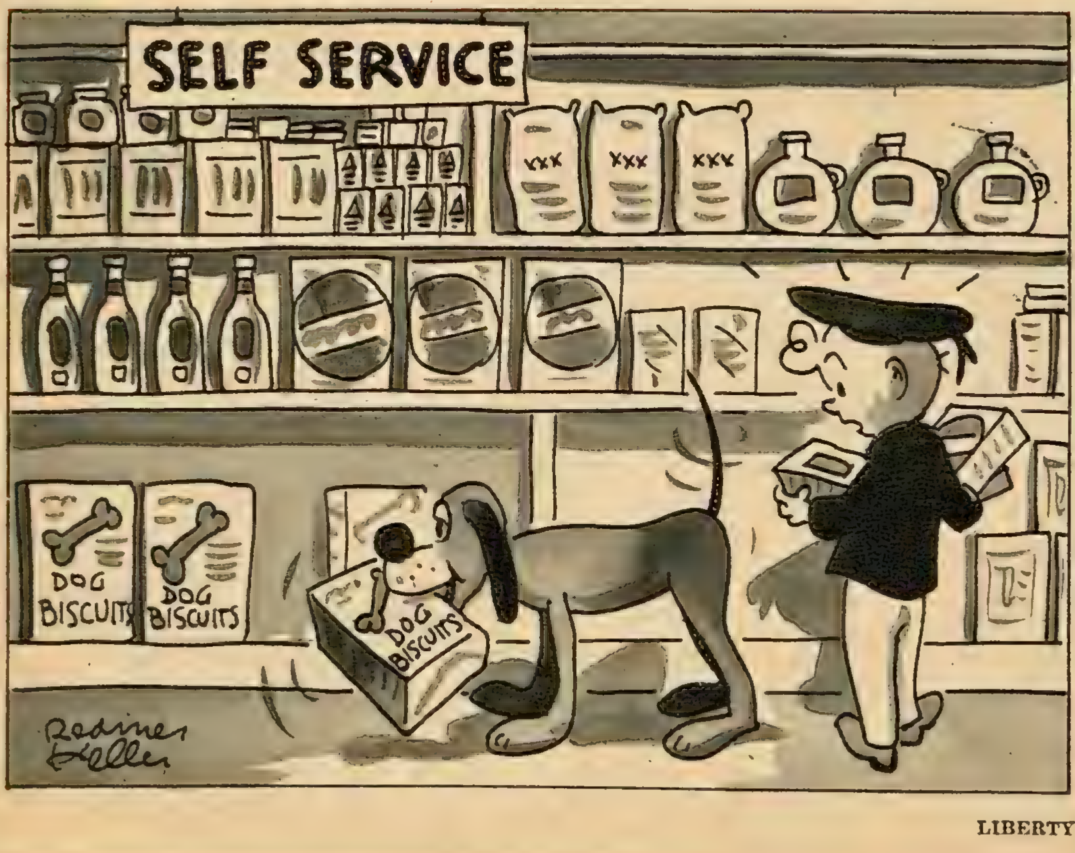
"Yes, sir."

The skulls, indeterminate blurs, looked down. The pauseless bugs crawled and crawled. *Chiff-tschiff-chiff* the rain went. Lea remembered this wonderful man, and knew that he loved him.

"I shall show you something, sergeant. Perhaps it'll convince you

(*Continued on page 66*)

HARDTACK



LIBERTY

"I'm no artist, John, but I know what I'd like"

Your first sip of rich Paul Jones proves that authentic, hearty flavor is still the secret of a superb whiskey.

Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

Paul Jones

FINE AMERICAN BLENDED WHISKEY

(*Continued from page 64*)

that I knew what I was doing. Over here—"

He had saved his uniform, even his underwear. He had saved his papers, wrapped in oilskin.

"I'll throw them out one of these days. Right now it might not be safe. But look at this—"

The material was a sort of shrine in itself, piled on crisscrossed coconut logs and encased in fresh nipa thatch, so that it was comparatively dry. The uniform and the underwear were dank with mildew and falling apart. In their very midst, however, in the driest place, were some bright strips of silk. Arthur Ranson lifted them one by one.

"YOU see, I brought it purposely, so that I could tear it up in front of them, to show them that I really meant I wouldn't go back."

Awed: "That was an American flag, sir."

"That was an American flag. Oh, I know what you're going to say! People like this wouldn't know what a flag was. And that's quite right. I agree with you. I simply didn't think of that when I stole the flag. Anyway, I ripped it up, grimacing at them, telling them in sign language that this meant I was through with the rest of the world. I'm not sure but what they understood, at that. They've insisted that this stuff be kept here. Some superstitious idea."

"It—it was an American flag."

"Yes, and tearing it up was a symbolic act. You catch on, sergeant? Even if it didn't mean anything to them—and I'm not sure that it didn't—it did mean something to *me!* I fought for that flag, sergeant, and had lice for it, and slept in mud for it. I lay on my belly in green muck for hours on end, and days on end, for that flag. I've crawled for that flag, and done things. . . . There was one Jap, he wouldn't stop thrashing around, and we had to be quiet: I dug my fingers into his throat so hard it broke the skin, and all that gushy stuff came slobbering out over my hands. For that flag. So after a while I took that flag away and tore it up. And I'm not going back, sergeant."

Lea swallowed.

"The point's this, sir: You'd been driven hard. You drove *yourself,* as far as that goes. You never let up. I can remember. I'd have died more than once if I hadn't seen you slogging up and down, pulling us together, not cursing us, not laughing, just quietly telling us what to do. I'd have died. I think back at it, and I wonder how I ever stood it. But the psychiatrists have some sense. They take things like that into consideration. If you'll only—"

"Sergeant, if you talk about psychiatrists any more, I'll kill you."

Lea rose. He shook his head, stepping back from the moldering uniform, the thing that had been a flag.

"I don't know, sir. I—well, not just me, I guess we all of us loved you. We only did the things we did because of you. For the flag, too, I suppose, but even more for you."

"And how do you suppose I felt?"

"I don't know, sir. There were times there when we didn't dare let ourselves feel anything, any of us."

Major Ranson had begun to put the thatch back. He made a neat job of it. Clearly among the people with whom it was living this pile was somehow sacred and must remain exactly so—until the wetness at last took it away.

"When you said you'd kill me, sir, did you mean with that service automatic under there?"

Ranson looked up sharply.

"Your fingers felt that, eh? I shouldn't have— Well, yes, I've saved it. It's loaded, and I've got it wrapped in waterproof, and I take it out now and then and oil it. The old men have to be squatting here, watching me, whenever I do that."

"You couldn't have been cutting everything off if you saved that, sir. I don't mean to whine. You know I'm no sissy or I wouldn't have been picked for your outfit in the first place. And it's the proudest thing I'll ever be able to say—that I was one of the original Ranson Raiders. But I do think you ought to come back, sir. I'll tell any story you want. I mean that."

Ranson rose from his knees. In the dim place only his eyes shone. He got close to Lea.

"You may go now, sergeant. But first, what are you going to report?"

"The truth, sir. That you're out of your mind."

Ranson's eyes glittered.

"That is not the truth, Joe Lea. I'm as sane as you or any man. I've simply decided I'm going to stay here, that's all. I'm going to stay here, and I'm never going to leave here alive. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. It was good to see you. You may go now."

"Yes, sir."

Once again Lea almost saluted. He did draw himself up to attention, and it was difficult not to salute. He turned abruptly and crawled out through the tunnel.

The village was hung with a lackadaisical rain. There was no sparkle.

He sighed. Without the rain, he probably could have heard the surf from here. And the camp, soon to be abandoned—for wasn't the war over?—was only a little distance down the coast. Yet it would take him as long to get back to that camp as it would take him later to get from there to San Francisco.

As he started across the clearing he put a hand on his pistol, for he knew what was going to happen.

He watched the faces of the natives, and that told him. That wasn't instinct, just sense. He turned, pulling the gun.

Arthur Ranson was straightening himself outside the entrance to the *tambora.* He fired first. Perhaps he slipped? He had been a crack shot.

Lea fired, and Ranson went down.

Ranson got up to one knee, his face all anguish, the automatic still in his hand. Lea killed him.

"All right, you nitwits, keep your heads down!"

He might have saved himself the trouble. There were no natives in sight now.

It was a long job, getting the body into the falling-apart uniform. Lea even tried to put the helmet on, though it didn't fit well now. He took the body some distance from the village and dug the grave mostly with his hands, using his knife on the roots.

While he sewed the pieces of flag together—for what soldier goes anywhere without needle and thread?—he squatted in the misted broken rain. The fragments were pretty rotten, and it was hard to get them together into any sort of shape, but he did the best he could. He draped the assembled flag over the body.

There were five cartridges left in the automatic. He stood at the end of the grave.

"You were crazy as a coot, but you're a hero just the same. You get what I mean, sir? This is a military salute. You had it coming."

He fired the five cartridges, and the sodden jungle gulped each explosion, denying any echo.

He put the automatic on top of the flag on top of the body, and filled the grave. He didn't go back to the village. It would not be a good idea to let the natives see that he was crying.

"AND you say there's no chance of finding the exact spot?" The C. O. turned the papers over and over, his hands reverent.

"Not a chance in the world, sir. From the best I could do with sign language, the man who found him is dead himself now."

"I see. But Major Ranson did have a hole in his head?"

"Yes. A sniper. It could happen to the best soldier in the world."

The C. O. turned the identification papers over and over. "And by God, it *did,* sergeant!"

"Yes, sir," said Lea.

THE END

Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale University once visited a Harvard friend at his home. After dinner the host boasted about the superior intelligence of his dog, and invited some of the other guests to order the animal to do something. A young lady there decided to try it, and commanded, "Lay down, Towser. Lay down and play dead." But Towser refused to obey, just stared at her in an aloof sort of way. She repeated the command. Still no response. The host shifted uneasily, unable to explain the dog's sudden denseness. But Professor Phelps saved the day. "Young lady, you'll have to say 'Lie down' to Towser," he suggested. "You see, he's a Boston terrier."

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PATIENCE WAS A LADY

Continued from Page 41

she was the tallest person in the world, and her hair was soft and shiny, the color of crow's wings in sunlight. Her dress was blue with a froth of lace at the front and a lace collar that went clear up under her ears. Her waist wasn't no bigger'n your wrist, but above and below she curved out like an hourglass and her skirt touched the ground. When she smiled, her teeth were like white corn kernels and her eyes were black and brilliant as a bird's. I couldn't look at her enough.

The train let out a blast of steam then, and the horses reared. Homer leaped for them and Cousin Patience cried out.

"It's only the train," mother said. "They'll quit in a minute."

"But they look so—wild!" Cousin Patience stared at the horses as if they were tigers. "Is it far?" she asked, backing away. "I—think I'd rather walk."

Mother made her lips thin, same as she does when I or Ruth say something silly. "It's miles," she said, short. "If you'll get in, I'll drive around so Homer can load your trunk."

"I believe I'll walk around a bit," Cousin Patience said, watching Dick and Brownie. "Is it always so hot and dusty, Mrs. Fairbanks?"

"Mostly," Mother said, "except when it's cold. If you'd like to call me Charity, Cousin Patience, you may. We're almost kin, you might say. Danny'll bring you over to the loading platform. We got to start."

Mother climbed up on the seat, clucked to the horses, and they went off quietly enough. Cousin Patience smiled at me.

"Are you going to be in my class, Danny?" she asked.

"Yes'm." I found it was awful hard to talk.

"Is it a pretty school?"

"I guess it is, ma'am. I ain't never gone to no other school."

"Oh, you mustn't say *that,* Danny!" She was still smiling but she sounded just like Miss Hinkle, our old teacher. "You mean, 'I haven't ever gone to *any* other school,' don't you? Nice people don't say ain't—"

"Father does," I told her. "And Homer does. They're nice."

"Oh, well," she said, "your father just forgets, living on a farm and all. Who is Homer—your hired man?"

"We ain't got no hired man—I mean, we haven't," I said. "And you just met Homer. He's got the best farm in Pottawatamie County—father said so. Father says Homer could afford two, three wives if he wanted," I told her; "only he don't want just a farm girl. He seen one he wants, once, and he's waiting till he finds one like her."

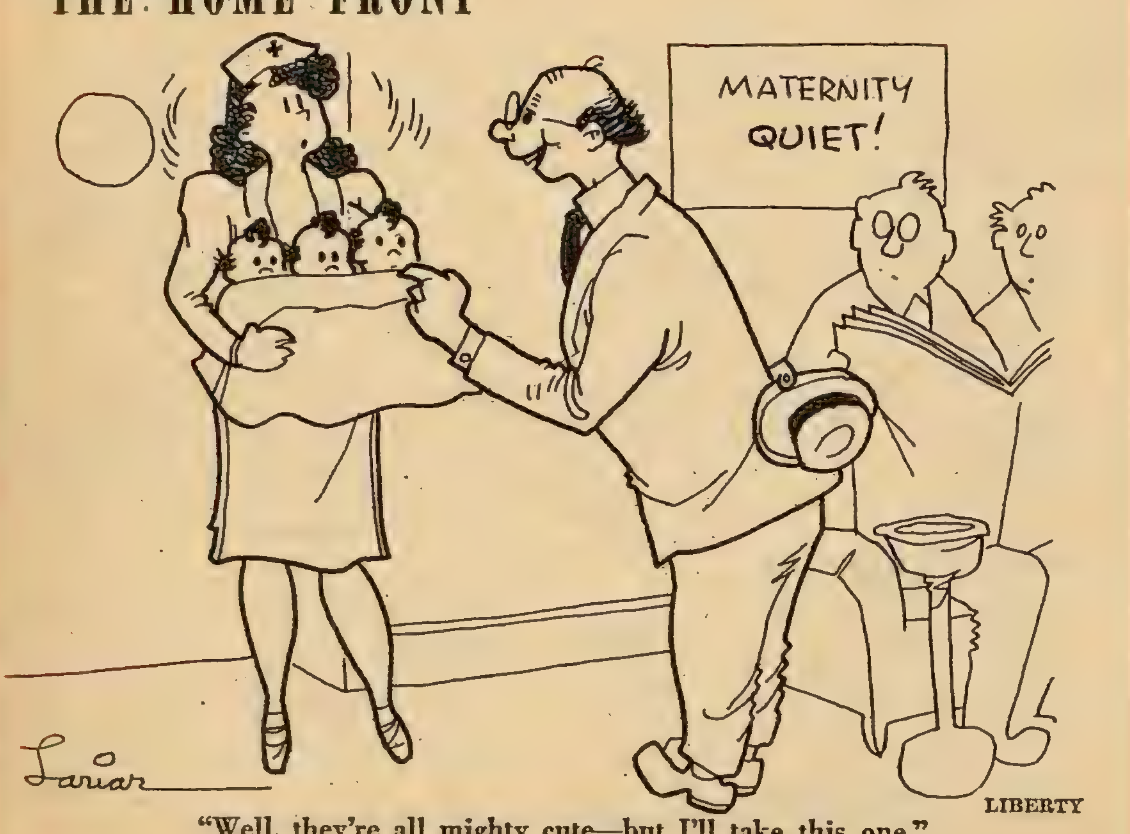
She laughed again and I remembered what Homer'd said about water running over smooth stones. "And what kind of girl is he waiting for?" she asked real soft. "What does she look like, Danny?"

We were almost to the wagon then and Homer was waiting to help her up. He looked real handsome, I thought; I hoped she'd notice too.

"She looks an awful lot like you," I told her, low, and scrambled up to the front seat quick, so she wouldn't see how red I'd got. But I seen her look at Homer and she smiled at him too. I felt pretty good.

AFTER that, Homer came over almost every evening. Anyone could see he was in love with Cousin Patience, though he still didn't have much to say, but he hung on her words, and you could see he thought she was awful clever.

THE HOME FRONT



"Well, they're all mighty cute—but I'll take this one."

She was always telling me or Ruth not to say, "ain't" or "haven't got none," or some such thing that people always say, and Homer stopped saying them too. He dressed up every night when he came over, too, because once he heard Cousin Patience tell father he smelled just like a horse and why couldn't he change his clothes before supper?

THE first Sunday Cousin Patience was there we went to church and Homer came too. When it came to the hymns, Cousin Patience's voice was high and clear over everyone's and folks sang soft so they could hear better. Mrs. Miles, the minister's wife, asked her after church if she'd like to sing in the choir, and she said, yes, she'd like that—she'd sung in the choir in Chicago and played the organ too. The way Homer looked at her then, you'd have thought she was one of them prize colts of his he sets such store by.

Mrs. Miles looked real pleased too. "You must play for us sometime," she said. "Oh, there's my son, Clarence. I do want you to meet him, Miss Quince. He said he saw you on the train coming out."

Clarence came over and his mother introduced him. Mother'd told father once that Clarence had the nicest manners of any man she'd ever run up against, even if he *did* look like a hawk, and right then I knew what she meant. Because when Clarence bowed low over Cousin Patience's hand, his eyes had that same hungry look and his big pointed nose had the same curve at the end.

I looked at Homer and he didn't look very happy. I guess he was afraid Clarence would want to court Cousin Patience too, and that Clarence knew more about it—him being a widower.

Clarence said how glad he was to meet father's cousin, and then he spoke to each of us in turn—like he'd just discovered we were alive.

"I hear you've got a couple of horses for sale," he said to Homer. "If the price is right, I'll take them off your hands."

"You're driving the bays I sold your father last year," Homer said quick. "What do you want with another pair?"

"Oh, they're not for me," Clarence said. "A friend of mine in Ottumwa wants a team."

"What sort of work does he want my horses for?" Homer's voice was short.

"Freighting," Clarence snapped. "Why don't you be sensible, Homer? Let me handle it for you and I'll make us both a bit of profit. I happen to know you need some cash right now."

"Not that bad I don't need it," Homer said. "The colts are too young for heavy work and you know it."

"Bosh!" Clarence sneered. "My bays do heavy hauling and they're not much older. If you're going to be

(*Continued on page 70*)

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GEO. RECKAS
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"Now, on this play, fellas, we'll scare the hell out of them!"

(*Continued from page 68*)

so chickenhearted— I've made you an offer—take it or leave it."

"I'll leave it!" Homer was getting a white streak around his mouth. "The colts ain't for sale." And he walked off real stiff.

On the way home Cousin Patience asked about Clarence— was he a farmer and was he married? He seemed more like a city man, so nice-spoken and all. She said she thought he'd made a very fair proposition to Homer and, after all, a horse was a horse, wasn't it? Homer ought to think of his future—he'd never get rich if he—

"I don't aim to get rich that way," Homer said. "And I'll sell my horses direct to the man that's going to use them; not to a man who sells them as if they're a piece of his damn hardware!"

Cousin Patience wanted to know what hardware had to do with it, so mother told her Clarence owned the hardware store in Corinth. His wife had been dead going on three years.

"Seems as though Clarence puts on too many airs," father spoke up from the front seat. "I ain't saying he ain't all right now, except for one or two little things, but I'd get mighty tired if I was to have to live with such nice manners all the time. How would you like it if I was to stand up and bow every time you came in a room, Charity, huh?"

Father went off into gales of laughter and mother laughed too, but Cousin Patience said real prim, "I don't see what's so funny, Cousin Daniel. Nice manners are important. If I ever marry I shall expect my husband to treat me with the same respect he shows outsiders."

Homer'd been laughing too, but after that he didn't laugh no more. Next time Cousin Patience came into a room where Homer was sitting he stood up until she found a chair.

A COUPLE of weeks later, Homer's circus friend sent the white filly out to stay on the farm. Homer rode her over one evening to show us how she could do tricks. He was so proud of her he almost burst, and no wonder, for she was as pretty a filly as you'd want to see. There was a dab of pink on the end of her nose and her mane and tail were like silk.

"If she stays, I'll have to break her in to light work," he told father. "She ought to get some exercise and I ain't got time to put her through her tricks much."

"What you going to call her?" Ruth asked. "First you call her Beauty and then you call her Little Filly. Seems she ought to have a name of her own."

"Guess she ought to, at that." Homer scratched his thatch of sunburned hair. "Sumner couldn't never decide what name fitted her, but she knows when she's spoke to, all right. I'll have to think about it. You want to ride her, Ruth?"

Ruth climbed up and had a ride and then it was my turn. She was a fine filly, all right, and rode easy as sitting on a cloud.

"Maybe you'd like to try her, Miss Quince," Homer said, real shy. "Here, I'll hold her till you get up. She's gentle as a kitten."

But Cousin Patience didn't want a ride. "Why don't you teach her to pull a buggy, Mr. Latham?" she asked. "She's too handsome for farm work."

"I might, at that," Homer said, pleased. "I never would of thought of it. Say, maybe when I get her broke you'd take her out and exercise her for me, Miss Quince. Maybe drive her back and forth to school."

"Why, Homer Latham, the school is scarce two miles!" mother said. "Miss Hinkle walked when she stayed with us, and Ruth and Danny walk."

"They ain't ladies," Homer said, and the look he gave Cousin Patience said plain as day that he thought she was different from anyone else in the whole world.

"I'd like very much to drive your pretty horse, Mr. Latham," she said, smiling. "But I'm afraid someone will have to teach me to drive first—I really know very little about such things."

So Homer began to teach Cousin Patience to drive. He came over one Sunday afternoon driving a brand-new buggy, black and shiny, that had real rubber tires and a padded seat. It even had a little roof over the top with little fringes hanging down all around. Old Molasses was in the shafts.

We were sitting on the piazza, and father went down to look the new buggy over.

"I never expected to see the day," father said. "What you aim to do with it, Homer? It's real pretty, but it ain't no good for plowing."

Cousin Patience and mother had come down too, and Cousin Patience said, "Why, it's a handsome buggy, Mr. Latham. You bought it for your new horse, didn't you?"

"Yes'm," Homer said. "I thought if you didn't have nothing better to do, maybe you'd like to go for a drive. The filly ain't broke in yet, but you can learn to drive Molasses—he'll be right easy for you."

Cousin Patience said she'd like to go if mother didn't mind, so they went off together. After that, Homer and Molasses came over every Sunday and Cousin Patience would go off for her driving lesson.

"I think it's disgraceful the way she's leading that boy on," mother told father. "First thing you know, she'll get him proposing to her, you mark my words."

"Well, you've been wanting him to get married," father said. "You keep telling him he ought to have a woman in his house."

"But not Lady Patience," mother said, cross. "Why, Homer wouldn't be able to draw a free breath without her telling him how a civilized man breathed different!"

Father grinned. "Fiddlesticks—she ain't halter-broke, that's all."

CLARENCE MILES got to coming out from Corinth maybe one evening a week that fall, and every time he came he'd bring a present for Cousin Patience. Once it was a book and another time it was flowers, but mostly it was a big box of candy all prettied up with white paper and colored ribbon, same as if it was Christmas or maybe her birthday.

I could see it made Homer feel awful bad because he couldn't bring her store presents too, and it made mother plain mad.

"It isn't fair," she told father. "Just because Clarence has a lot of money and no one to think of but himself. Almost any man can spare a few dollars for presents when he's courting,

(*Continued on page 72*)

GEM OF NATURE'S BLENDS

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AMERICAN RAILROADS
—LOOKING AHEAD

(*Continued from page 70*)

but it isn't every man who'd go without so he could pay off his sister's hospital bill. I'm going to tell that cousin of yours about Alice!"

"You're going to tend to your own knitting," father said. "I don't see why you get so vexed about it. You don't want her to marry Homer?"

"I'd as soon see him squirming on a hot griddle!" mother said, short. "But I don't like to see him not get what he's set his heart on."

Homer got to bringing Cousin Patience gifts too—not store-bought like Clarence's. But one time he brought over twin kittens with little pink noses, about three weeks old. Cousin Patience said they were awful pretty but she didn't know nothing about cats. She gave them to Ruth.

Another time he brought her a big bunch of garden flowers tied up with ripe wheat. Cousin Patience put them in a fruit jar and set them on the sitting-room table. She said Homer was sweet to bring them to her and they *did* brighten up the whole room.

But that same evening Clarence brought her a dozen red roses and a box of candy. Every time Cousin Patience passed the candy to Homer, Clarence would frown and shuffle his feet. Homer didn't take even one piece, but I noticed that Clarence took a couple every time it was passed, and pretty soon the box was empty and he went home. Homer sat talking to father until Clarence was far down the road, then he winked at father and went home too.

Homer wasn't easy in his talk like Clarence. He could talk to father and mother and Ruth and me all right, but when it came to Cousin Patience he was still sort of shy, and I was afraid he wouldn't get her after all. I thought over what mother had said about her being so bossy, but I reckoned maybe father was right—maybe it was just because she wasn't halter-broke.

BUT she wasn't much use around the house. She didn't know how to cook, and she didn't like to wash or clean because it roughened her hands. But she was awful good at telling stories and reading out loud. She liked best the stories about how knights fought for lovely ladies, and once she told mother she'd never marry a man who wouldn't be willing to risk his life for her.

Homer was there at the time and he'd got so he could say something to her once in a while without stammering. "But times have changed," he said. "There ain't—there isn't nothing to bother a lady now, so how could a man risk his life for her? There ain't no more knights or Indians to fight."

That seemed to puzzle her for a minute, but then she smiled. "Well, certainly, Mr. Latham," she said, real sweet, "but there might be other dangers. A—a prairie fire, or a wild animal—maybe even a vicious bull.

All a lady would have to know was that a man was *willing* to risk his life. Isn't that right, Cousin Charity?"

Mother sort of coughed and blew her nose hard. "I'm afraid I'd just want to know that a man was decent and honest and loved me and—well, cared enough to provide for his family. Most folks, Cousin Patience, are ready to fight for their own."

Cousin Patience frowned. "Well, these things are important too," she admitted. "You can tell a great deal about a man by the way he keeps his house. A nicely kept home, painted and the grass cut and all—that's very necessary."

A WEEK later Homer bought paint and began to paint his house. He got a woman to come in and polish up his furniture and fix curtains, and he asked Cousin Patience would she come over and give him her advice. Afterwards she said that Homer must be very well fixed, the nice things he had in his house.

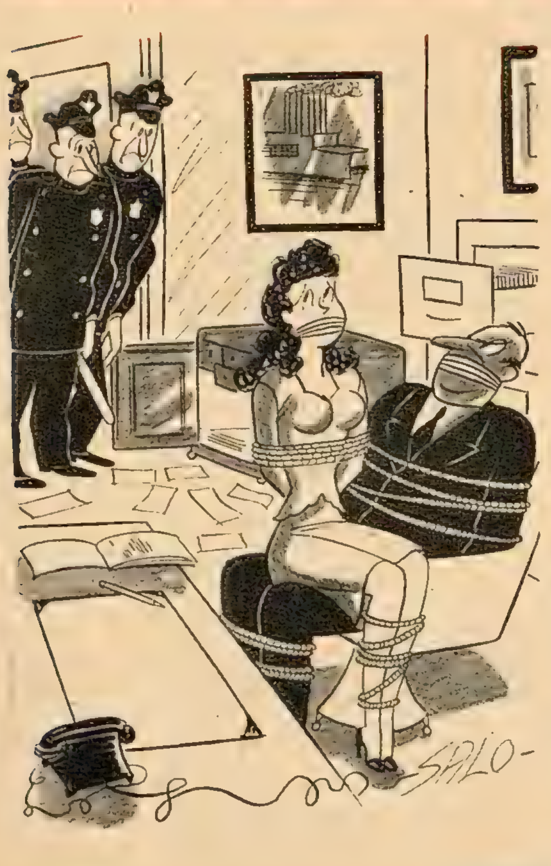
There was a Harvest Dance down to the Corners soon after that, and Homer asked would she go with him.

"I'll be very glad to go, Mr. Latham," she told him. "I think it is very important to get acquainted with one's neighbors."

Everyone from miles around went, and Cousin Patience had a wonderful time. She was the prettiest woman there and she had so many partners I don't know how she ever decided which one to pick. Homer didn't dance so good and kept stepping on her feet, but she was real sweet about it.

"Don't you fret," she told him. "With a little practice you'll dance as well as any man here." But I noticed she didn't dance with Homer again that night—she danced most every time with Clarence.

A couple of weeks later there was



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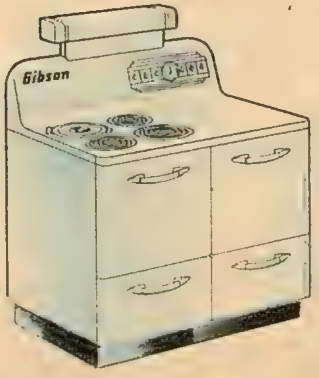

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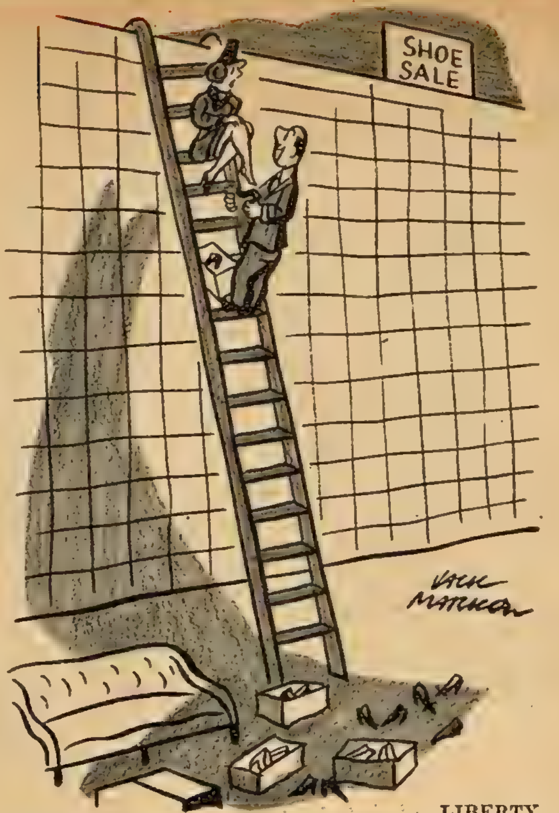


LIBERTY

"This is much better than running up and down ladders."

another dance, but this time Cousin Patience went with Clarence. She said, so Homer would hear, that Clarence was awful light on his feet and that there wasn't no reason for a man *not* to be a good dancer—social life was so essential to a woman.

HOMER was going to be twenty-seven in a few days and mother was going to have a party for him.

"If you could have anything you want, Homer," she said one Sunday, as he was waiting for Cousin Patience to get dressed to go for a drive, "just what would you ask for?"

"Well, I don't know. Seems like there's a lot of things I'd like lately, Mrs. Fairbanks."

Mother laughed. "You name three or four, then, Homer. Come on now, what would you like most?"

Homer grinned and shuffled his feet. There were a couple of men in the sitting room talking to father and he lowered his voice so they couldn't hear.

"Well, first I guess I'd ask that the white filly was mine," he said, thoughtful. "And then I'd like my house kept as nice as yours, Mrs. Fairbanks, by a woman as pretty as you."

"Why, Homer Latham!" mother said, but she looked real pleased.

Homer got red, but he went on: "And then I'd like a couple of kids in the old house—sliding down the banisters and climbing trees or just making noise. But mostly—" He broke off and looked up the stairs at Cousin Patience, who was just starting down. "But mostly," he said again, his voice shaking, "I'd like to have a lady by the name of Patience."

There was a roar of laughter from the sitting room, and then Cousin Patience came into the kitchen and wanted to know what the joke was all about. Homer was the color of a boiled beet. He'd forgotten the men in the sitting room with father.

He looked as if he'd like to sink through the floor, and mother said quick, "Homer's been telling us what he wants for his birthday. Let me see — fried chicken and blueberry cobbler and watermelon preserve and— Land sakes, Homer, you'd better make me out a list. I simply can't remember everything."

And that was all. Mother gave father a look, and those men, too, and they didn't say a word. Homer and Cousin Patience went off then, and Mother said did I or Ruth tell anyone what Homer'd said, she'd whale us good.

ONE morning early Homer brought the white filly over hitched to the black buggy. He'd been a long time breaking her in, but now she was fine, he said. Cousin Patience said how very generous it was for him to let her use his horse.

Homer lifted her up and handed her the reins. "Don't never yell at the filly or jerk the reins," he told her, "and she'll be fine."

The filly went along smooth and Cousin Patience was delighted.

When school was out that afternoon I went down to the shed to hitch up. When I went in, there was Homer backing the filly into the shafts.

"Just came down to see how she was making out," he said. And then, "Danny, do me a favor, will you? It's real important to me."

I said yes, sure, what'd he want me to do?

"I want you to fix it with Ruth so you both walk home today," he said, low. "Even if Miss Quince asks you to drive with us you say, no, you'd rather walk. Will you do that for me, Danny?"

I said sure, I'd walk home. I understood. Homer's face was so red.

"I know," I said, "I'll tell Ruth you're going to propose to Cousin Patience. You *are* going to, aren't you, Homer?"

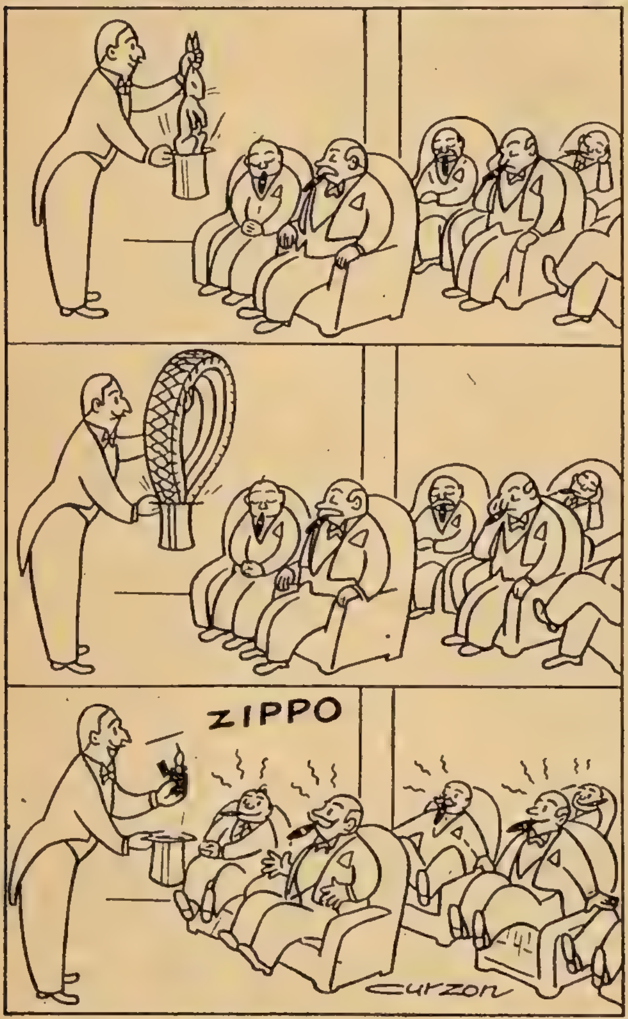
"Well, something like that," Homer said. "I didn't figure on asking her right out today, but maybe I can —after." He lowered his voice still further. "You know how Miss Quince is always saying she wants to be rescued from danger, Danny? Well, I thought of a way to make her *think* she's in danger and then I'll up and rescue her. Don't you tell nobody and don't you stand around watching, either."

I found Ruth out back, sitting in the swing, and told her and she began to giggle. She wanted to stay and watch, but I told her I'd promised Homer we wouldn't.

"I'm going to anyway," she said, stubborn. "I ain't never seen a man propose. I want to find out how they do it. We can walk real slow and look back every once in a while."

(*Continued on page 76*)

NOT AN ILLUSION! ZIPPO Lighters are Really Back—



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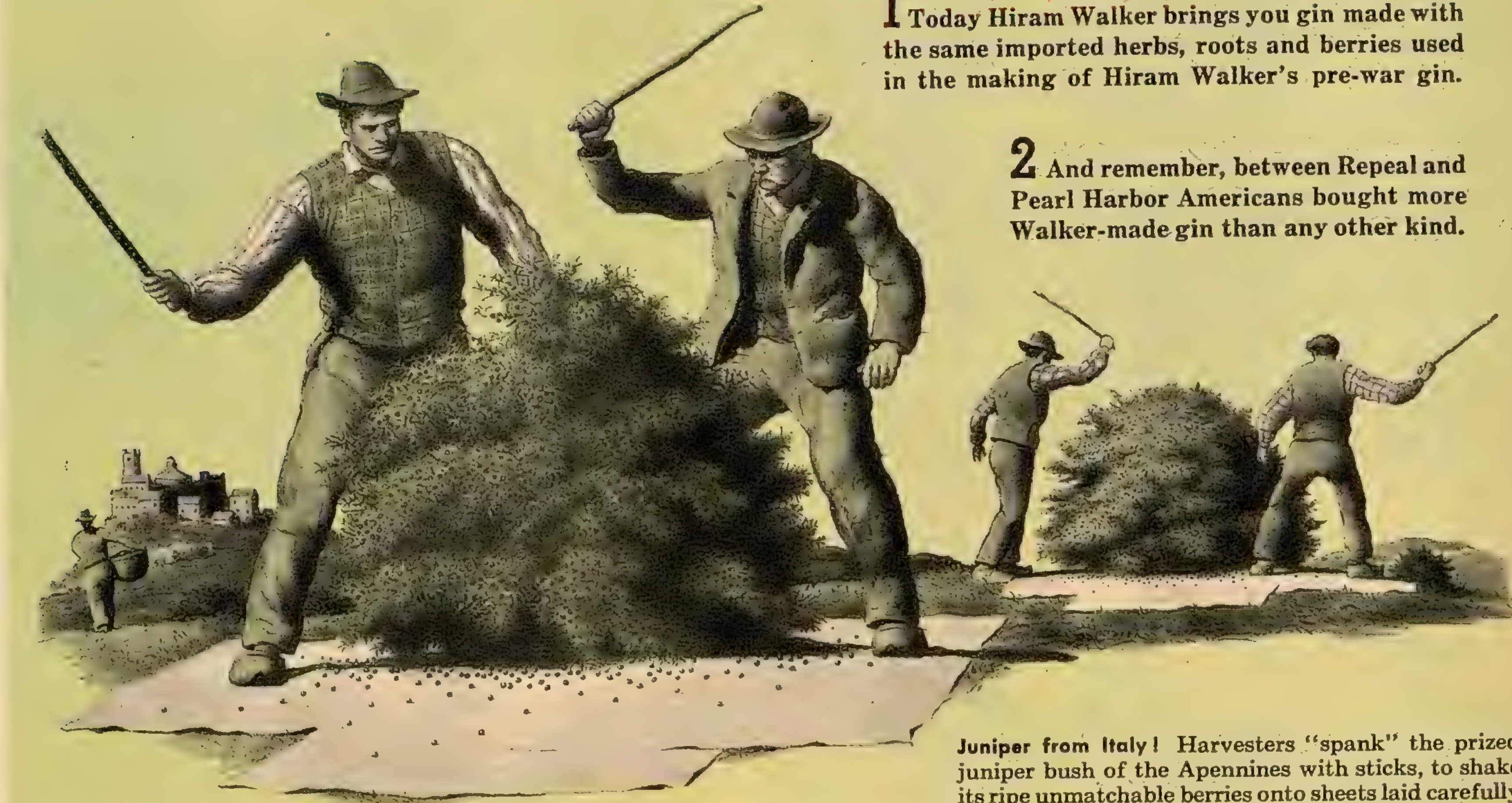
Now! The gin you've waited 3 years to enjoy!

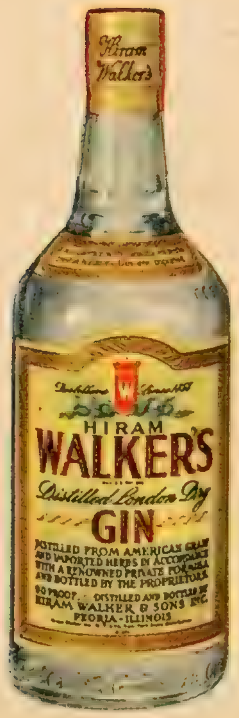
Gin of pre-war quality made from pre-war *imported* botanicals

1 Today Hiram Walker brings you gin made with the same imported herbs, roots and berries used in the making of Hiram Walker's pre-war gin.

2 And remember, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor Americans bought more Walker-made gin than any other kind.



Juniper from Italy! Harvesters "spank" the prized juniper bush of the Apennines with sticks, to shake its ripe unmatchable berries onto sheets laid carefully on the ground beneath. These—and ALL the herbs, roots and berries used in making Hiram Walker's Gin—come from a supply imported before the war.



TODAY, you can once again enjoy the pleasure of real, pre-war quality gin.

For Hiram Walker's Gin is made not only to pre-war formula . . . *but from pre-war imported botanicals which are unobtainable today.*

The reason we now have these rare botanicals, like cassia from China and coriander from Czechoslovakia, is this:

Prior to the war it was our policy to purchase these botanicals only in the best crop years—and far in excess of our annual requirements. This enabled us always to have on hand a treasured reserve.

When we suspended gin distilling in favor of war production in February 1942, this priceless reserve was carefully sealed away.

Today, these pre-war, imported botanicals give Hiram Walker's Gin its real, pre-war quality. The quality which, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor, led Americans to buy more Walker-made gin than any other kind. 90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

HIRAM
WALKER'S *Distilled London Dry* GIN

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

(*Continued from page 4*)

We went around to the front of the schoolhouse and there was Clarence talking to Cousin Patience.

"Danny and I are going to walk," Ruth said, giggling. "Homer's going to drive you home."

Cousin Patience got real pink, but she looked pleased too. "Well, run along then, children." And she said to Clarence, "I'm sorry, Mr. Miles. We'll have to have our little talk some other time."

Homer drove up in the buggy. He looked surprised when he saw Clarence.

"I thought I'd come over to see how you and the filly were doing," Homer told Cousin Patience. "If you're ready, I'll drive you home."

Cousin Patience said yes, she was ready. So Homer got down and helped her into the buggy. "Shucks," he said. "I left my hat in the shed. Here, you hold the reins, Miss Quince. I'll be right back."

Clarence said good-by and started down toward the road. Homer came out of the shed whistling Marching Through Georgia real loud.

Ruth and I were looking back and we saw Clarence stop and say something to Cousin Patience, and then, all at once, the white filly was standing on her hind legs, pawing the air and whinnying awful loud. I thought sure she'd cut and run any minute. Cousin Patience began sawing hard on the reins and yelling for her to whoa. And then Homer and Clarence were both running toward the buggy.

"Don't get scared, Miss Quince. I'll get her!" Homer shouted, and threw himself at the filly—but not quick enough. Clarence got there first and got hold of the reins close against the filly's mouth. He was cursing and he yanked hard enough to jerk her head off.

The filly screamed and Homer yelled, "Stop, you clumsy ox! You're hurting her!" But Clarence didn't stop and the filly reared. This threw Clarence off balance and he went down and lay quiet. Homer grabbed the loose reins.

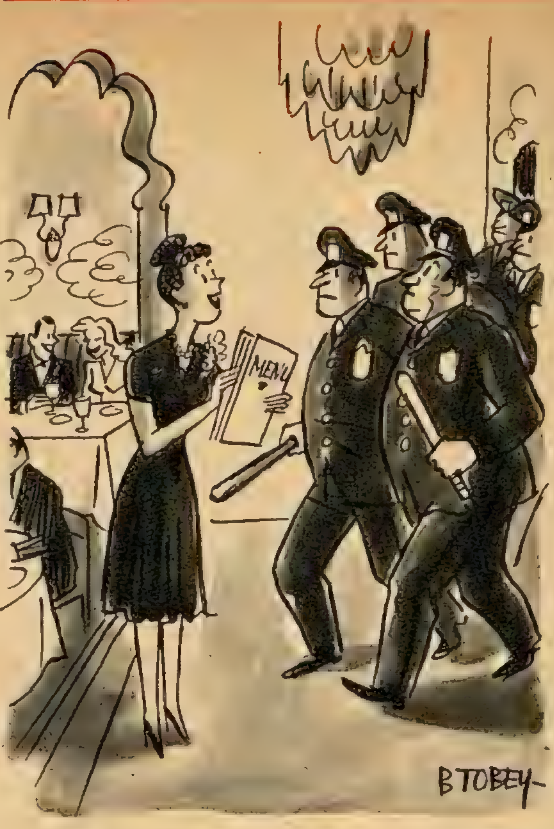
"There, there, old girl," he said, and she stood trembling. Homer's face was most as white as her coat and he was petting her and talking soft.

Cousin Patience jumped down and ran to Clarence. "Oh, he's hurt!" she kept crying. "He was so brave. Mr. Miles—Clarence speak to me!"

She turned on Homer then. "That dreadful beast!" she cried. "It's all your fault, Homer Latham! You knew she was a vicious thing. Why, if it hadn't been for Clarence I—I might have been killed!"

Homer said, "Shucks, she was just dancing. She wouldn't have hurt you. And look what he done to her mouth!"

Cousin Patience didn't even hear him. She was sitting on the ground holding Clarence's head in her lap and saying over and over how brave he was. Finally he opened his eyes and sat up.



LIBERTY

"How many are you?"

"You risked your life," she said real soft. "Clarence, you might have been killed trying to save me."

Homer looked at them a moment and then he got in the buggy and clucked soft to the filly. He didn't even see me and Ruth waiting there.

A MONTH later the school board had to find a new teacher because Cousin Patience up and married Clarence Miles and went to live in Corinth. A week later Alice, Homer's sister in Denver, left her husband and brought her three children to live in the old Latham house. And the same day Homer had a letter saying that Sumner English, his circus friend, had died and willed him the white filly.

Mother said to Homer the first time he came over after that, "I'm awfully sorry the way it all worked out, Homer—I mean about you and Patience. But maybe it's all for the best. Anyway, you won't be lonely any more—not with Alice home to keep house for you. She's good company and the children will be a comfort to you."

"Yes," Homer said, and then he grinned. "You know, Mrs. Fairbanks, I told you one time a lot of things I wanted, and, by heck, I've got everything I asked for—a pretty woman to keep house for me, kids to liven up the old place, *and* the white filly! I just decided what I'm going to name her."

He picked up the reins and he was laughing so hard he shook the buggy. "You remember I said I wanted me a lady by the name of Patience?" he asked mother. "Well, by golly, here she is!" And he clucked soft to the white filly. "Come on, Patience Latham," he said. "Let's see how lively a lady can step."

THE END

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(*Croix rhymes with Enjoy*)

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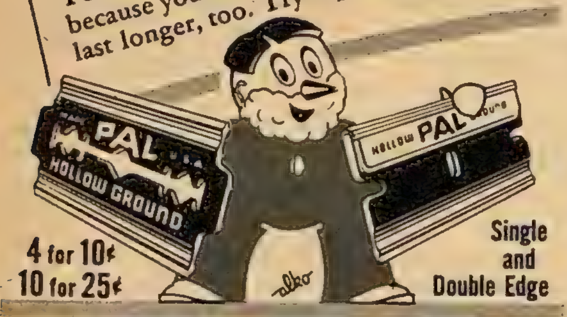
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Single and Double Edge

PAL HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR BLADES

GLYCOL VAPOR: DEATH TO AIR-BORNE GERMS

Continued from Page 27

adelphia story, seventy more healthy mice were used, but this time propylene glycol vapor was dispersed into the ward. These mice were exposed to a spray of influenza virus in the same way as the first seventy. After this experience, sixty-seven of them remained healthy, three developed mild cases of influenza, but none died of the disease.

Experiments with mice under ward conditions led Dr. Stokes and Dr. T. N. Harris to test glycol prevention at a children's convalescent home in New Jersey. The youngsters were recovering from home disorders, rheumatic fever, and certain chronic diseases. Most of them were confined to bed, but none was seriously ill.

Beginning in January, 1942, careful records were kept in two identical sixteen-bed wards of the convalescent home. During a period of eight weeks there were sixteen respiratory infections—colds, sore throats, ear infections, and bronchitis—in one ward and fifteen in the other.

For the next eight weeks one of the wards was vaporized continuously with propylene glycol and there was only one case of respiratory infection. Children in the unvaporized ward had the same number of respiratory infections (sixteen) as in the preceding eight weeks.

The following winter, Harris and Stokes carried out an even more conclusive experiment. Three wards on the second floor of the home were matched with three identical wards on the third floor. The children were evenly divided as to age and sex. As in the previous year, the diet and nursing care were the same for all children. During the first three weeks the wards on the second floor were vaporized and not a single child became ill. During the same period there were nineteen cases of respiratory infection among the forty-eight children in the untreated third-floor wards.

At the end of the three weeks the process was reversed. Vaporizers were used on the third floor and turned off downstairs. During the next three weeks there was only one cold among the third-floor children. At the same time there were twenty infections on the unvaporized second floor. This alternating procedure was repeated several times during the winter. Each time propylene glycol was used the number of respiratory infections was greatly minimized and each time the vapor was turned off the case rate soared.

THE latest report covers the combined experience of three winters. In the glycol-vaporized wards there have been only thirteen respiratory infections as compared with 132 in the untreated wards. For the common cold alone the figures are 3 and 79 respectively.

The only tenable conclusion is that glycol vapor destroyed the unknown air-borne cold virus. Doctors are keeping their fingers crossed, but to many it looks as though a way of preventing colds has been discovered. They will reserve final judgment until confirmatory studies are completed.

This good news comes at a time when cold vaccines are being denounced as failures. The University of Minnesota Medical School and the Public Health Research Institute of New York have proved by actual experiments with large groups of volunteers that cold vaccines are valueless. The Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

JAWNING: A beard.

FLATTIC: Apartment garret.

BALDERMAN: Councilman with a shiny top.

SALUNA: Where moonshine is sold.

VESTIBEULAH: She used to clean the McGees' hallway

BACKTERIA: Spine germs.

AX-YUM: The turkey adage.

OWE K.: Satisfactory debt.

RECOOPERATE: A barrel-maker convalesces.

CAMPUSS: College mug.

Medical Association has denied its endorsement to all such preparations.

The almost universal susceptibility to colds and respiratory infections makes the prospect of prevention by air sterilization especially appealing. Preventive and not curative therapy is the highest goal of medical science.

If everyone was conscientious about colds, it would still be impossible to prevent their spread under existing conditions. Colds are catching for as long as six hours before the first throat scratchiness or sniffle. Even if you stayed away from other people from the very beginning of your cold, you could have spread around a lot of virus in the preceding six hours.

When glycol air conditioning is in operation in your home, office, shop, or store, it will keep you from becoming an unknowing menace. It will help break the airborne link in the endless chain of respiratory disease.

In a recent issue of the American Journal of Public Health, Dr. Edward Bigg and his associates at Northwestern University report in detail on their studies of 2,000 servicemen. One half of the subjects slept in glycol air-conditioned barracks. The other half, or control group, slept in non-vaporized dormitories. All floors were oiled to reduce the dust hazard. During the day the men mingled in classrooms and mess halls where no attempt was made to sterilize the air.

Dr. Bigg's experiment was a major success. Hemolytic streptococci—the cause of scarlet fever, strep sore throat, and probably rheumatic fever—were almost entirely eliminated from the atmosphere by glycol vapor. While the studies were in progress an epidemic of mumps broke out and there were three and one half times as many cases in the non-vaporized barracks as there were in the glycolized quarters. During two test periods of seventeen days each there were fifty-three cases of respiratory infection in the control group and nineteen in the glycolized barracks—a reduction of 64 per cent. All this was accomplished by vaporization of sleeping quarters alone.

This study confirms earlier observations that sleeping and living spaces are more dangerous sources of respiratory infections than other locations. It is important to introduce glycol into offices, theaters, factories, and schools, but for complete effectiveness glycol prevention, like charity, must begin at home.

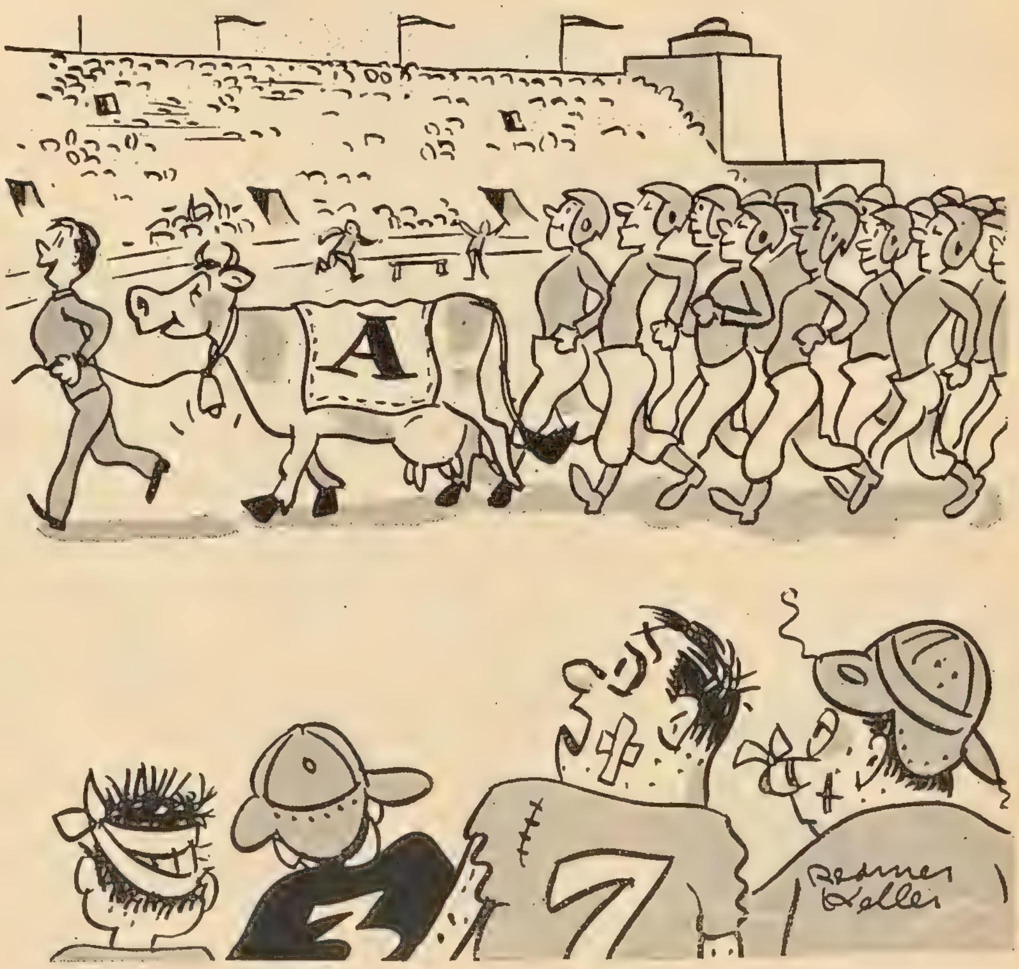
WHILE others were proving the practical value of glycol, Dr. Robertson and his assistants were continuing their work on the technical side of the problem. The Army's Commission on Air-Borne Infections saw the immense possibilities of glycol vaporization and extended financial assistance.

A half dozen near relatives of propylene glycol were tested. All of them were powerful germ killers, but some were objectionable because of odor, taste, or irritating properties.

Triethylene glycol proved the most potent of all and it had none of these objectionable features. It was fifty times more powerful than propylene glycol. One part of triethylene glycol vaporized into 200,000,000 parts of air protected mice against killing doses of flu virus.

Carefully controlled tests established that the vapors of triethylene and propylene glycol, so deadly for disease germs, are harmless to animals and human beings. Living in a

Advertisement



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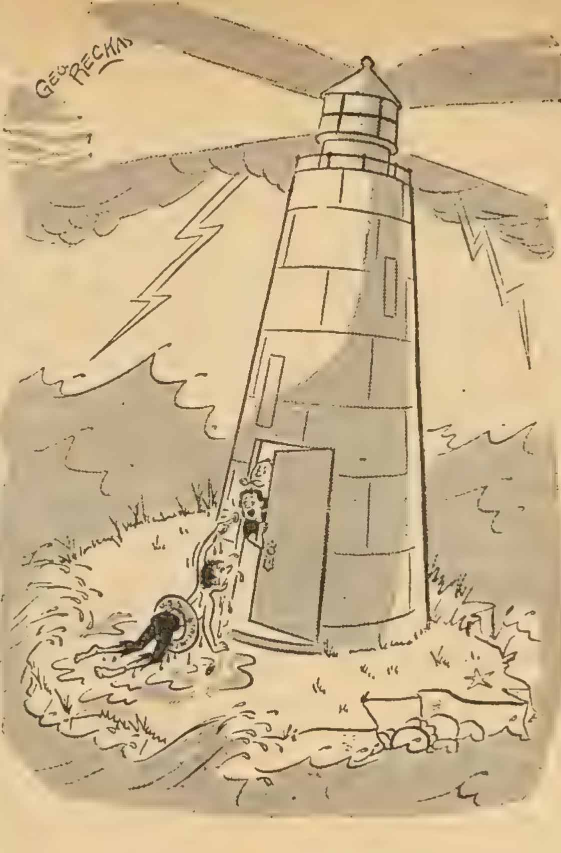


"Yes ——!"

LIBERTY

glycolized atmosphere for two years, rats, guinea pigs, and monkeys have retained their full vigor and reproductive capacity.

Sometimes glycol condenses on cold surfaces just as water vapor fogs cold windows. After condensation, liquid propylene glycol causes tackiness on certain varnishes, but triethylene glycol leaves all surfaces undamaged. Neither substance injures fabric.

NOT every one of the early experiments had a happy ending. There were times when the germ-killing action of glycol vapor seemed to be inhibited. This puzzled the researchers until they discovered that the lethal effect varied with the humidity. They now know that the optimum humidity for antibacterial action is between 40 and 60 per cent.

These variations with humidity provide a convenient and plausible theory as to how the vapor works. Glycol has a high affinity for water. When a germ is coated with a generous film of moisture, many molecules of glycol are attracted to it and the germ is instantly killed. If the air is relatively dry the germs are drier, too, and their surface moisture doesn't attract glycol in killing concentrations.

One of the best methods for vaporizing glycol has recently been perfected at Northwestern University and it was used in Dr. Bigg's barracks test.

It assures adequate humidity by evaporating a solution containing both water and glycol.

As manufactured commercially, a unit large enough for a small house is about the size of a console radio. An electric coil at the bottom of the tank provides the necessary heat for evaporation. The glycol-and-water vapor can be circulated by fan through ordinary heating ducts. Under average operating conditions, a new supply of glycol solution must be poured into the tank about once a month.

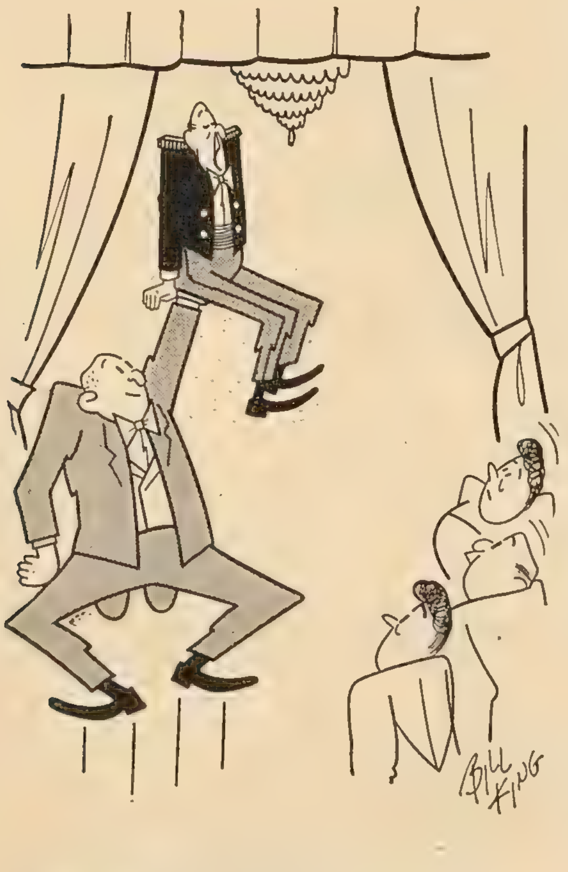
Dr. Bigg's device makes the method foolproof. There is no fire or explosive hazard to glycol vapor. Pure glycol solution will burn, but when as little as 30 per cent water is mixed with it in the vaporizing unit, it is noninflammable and is also nonexplosive.

Several months ago Dr. Robertson produced a "glycostat" that would turn the vaporizer off before the harmless but objectionable fog stage was reached. The glycostat can be set for any desired degree of glycol saturation. It automatically shuts off the vaporizer when the saturation rises above the setting and turns it on again the saturation falls.

THE latest reports indicate that glycol may help lick tuberculosis. Dr. Truman S. Potter of Dartmouth Medical School, who has demonstrated that glycol vapor will kill air-borne tubercle bacilli, sees enormous possibilities in this field.

Today the death rate from air-borne disease, not counting tuberculosis, is twice as high as that for milk- and water-borne infections was a generation ago. Pasteurization of milk and purification of water have reduced diseases like typhoid fever and dysentery almost to the vanishing point. Glycol-vaporization equipment is not yet available to the public, but a similar triumph of prevention can be expected when this new air conditioning is applied on a large scale.

THE END



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VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

WELL, veterans, this is postwar—the era to which we all looked forward, when again we would be civilians back in the old groove, taking up our lives and careers where we left off.

I've been given a job to do—a big job. As editor of Veterans' Bulletin Board, it is my hope to make this department and Liberty Magazine a powerful voice speaking to and on behalf of the men who have fought in this war.

So, veterans, here is where we start pulling together again. We'll stick our oar into everything concerning veterans. We'll get in on all the plans while they're in the making. We'll attend hearings, visit congressmen, talk to the Veterans Administration. We'll find out for ourselves what's cooking and how it's being done. We'll learn to distinguish between the loud squawkings of the phony prophets and the earnest voices of sincere advisers. We'll keep our own noses clean and our ideals high. Our objective will be the building of a finer and better America where everyone gets a fair shake and we and our kids can live in peace and dignity.

The other day a G.I. visitor left a valuable thought: "We're reentering civilian life as the same ordinary human beings that we were when we left it. Sure, we've been away, but we're coming back more mature in almost every way. We've been doing a mammoth job and some of us are coming back a little weary, but we're coming back with the hope of finding just reward for a job everybody accepts as well done.

"Our plans are much alike. As soon as we get out of uniform—most of us—we intend to take a vacation with plenty of rest and plenty of non-G.I. eats. That'll take care of the weariness. After not too long a time, our work—and the job of finding it—will really begin. We'll have to go out and hunt down the jobs that are supposed to be waiting for us, then take advantage of the loans and benefits they tell us are available."

Let's have no doubts or hesitations about our claims to our rewards—those benefits and loans. But just what are they, where are they, and how can we get them? Until now, the answers have been more or less lost in a shuffle of conflicting reports, and plenty of us have been gummed up in rolls of red tape when we did press our claims.

In coming issues, your Bulletin Board will take the G.I. Bill of Rights, rip it apart, and see what makes it tick. We'll probe into this business of education, insurance, employment, hospitalization, pensions, and clubs—any and all items of interest and importance to us. We'll look at all these things under a microscope to see what can be turned to the veteran's advantage in his quest for his rightful deserts.

We've got to realize, though, that nothing is going to be handed to us on a silver platter. We're returning to our communities, business, banking, building, to our friends and neighbors and associations. We've got to take our place and play our part. We'll have to work and produce like everybody else. Our hard-won maturity, our combat-born ingenuity and long-imposed discipline make us better fitted to do our share in building a world at peace, shaping it, judging it, and, if necessary, fighting for it.

Back in civvies

* * *

John Vidor, New York, N. Y. If you leave the Merchant Marine now, you will be subject to Selective Service, since you are under twenty-six years of age. Also, you will forfeit your Certificate of Wartime Service, unless separation is due to severe personal hardship or medical disability. The Certificate of Wartime Service is based on "substantially continuous" service during the unlimited national emergency period (from May 27, 1941, until a date to be proclaimed). Forfeiture of the Certificate will disqualify merchant seamen for re-employment and seniority rights in former shore jobs, as well as for the benefits under the Merchant Seamen's Bill of Rights, now before Congress.

* * *

Edward P. Wienke, 2681 Harrison Street, San Francisco 10, Calif. Ordinarily, it is against the policy of this column to solicit mail for a reader, but we'll make an exception in your case. (Readers, Mr. Wienke spent three years in the Japs' Santo Tomas and Los Banos prisons in the Philippines. He would like to hear from any of his former fellow prisoners of war in either camp. Address above.)

* * *

S1c Stan Youngman, FPO, San Francisco, Calif. In computing your points toward discharge, you may count all active service in the armed services of any of the United Nations after September 1, 1939. This ruling is interpreted to include time spent in the American Field Service with any of the armed services. (NOTE: The above goes for Army personnel too, excepting that in the Army the time count starts with September 16, 1940.)

* * *

Pfc. William R. Jeffryes, APO 74, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif. You are entitled to longevity pay for the time spent in the ERC. AR 35-2360, Par. 1, states in part: "Full time is to be counted for all periods during which they were enlisted or held commissions . . . or in the Enlisted Reserve Corps. . . ."

* * *

Mrs. H. J., Columbia, Mo. No, your husband will not be automatically released from the Army within six months after V-J Day. All enlistments have been extended for the "duration of the national emergency plus six months." The end of the war will be proclaimed at some future date by the President or by a joint resolution of Congress. Enlistments will expire six months following that announcement.

* * *

M/Sgt. Thomas Kampner, Tulsa, Okla. Yes, you will be able to attend a foreign university under the G.I. Bill of Rights after your discharge. Tuition, expenses, and subsistence will be paid just as if you were attending a school in this country.

* * *

W. B., U.S.S. Iowa, Pacific. The legislation that raised pay levels in the armed forces is not a "duration measure," but was made on a "permanent basis."

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions in regard to veterans' affairs. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to "Veterans' Bulletin Board," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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STEEL MEN WITH IRON WILLS

Continued from Page 21

the permanent union was formed.

Murray's salary is $20,000 a year, plus legitimate expenses, and his two assistants each receive $12,000 a year with similar travel allowances. There is no evidence that padded expense accounts are filed in the International office, though traveling expenses total about $150,000 a year. The accounts of the union are audited every six months and are freely made public.

Nobody may be elected to office within the union unless he has spent three years as an active steelworker. The term for the International officers is two years, and every two years a national convention must be held. Delegates to this convention are elected by the workers.

The governing and policy-making body of the union is the International Executive Board, headed by Murray. Its other members are his two assistants, the International secretary-treasurer, and the district officers. It must meet at least twice a year.

Members of the union are by no means muzzled. Anybody with an idea or a complaint may sound off either in local meetings, district meetings, or in the convention itself. There is no hint anywhere within the ranks that Murray is not the ideal man for the leadership.

The policy of the Steelworkers within the national society is rather elusive. On the surface, and by manifesto, it is co-operative. Murray joined with William Green, president of the A.F.L., and Eric Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, in signing an impressive "New Charter for Labor and Management," which says: "The rights of private property and free choice of action under a system of private competitive capitalism must continue to be the foundation of our nation's peaceful and prosperous expanding economy," and, "The inherent right and responsibility of management to direct the operations of an enterprise shall be recognized and preserved."

Article XVI of the union constitution is a single sentence: "No strike shall be called without the approval of the International president."

Yet the Steelworkers, in almost all their public actions, make it plain that they consider themselves to be in a state of constant war with capitalism.

As for strikes, there have been more of them in the steel industry than in any other American industry except coal mining. In 1941 there were 104 strikes; in 1942 there were 77; in 1943 there were 207; and in 1944 there were 345. This constant succession of strikes in war years cost the stupendous total of 1,610,632 man-*days* lost to steel production. It is not suggested that all of these strikes were authorized or even approved by the Steelworkers' International leaders.

Nevertheless, the steel industry broke all previous records for production during the war years, and delivered all the steel needed.

I have said that the Steelworkers Union is the heart of C.I.O. The C.I.O. engages in a constant and skillful publicity campaign that sings the praises of labor and sneers at the evils of the capitalists. There is a tabloid newspaper for servicemen. The comics are packed with the proletarian message. There also is a periodical for intellectuals called the Economic Outlook, and C.I.O. employs movies, the radio, and pamphlets by the thousand to spread its somewhat confusing message.

It is difficult to reconcile Murray's signing of the labor-management charter with the incessant C.I.O. campaign for the nationalization of various national resources, particularly the expanded wartime industrial plant built with government funds. A C.I.O. comic-strip character discusses the matter: "This wealth of factories and goods belongs to the American people and must be used for their welfare." Another says: "Labor deserves a voice in the councils of industry and government."

If these rather contradictory elements in the public thinking of Mur-

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ray and his organization confuse an innocent bystander, they confuse steel management even more. So much of the activity of the union seems designed to keep management off balance and on the defensive, though that may not be the real intention of the union leaders. On the other hand, the Steelworkers are in politics and make no bones about it. This has resulted in some rather odd disadvantages to themselves.

Until the organization of S.W.O.C., virtually all political jobs in the steel towns were held by stooges of the steel companies, from mayor to dogcatcher. With the emergence of union strength, local union leaders in these towns put their names in the political pot.

As a consequence, many of the ablest union men were elected to public office, and soon found themselves facing the problems of whole communities rather than those of a special group. Their crusading fervor languished as they sought to please *all* of the people, and the Steelworkers lost many of their most forceful advocates, whose places were taken by lesser men.

IT would be easy to write with great enthusiasm about either one of the two sides in steel: to make the corporations the villains because of past sins, or to make the union a menace to what we call our American way of life. But to find the truth in steel is a hard job.

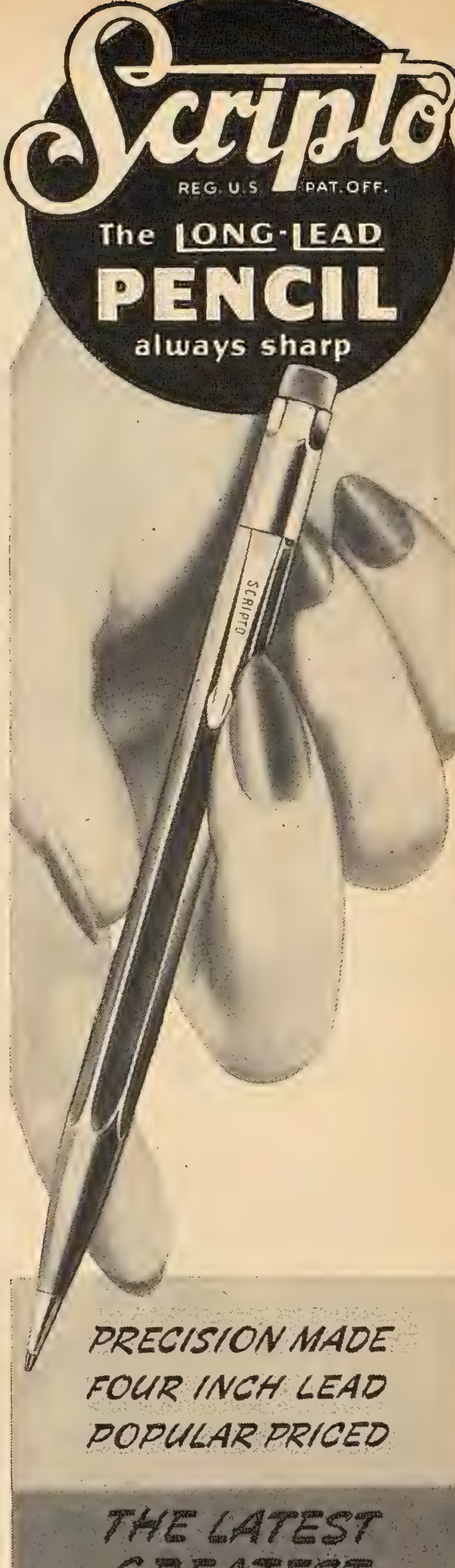
We do know certain things: Steelworkers got a little more than forty cents out of each sales dollar in 1944—a far larger share than they had ever received before—and credit for these increased earnings obviously belongs to the union. The price of steel did not rise during the war, and stockholders received two cents from each sales dollar—about one fourth of the amount they received in 1929. Such matters are to the credit of steel management.

In the face of almost overwhelming reconversion problems, there is too much of mutual suspicion, too little of sound co-operation between management and the union. Both sides must share responsibility for that, for both wear chips a little too prominently on their shoulders.

The market for American steel, at home and abroad, will demand every pound of the vital metal which we can produce for years to come. The United Steelworkers of America will have to make it under the direction of the men we lump together as "management." For the Steelworkers, the days of exploitation and humiliation are past, thanks largely to their union under Murray, and there is sound evidence that management is aware of its obligations toward the men who do the work.

It will be a grave thing if Murray and his men divert their energies into political duels instead of using them for the production of a material that all the world so sorely needs.

THE END



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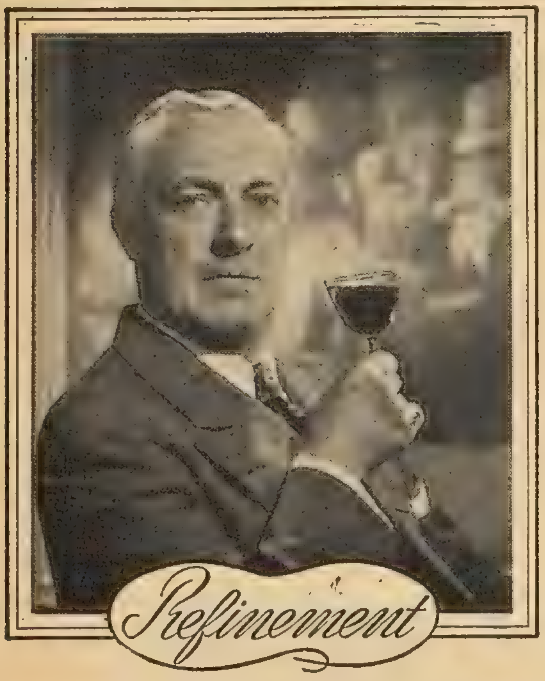

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GENIUS RINGS DOORBELLS

Continued from Page 39

this dangerous subject aside by saying that I'd prefer not to trade on the past and that I'd let what I accomplish in the future speak for itself."

"Ingenious," I murmured. D. T. kicked at me under the table.

"You'll see on Monday," she assured me. "Jonah will be just full of good ideas."

D. T. was right. Jonah's first bright idea was to show up for work about a quarter past ten on Monday morning. Nine o'clock being the hour at which the office opened, most of us naturally came in at nine thirty, an hour before the boss showed up. You can see what an elevated place in the office hierarchy Jonah was taking unto himself.

I guessed that D. T., with an acute sense of office politics and the art of putting up a front, had stage-managed our genius' entrance, just as she had shoved people around to give him the biggest office possible. I recognized her touch also in the sleek pin-stripe gray suit the boy was wearing. He looked almost as impressive as he had in uniform, tall, his Pacific tan hardly faded by his stay in the hospital, his bleached brown hair curling a little, and his wide grin making him seem handsome in spite of a nose that evidently had been broken.

When Craig came in, D. T. stopped fussing over Jonah and left him to his work. This consisted of leaning back in a swivel chair, feet propped up on a handy desk drawer, reading reports. He was getting, he told Craig grandly, the feel of the business.

He was still getting it an hour later when, from my cubbyhole opposite, I heard his feet come down with a bang. Marianne Craig had just breezed in, as she always did on Monday, if she was in town, to have lunch with her father.

She had been spending a few weeks on Cape Cod to rest up from her strenuous final year of college. She sported an idle-rich tan that contrasted neatly with her business-like blue tweed suit. She was tall and smooth and blonde. All in all, just the person to give a covey of sweaty office workers a group inferiority complex. I saw that she was looking at Jonah.

"Hello-o," she said to him. Then her father came out of his office and made the introduction.

I settled down to listen. A few yards away, D. T. had her head cocked, and I bet myself a dime she was wishing she could hear what went on as well as I could.

"Daddy," Marianne said, "I've just had the most wonderful inspiration. I've been thinking for the longest time that I should go to work. Why not give me a job in this *fascinating* business of yours?" She was looking at Jonah.

I didn't catch the next few words because D. T. was making a vicious racket on her typewriter. When I picked up the conversation again, everything was settled. The next thing I knew, two sweaty, grumbling men in overalls were moving another desk into Valentine's office.

It was perfectly logical, of course; there was no other office space to be had. And in any office a man who comes to work later than ten o'clock automatically rates an assistant. Anyway, that's what I told D. T. just before she picked up all the graphs on my desk and threw them at me.

Jonah's first assignment was a fairly routine one. At lunch he told D. T. and me about it.

"It's a survey for the Sink-Klean people," he said. "You know, that stuff women use to polish sinks and bathtubs. The client wants to know what proportion of homes have sinks that could be whiter and shinier than they are."

"And you're supposed to set up the survey," I said. "The difficulty being that if you just ask a lot of people if their sinks are dirty, they'll either say 'Certainly not!' or maybe just sock the interviewer."

"Gosh, I suppose they would," the genius said. "What'll I do?"

Between us we were able to work that one out by the time the coffee arrived. We had been in the business thirty years—three years for D. T., twenty-seven for me—and we'd run into many tougher ones. We advised him to set his field workers to measuring the heights of faucets from the floor. That would sound logical and harmless to the housewife and would give the interviewer a chance to sneak a look at the condition of the sink.

WITH that much of a start, and with Marianne to help him, Jonah had no more trouble with Sink-Klean. During the weeks that project lasted, he was a smug young man, happy with the idea that the market-research business was an easy oyster and that he'd be able to bluff his way indefinitely.

Then Craig turned the Dento-gleam account over to him.

You'd think it would be a cinch to find out how often people brush their teeth. Just take a sample of a few hundred people properly distributed among men and women, young and old, rich and poor, city and country—you know, the usual business. Then sick a flock of interviewers onto them to say, "Good afternoon. How often do you brush your teeth?"

We had tried that direct approach long ago. The harvest was a crop of insulting answers and outright lies.

We had tried other ways, too. But the sad fact is that no one other than the person himself knows how often he brushes his teeth; you have to find some way to persuade him to tell you truthfully.

As soon as it became clear to Jonah that he must solve this toughie on his own or be deflated and probably jobless, he disappeared from our sight. He started coming in early every morning. D. T. told me she usually found his door closed by the time she arrived.

"And that woman is coming in early, too, and they're working together all the time," D. T. informed me angrily one afternoon. "Right now they're out together. On business, no doubt!"

Then we heard something. D. T. stopped to listen, and I listened too. There was a peculiar clump-clumping sound in the corridor. It was Jonah and Marianne. He was leaning on her shoulder and limping—a real limp, not the slight one from his war injury. One of his eyes was a delicate purple on its way to becoming black. His shirt was twisted and his tie was rumpled.

"What in the world—" D. T. started to say to him, but he hurried into his office, still leaning on Marianne. He looked as guilty as a spaniel caught chewing a rationed shoe.

AFTER that, D. T. wouldn't speak to him at all. When Craig asked her to tell Valentine such-and-such, she'd sit down and write a memorandum that started like this:

From: Miss Burris.

To: Mr. Valentine.

All in all, it was a pretty chilly week, those last few days before the Dentogleam executives were scheduled to come and demand results. From Monday to Friday I sat in my pint-sized office and watched Marianne Craig, sweet as a stack of sugar stamps, and D. T. Burris, angry, frustrated, and helpless.

The more I saw of those two lovely young women, the more I was reminded of a pair of pets on the farm where I grew up. We had had a half-grown white cat for several months when we inherited a tiny black kitten from some departed neighbors. Lovable creatures both of them were, and affectionate as all get-out. But let one of them catch a glimpse of the other being petted, or even noticed, and up would go a back, and pretty soon both would be spitting like a couple of furies. It had worried me terribly, as a child, to see such soft little animals behaving like that, and I had never again wanted a cat for a pet. I remembered that feeling now, and I thought about the fact that I had remained a bachelor.

I was working out the connection when the three executives from Dentogleam trooped in and D. T. began to shove chairs around to make them comfortable in Craig's office. I had not met any of the trio from Dentogleam and was not even sure of their names. To me, as to most of the office force, they were, respectively, Old Hatchet Face, Old Broad Beam, and Pretty Boy. We had chosen each name with care and

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precision. Pretty Boy was Hatchet Face's son and he always walked two paces to the rear of his old man.

It just happened, of course, that I was hanging around close as they filed into Craig's office that Friday. I heard the boss tell D. T. to "ask Mr. Valentine if he can join us now."

I caught on. After all, this wasn't the first buck that had ever been passed. Valentine was slated to tell what he had been doing and why it hadn't got results. When Old Hatchet Face and his buddies kicked, Craig would express surprise at the meager progress. He would promise to put a new man on the job, and hope that would satisfy the Dentogleamers a few more weeks. Exit Jonah.

Then Jonah came out of his office and headed for the scene of the coming massacre. Marianne was tagging him, but when she caught sight of Pretty Boy standing just inside the door of her father's office, she stopped short.

She turned toward me. "Who's that?" she asked.

"Only a guy who makes money every time anyone swings a toothbrush," I told her. "Also he's got a rich poppa who doesn't look healthy."

"Oh," she said very slowly. She gave me the most beautiful smile, but I don't think she saw me at all. Then she followed Jonah into Craig's office.

As D. T. closed the door and the session began, I didn't have the heart to struggle with the stuff of statistics. I plumped myself down in D. T.'s typing chair, and waited. After all, my job was at stake in there.

PRETTY soon D. T. came scurrying out to yank a folder from the files. "Mr. Valentine," she remarked, "is telling the assemblage in a soothing voice all the things he tried that didn't work. Old Hatchet Face is beginning to fidget."

The next time she opened the door, laughter followed her out. As D. T. dug into the files again, she gave me a report.

"He's been telling how he got the black eye and the superlimp. He went out with that Marianne to test a couple of questions, and the first thing that happened, he got some war worker out of bed. When he said, 'Good day, sir. How often do you brush your teeth?' the fellow poked him in the eye and slammed the door on poor Jonah's leg."

"Oh, it's poor Jonah now, is it?" I asked hopefully.

"The poor boy couldn't help working with Marianne after his leg was injured again, could he? Somebody had to do the leg work."

"I don't know anyone better equipped for the job," I observed in my vulgar way, but D. T. had already disappeared behind the oak door. This time she left it open an inch or so. I moved a little closer.

The first thing I heard was a voice that seemed to bounce off fat jowls. Old Broad Beam, I thought. "Uh-ump, very amusing. Very amusing. Now can we get down to cases? How did you solve the—ump—problem, young man?"

"Well, gentlemen, we finally worked out a fairly simple little trick for getting a true answer from respondents," Jonah Valentine began in his most confident voice. "We had a printer make us up some fake newspaper clippings quoting a famous authority as saying that brushing your teeth was all nonsense."

Jonah's voice took on a little deeper timbre.

"We even had a picture of a grinning Zulu in the article," he went on, "a Zulu with fine white teeth. Our authority pointed out that Zulus never used a toothbrush and they have better teeth than anybody."

OUR home-grown genius stopped for a moment. For dramatic effect, I think.

"We showed these clippings to people, and then we asked our question about how often they brushed their teeth. With this high authority to back their own private views, people told us frankly just how often they did brush their teeth."

By this time my left, or good, eye was almost in the doorway and I could see a flash of neat blue as Craig got to his feet. The boy was a success and Craig was right there to share honors with him nicely.

"There you are, gentlemen," Craig boomed. "An ingenious technique, as I am sure you will agree. The complete report will be delivered as soon as the interviews are completed and the statistical analysis made."

Everyone was shaking hands with everyone else as Craig opened the door and patted the toothpaste magnates along toward the elevator. Pretty Boy was lagging fully five steps behind daddy this time, but there was no danger of his losing his way. Marianne had him well in hand.

As the parade went past, Marianne leaned toward me. Silently she formed the word "Thanks" with her mouth. A coil of blonde hair covered the ear that was toward me, but I knew there was a bug in her ear. I knew who had put it there, too, and I smirked at her.

Then she tagged Pretty Boy toward the elevator and left me with an excellent view of Craig's office. Jonah had his arms around D. T. and was trying to kiss her. Succeeding, too, rather scandalously well, considering that ours is an office intended for what we laughingly call business.

She pulled her face away from his and said, "Don't forget that from now on I'm the only girl you're doing tests with. Whether I brush my teeth or not, I sharpen them with a file three times a day—like a Zulu. Keep that in mind."

I got up and went back to my probable errors. Maybe a kitten *would* make a nice pet, if you never had more than one of them around.

THE END

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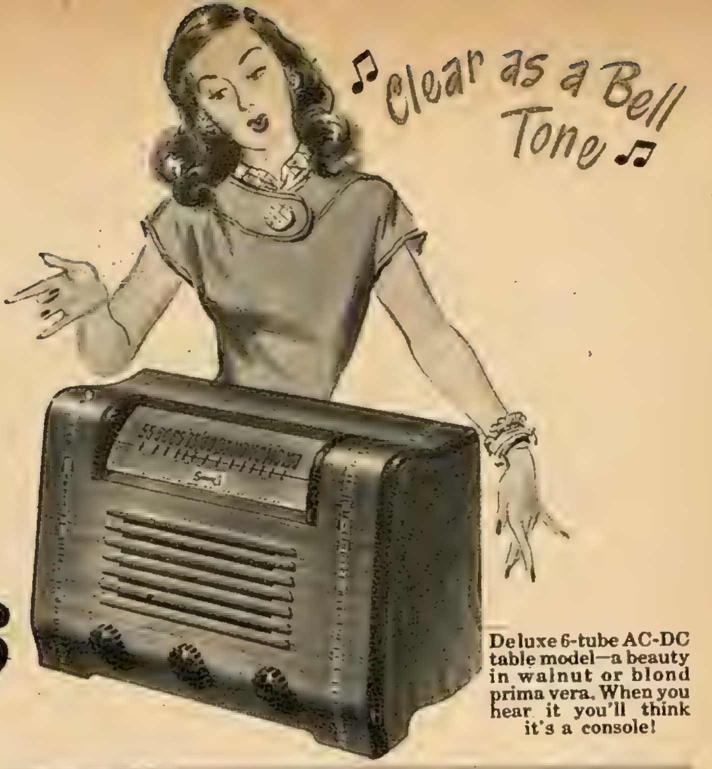
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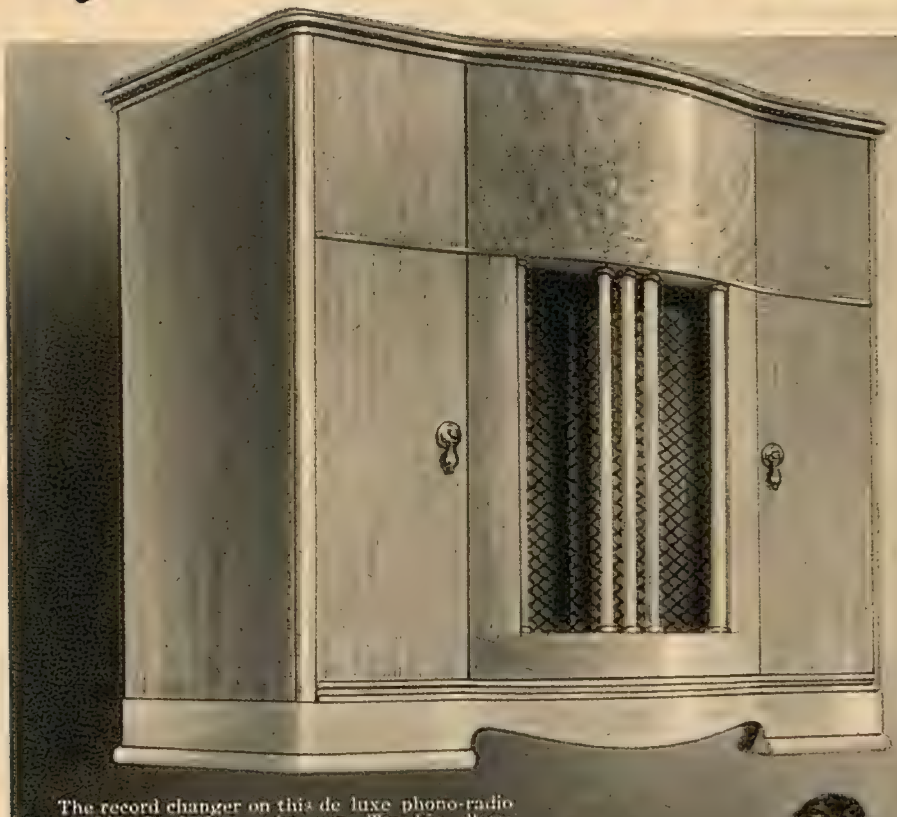

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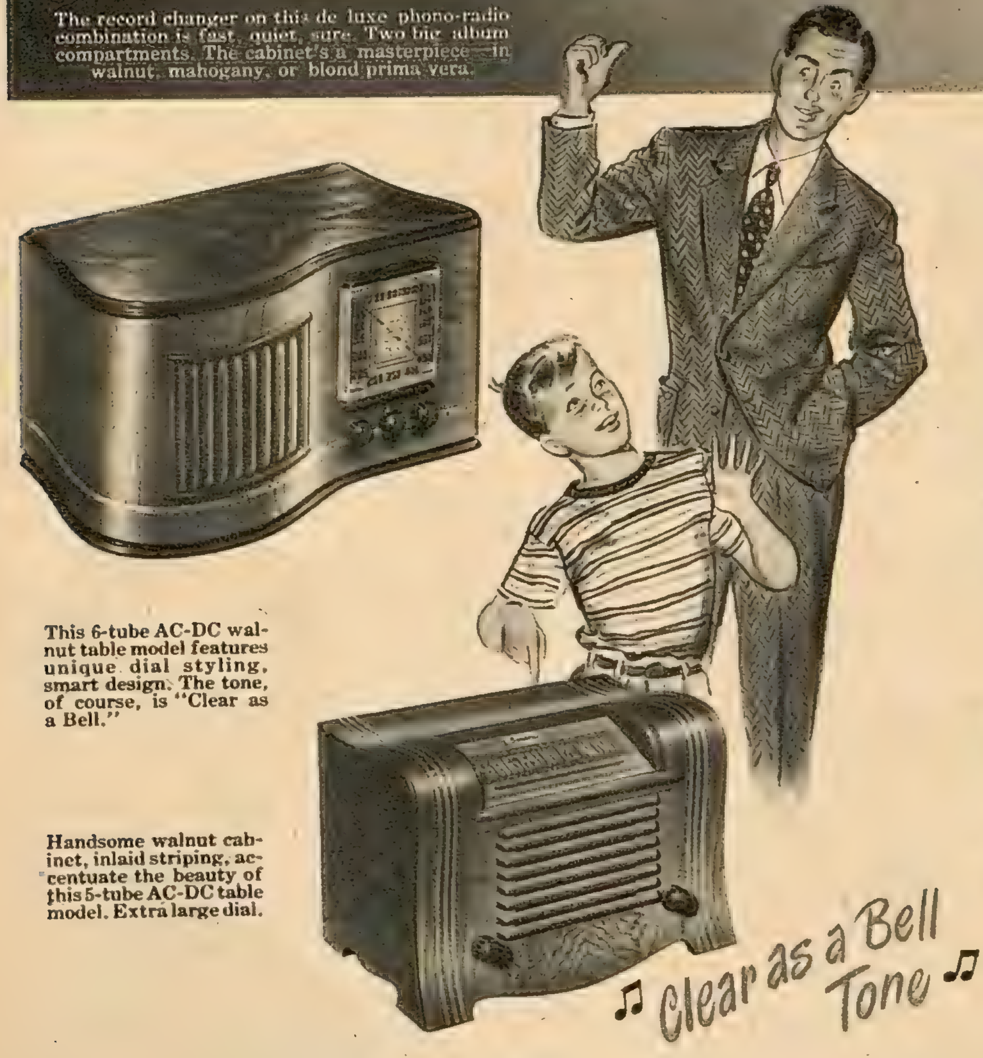
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THE HANDS OF SIMON LOMBARD

Continued from Page 37

I tell you—drowsy angels flying to a rainbow—that's how it sang."

"Harmonics?" asked Father.

"Not one harmonic!" cried Simon. "Two at the same time! I said to myself, 'Simon, this is no usual fiddler, uh-uh.'

"I was just about to knock at the next apartment, and who should walk in—the super. I was still waiting for that paint from that porter. It's almost noon. I need that super like I need a hole in the head. He looks at the bedroom and he's a little angry. I could see it. 'Why, Mr.—'

" 'Lombard,' I told him.

" 'Mr. Lombard, you—you haven't gotten very far.'

" 'I know, Mr. Branson,' I answered. It was really a peculiar moment. 'I'll have the room finished on time,' I said. What else could I tell him? That I heard angels singing?

"He gave me a look as he walked to the door. The fiddle started again. 'Mr. Branson,' I asked, 'who plays that violin?'

"He's standing near the door and he says—like he's giving me change for a quarter—'Mr. Elman. Ever hear of Mischa Elman?' The super asks *me* if I heard of Elman!

"You can imagine. My work I still had to do. That Mr. Branson is still giving me that look. 'You can hear Mr. Elman next Thursday, Mr. Lombard. Next Thursday—at Carnegie Hall.' And he goes.

"I climbed the ladder and I finished something in a corner. But my heart was heavy. Every time I pushed the scraper I lost Elman. All of a sudden it stopped. I crept down quick. Before I could clean my hands and run out to see him, he was gone. In the elevator, down—gone!"

Simon sighed. "To have worked in the Waldorf-Astoria was good. But to have heard Elman at the same time was—" Simon's hand leaped up and then hung lifeless. "Can one describe it?" he asked.

SIMON had wanted a son. When little Masha was born he was a bit downcast. My father would console him. Women fiddlers were rare, but look at Maud Powell. Simon would allow himself to be reassured.

One Saturday he brought a tiny violin. It had a rich dark color. Simon set it aside and began to unshell the Indian nuts rapidly. He asked for some cheesecloth, made a little compress, and putting the kernels into it he twisted it into a ball and began to rub it over the fiddle. The instrument began to shine. A ray of sun hit it and it sparkled.

"See!" he cried, twirling the fiddle like a spindle. It was as good as magic. "Did you ever see such a finish? As I live—a Guarnerius! A regular Guarnerius!" He smiled and added, "From Jersey City."

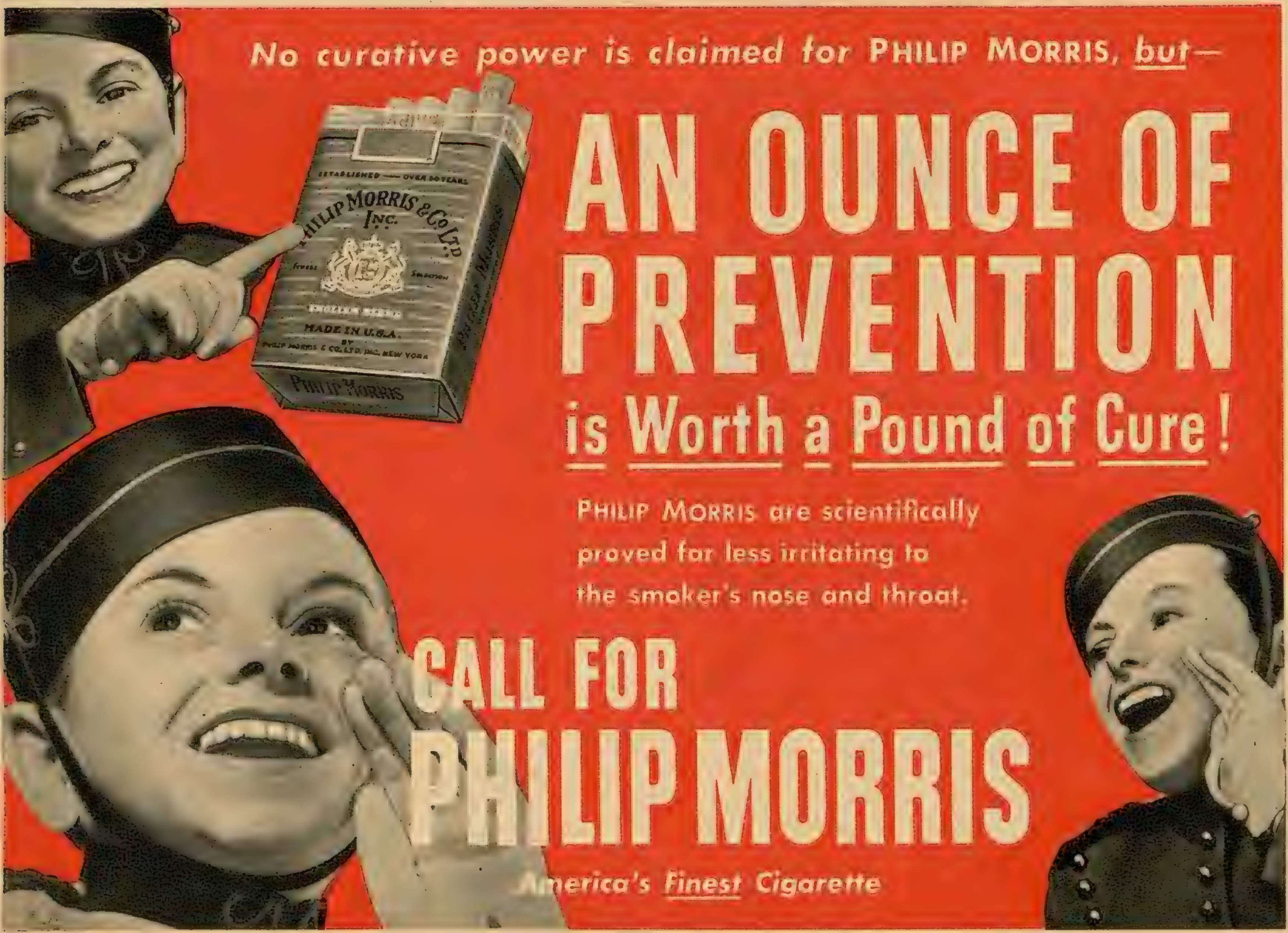
MASHA was nearing five. How long could you wait? The fingers would get stiff. Simon was looking for a teacher. And once he came to us in a high glee.

He had found the teacher for little Masha. A teacher! A technique! A staccato like—like a machine gun. A legato like the River Don. A graduate of Leipzig. He knew Kreisler. Knew Kreisler! Well, you can imagine! "Fritz" he called him! He charged two dollars for a whole hour. You had to talk Polish to him.

A few weeks later Simon came, gloomy. That Pianowski. True he slept in one bed with Kreisler. True he was a conservatory graduate. But the man was a drunkard. A drunkard? A fish! Simon could manage to pay for the lessons, but where's the limit? Who could supply all that whisky?"

In spite of all this, little Masha progressed. For Simon it was a golden period. His eyes were never brighter, his black mane never so glossy. His hands were in ecstasy. Masha did this. Masha did that. She already knew all the keyboard positions. She was even playing that piece Simon had heard Elman play at the Waldorf-Astoria.

"When will you bring her over, Simon?" asked Father. Simon smiled. "When I decorate a room—it must



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be finished. Then I show it. When our Masha plays the Mendelssohn without a mistake, by heart—then I'll bring her."

This went on for almost a year. We had been expecting Simon one evening. Mother had put the kettle on. Father was at his desk in the office. We were waiting. Simon hadn't been to see us for many months. Mother said he hadn't been well that summer.

The doorbell rang, and as Mother opened the door, Simon walked in slowly. He sat down heavily. His face was drawn.

I couldn't keep from looking at his hands. They were deathly white and each wrist was swollen. When he talked about Masha his eyes livened a bit. Then he lifted his hands to say something. I saw that his hands actually drooped and his fingers hung. It was a horrible sight. I asked myself: If Simon's hands were dying, how could Simon live?

He had been to the doctor. He talked for a while and then he asked to speak to Father alone. They both went into Father's office and remained there a long time. I heard Father speaking earnestly.

LATER Mother told me. Simon had contracted lead poisoning. He must have had it a long time. This was the first time we had found out. He was worried about his work, about Masha's lessons. He wanted to know whether he could learn to sell insurance, like Father did. Father thought it might work out. He had many prospects he couldn't get to. It might be that Simon could help that way. He thought Simon had the personality for it.

Simon would sit listening to Father's plans, trying to persuade himself. But his hands rested lifeless over each knee. Father's rate book had hundreds of thin pages covered with tiny figures. For every age there was a different rate. For every year there was still a different figure. Simon's face would fall as he glanced through the tiny numbers. "I'll have to know all this," said Simon. "Just where to look," Father answered. Simon nodded.

The next few months Simon had managed to bring in several applications. Father was pleased, but he became puzzled as he studied the forms Simon had filled out. "These have to be photographed, Simon. They go into the policy. Your handwriting—"

"I know," Simon said. "I cannot control my fingers any more. What do you think I should do?"

Father looked at Simon and Simon at him. "Don't look at me!" he shouted. "Tell me—tell me what to do!"

Father shook his head at the applications and said, "Don't be angry, Simon. You're not well. I think you'll have to give this up."

Later that week Father explained the disability clause in Simon's insurance policy. Simon kept looking through the window as Father spoke. I saw that Simon hadn't had a haircut and that there were streaks of gray showing. His eyes were somber and sunken.

When he reached into his pocket for the policy, he winced.

After tea, Father guided Simon's hand as he signed a paper. Father and Mother tried to cheer him. Simon would receive so much a month from the company, and with Bessie's hats—he could manage. Yes. Not rich, but you could manage. Simon sat a while and then he slowly returned his policy to his jacket. He got up and went to the door and said good-by. Then he added quietly, his eyes on the doorknob, "Masha is playing for the Institute." He looked up with a slight glow. "They might take her in."

Father asked, "What is she playing?"

The hollows of Simon's eyes brightened with little creases. "The Mendelssohn," he answered. Then he appeared embarrassed. He had already said good-by. There was nothing more to do.

That was the last time that we ever saw Simon. He was stricken the following week as he attempted to start a fire in the stove. Bessie was at work in the millinery store. When Masha came from school she found Simon on the floor. They were both beside him when he died that night. It was three weeks before Masha was to have played for the Institute.

THE three of us were trying to listen to Cadden's portable. Its news reports were filtering through under the perpetual braying of the hospital juke box as it played above our heads, tune after tune, day after day, from sun-up till lights-out.

We three had come back to the States in the same convoy. Cadden, a Pennsylvania steelworker, had had an arm torn off by a shell. Grote, whose spine wound kept him in bed, had been a reporter on a Negro newspaper. I was there because part of my foot had stopped a land mine.

There were about thirty of us to the ward. Cadden, Grote, and I were a little older than the rest. We had been together on the hospital ship and now we were bed neighbors. We had come a few days ago and we weren't well enough for occupational or the hospital factory—nor sick enough, outside of Grote, to stay in bed all day.

Cadden switched off the radio and glared at the amplifier in a corner. "There's a guy downstairs with five thousand nickels," he said.

Saturday Night Is the Loneliest Night came on for the fifth time.

The nurse came in with Grote's hypo. We watched. Both of us felt the jab, the plunger going in. We were both flicked with the same little burning twinge as the nurse took the needle from Grote's hip. Then we took a deep breath as Grote settled back waiting for the morphine to start working.

(Continued on page 93)

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(*Continued from page 91*)

"What's on tonight, fellas?" asked Grote.

"On? Anything on?" I asked.

"Yep," said Cadden. "Some dame with a fiddle. She's comin' up on the ward at seven tonight."

"How do you know?"

Cadden fished in his pocket with his left hand. "Some guy gave me this bulletin lunchtime." He handed it to me. I read it aloud, " 'Ward Concert—Mary Lombard, violinist, Chausson, Bach, Paganini—' "

WE had supper earlier that night. They had dimmed the lights in the long ward. There was a little platform up front in the center aisle that divided the two rows of beds and they were lifting a miniature piano onto it. The juke box had been stopped and a little spotlight illuminated the platform.

All afternoon I had been thinking of Simon. I remembered now that I had never actually seen Masha. We had moved to Harlem after Simon had . . . Masha must be a grown woman. I had lost track of everybody when I left home. I didn't know she had continued with her fiddle. I had said something about it to Grote. He thought he had heard her play at Savannah in '39. Yes—this must be Simon's daughter.

A soldier had come on the platform with some music. The boys applauded. And then she came on, smiling, graceful, in a neat red dress. There were whistles and then a shush. I could see her hair was a tawny chestnut. Bessie's hair was that color.

We were listening to the Poème, by Chausson, and I was going back to Simon, miles and years back—to the street cries, the vendors of the hot swollen beans, the sedate sellers of Turkish candy with their enormous trays balanced on their heads, the jangling streetcars running past the courthouse on Madison Street.

Masha was playing the Chaconne. The full, round, and singing fugues were springing and being sprung by convoluting echoes. She was playing it brilliantly. Cadden sat with his good arm resting on the arm of the wheel chair. Grote's eyes were open, watching the ceiling. The ward was quiet as a pin. If only Simon could hear this, these effortless flowing legatos and then the jumping bow—little splashes of resonance making a soaring filigree of sound.

There was a short intermission. The boys had started applauding again as she started the Paganini caprices. The last one had tiny fluted *harmonica*. She was to have played the Baalshem after the Paganini. She had announced it as a last-minute addition. But the boys kept on applauding and she had to play the last caprice over again.

The Baalshem was a *nigun*, an improvisational singsong that embellished prayer. It mounted with a slow and grieving cry from the lower string, creeping up to the E. I had heard these *nigunim* in the old days as we passed the synagogues during the high holidays. To me they had always sounded like a steady repetitious drone, enlivened occasionally by an individual improvisation that rose above the rest. But now we were hearing a high, thin, crazed, and unhuman sob. Her hand was crouching up toward the fiddle's bridge and little highpitched frenzies were pouring from her fingers.

In the Paganini I had thought of Simon—"A staccato like a machine gun, a legato like the River Don!" I was remembering there was staccato all over the world and all its rivers had pulsed with blood. And in this music which was relating the torture of a folk there was also transfiguration—rebirth—unconquerable courage.

She had finished. The soldier-accompanist had taken her fiddle, and she stepped off the platform, stopping to talk to the boys. It took a time before she reached us.

"May I sit down?" she asked as she approached Grote's bed.

"Please," said Grote.

"Aren't you—aren't you Masha?" I asked.

She laughed, "Goodness, I haven't been called that in years! How—"

"I knew your father," I said. I introduced myself and Cadden and Grote.

"Yes, I remember," Masha said. "And your father had a milk-white sign in the window, 'General Agent.' "

I nodded, watching her hands as she talked. They weren't like Simon's. They were long, nail-clipped, and the tips of her left hand were flattened.

"Mother is still on Henry Street," Masha was saying. "Nothing will get her to move. She shook her head. Her eyes brooded, luminous and large, like Simon's. "A lot of things have happened since Henry Street, haven't they? And you—how are you boys getting on?"

Cadden said, "You come back a couple a more times and see!"

"Oh, yes. I am. I'll try—as often as you want me. You boys are my best listeners. Which reminds me." Masha slid gently from Grote's bed. "I promised the major I'd be out of here by nine. Have you a pencil?" Cadden gave her his. "Here," she said. "I'm playing at the Lanley General tomorrow night, but you can always reach me at this address. I want you to write to me. Promise?"

THE ward was dark. The boys were still whispering. Cadden had clambered into bed and was soon asleep. Grote was still awake, waiting for his needle. "She's the one I heard play at Savannah," he said.

It was getting quiet. The whispering was dying, the boys were falling asleep. "I know now about Simon," I said.

"Simon?" Grote asked quietly.

"Yes. His hands. They're still alive."

THE END

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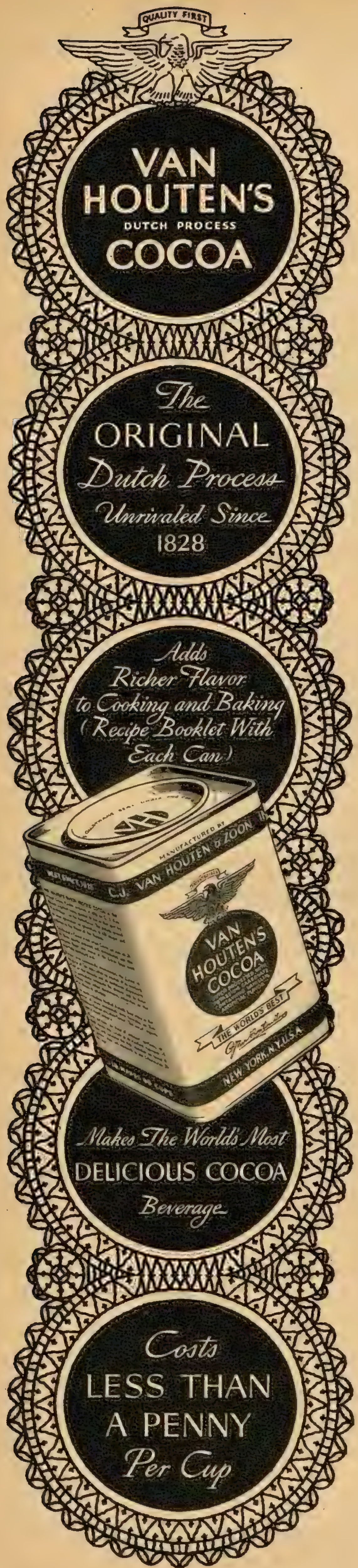

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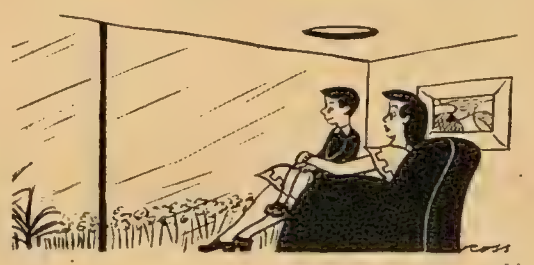
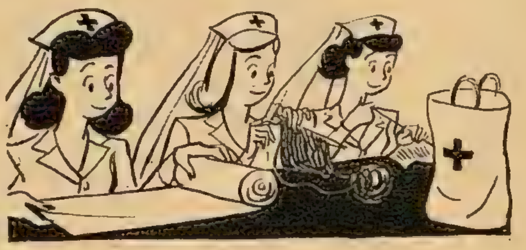
Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

HOUSE OF GLASS: There is sparkling evidence in a large New York department store that certain fortunate people in the future will live in glass houses. A five-room "house of glass" has been installed in the store by an important glass company, and the public is being shown with mirrors, flat glass, plate glass, and all their modern cousins many new and lovely ways of using this product in the home. Even the gas stove in the "kitchen of tomorrow" has an oven door with a "window" of two layers of glass separated by insulating air space. The window enables Momma to see how her roast or cake or rolls are behaving without opening the oven door. The same glass is also used for the doors at the entrance to the house. The living room is fitted with a new insulating windowpane which has a layer of dehydrated air between two panes of glass sealed in by a patented metal-to-glass band around the edges of the two panes. The combination desk and bookcase is made of bleached oak with mirrored panels. A pickled-oak dining-room table is adorned with a ribbon band of mirror around the base of the legs, while heavy clear glass is used for the top. The walls of the powder room and bathroom are of an opaque structural glass possessing high tensile and crushing strength. Many types of glass items, from glass table mats to glass coffee tables are shown. Incidentally, if a customer wants to reproduce the House of Glass in toto for his own living quarters, he should be richer than Croesus and have no children in either his own or his friends' families. Glass houses are beautiful, and much of the glass is far stronger than the glass to which we have been accustomed, but, even so—



MOTHERS-TO-BE: Expectant mothers may go to the head of the line when queues form in front of London stores. Special labels, saying "Queue Priority, Please," are attached to their ration books in accordance with a recent order issued by Sir Ben Smith, Minister of Food. . . . The mortality of U. S. women giving birth to children was cut by more than one third during the first three years of this decade, according to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company statisticians. Only twenty white mothers per 10,000 live births died in 1943 and fifty-one colored mothers per 10,000. Maternal mortality in 1940 in the white population ranged from thirty-nine per 10,000 live births in the East South Central States to twenty-seven in the Pacific States. By 1943 the rate for the East South Central States was twenty-five per 10,000, while it was only eighteen for the Pacific States. The statisticians observe that only 43 per cent of the confinements in the East South Central States were attended by a physician in a hospital, whereas in the Pacific States 95 per cent of the women gave birth to their babies in hospitals. In the country as a whole, maternal mortality was two and one half times as high among the colored as among the whites. The fact that 77 per cent of the whites and only 33 per cent of the colored were hospitalized would indicate that a hospital is a mighty fine place to be when enlarging the family.



HOW YOU'VE GROWN!—Here's to the Junior Red Cross! Organized in 1927, it has grown into the largest youth organization in the world, with an audited enrollment in 1945 of more than 20,000,000 members. The Red Cross reports it has again set the two weeks' period from November 1 to 15 for the enrollment of additional Junior Red Cross members. Functioning mainly in the schools, Junior Red Cross members have produced more than 35,000,000 comfort and recreational articles for the armed forces since Pearl Harbor. Since the beginning of the war, appropriations amounting to $670,000 have been made from the Junior Red Cross National Children's Fund to their contemporaries overseas and at home. Last year Junior Red Cross members packed nearly 7,500,000 gifts, valued at $1,000,000, for children abroad.

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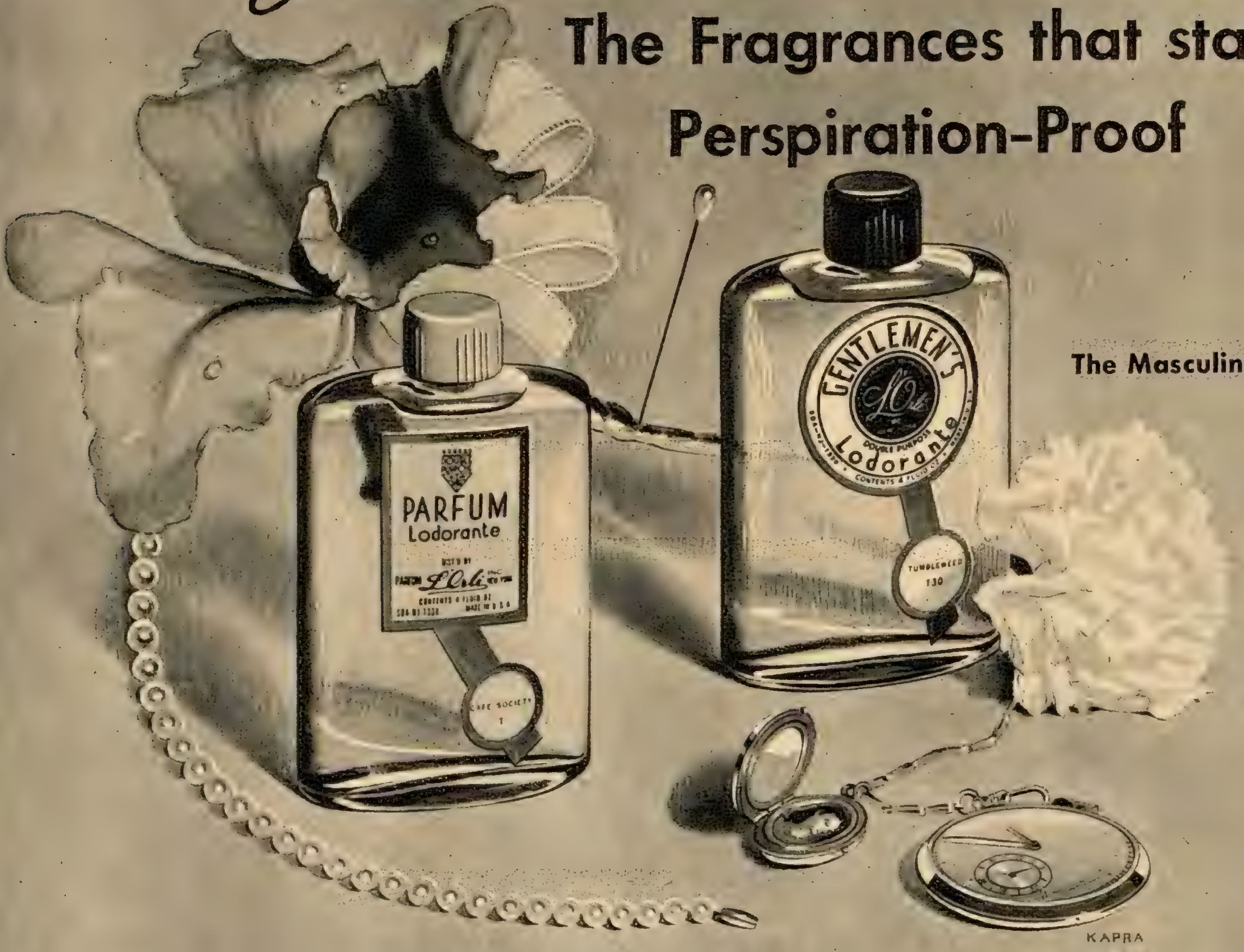
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VETERAN HATCHET MAN RE-ENLISTS

Continued from Page 23

debate coach tried to persuade him to give up public speaking. But in his third year he made the Spokane High School debate team, and at the University of Washington he was one of the first freshmen ever to make the varsity team. He stayed on it four years.

Early in 1916 Lewis Schwellenbach was a member of a team upholding the affirmative in a debate with Reed College (Portland, Oregon) on the subject, "Resolved: That the military forces of the United States should be substantially increased." The affirmative won, and the debate, it turned out, was prophetic, in that the military forces were increased the next year by the addition of at least one stalwart: Lewis Schwellenbach became a private in the Twelfth Infantry. The regiment got to the east coast on its way to France, but Armistice Day found it still at Camp Mills.

Like Truman, Schwellenbach is a "barefoot Democrat," having held that banner aloft when it did him no good. His political activities remained largely academic until the Roosevelt landslide of 1932. The first landslide did nothing for Schwellenbach, because he lost the primary, but when he got the 1934 nomination for the Senate, Roosevelt did the rest.

Schwellenbach was the longest name in the Senate. The new senator's grandfather had worn it over from Germany many years before. Huey Long referred to him as Schwellenbacher. Huey was once starting a speech when Schwellenbach rose to ask a question. "Were you correctly quoted in the papers of yesterday," he inquired, "in characterizing me as 'Kemal Pasha'?" But the Kingfish said he had been misquoted, and meekly yielded the floor.

Long's was the first scalp that the freshman senator took. The Kingfish was entering the twelfth hour of a filibuster on extension of the NRA when Schwellenbach served notice that all the young senators in the back row, including Truman, had gone out and drunk three cups of coffee apiece, "which will enable them to stay here for another twelve hours while the senator from Louisiana speaks." From the back row they chanted their objections in unison and gave Huey no rest. The filibuster was broken at 4 A. M. after fifteen and a half hours. Long called Schwellenbach "the cruelest man in the Senate." This from Sir Huey was praise indeed.

In 1935, senatorial desks were flooded with telegrams opposing the public utility holding company bill. Looking into their origin as a member of the Black Lobby Investigating Committee, Schwellenbach found the trail of Howard C. Hopson of the Associated Gas & Electric Company. The trail was faint and often crooked, but Schwellenbach's research provided the foundation for Hopson's later conviction on charges of mail fraud.

Among the most violent editorial critics of the committee's seizure of private telegrams was William Randolph Hearst. Welcoming Hearst as "the plumed knight leading the American newspaper fraternity," Schwellenbach delivered a speech which took parts of two Senate sessions and filled fourteen pages of the Congressional Record. Hearst responded, attacking especially through his Seattle Post-Intelligencer in the senator's home state.

The Hearst papers made much of the financial troubles of several companies incorporated by Schwellenbach in Seattle during the '20s, chiefly as counsel for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Hearst pointed out that the A. J. Duffy whose name appeared on some of the stock certificates with Schwellenbach's was Ann Duffy, later the senator's wife. She had been employed at the time by some of the Brotherhood enterprises.

BEFORE his election to the Senate, Schwellenbach had a large labor practice in Seattle, a labor-conscious city. He won the right of picketing in one case. In his early practice he had the usual struggles of a young lawyer. He defended two men charged with murder, and both of them were hanged.

Schwellenbach did not hesitate to call names either in political meetings or the Senate. At the instance of the White House, he read Al Smith out of the party in a Senate speech which reminded the Happy Warrior of his old friendship for Roosevelt. He spoke of the "leeches, rascals, crooks, and blood-sucking lawyers" who, he said, controlled the policies of the American Liberty League, sponsor of a dinner at which Smith was to speak. This was the address, delivered in Washington, in which Al Smith threatened to take a walk.

In the campaign year of 1936 Schwellenbach defended the neutrality law. However, there were many changes in the next three years. In October, 1939, he said it was dangerous to our peace to maintain the embargo on arms. He characterized the bill to repeal the embargo as "the most complete and orderly retreat from war that any nation ever executed."

In the other direction, Schwellenbach was alive to the dangers of Japanese operations in China. He worked tirelessly for an embargo to keep our scrap iron from the Japanese. "We have no treaty obligations in Europe," he said in the summer of 1939. "We do have most definite and sacred treaty obligations in Asia. Yet we almost completely

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neglect consideration of them even though respect for them would probably materially lessen the chance of the European war we so much fear." He urged the country to get out of the Asiatic war in which, by supplying scrap, it had aligned itself with Japan.

He managed to see eye to eye with Roosevelt on everything except a few pieces of legislation—such as the soldiers' bonus, on which he voted to override the veto. He supported the "court packing" even when the bill was obviously hopeless. But he did a lot of work besides follow administration orders. In that period someone called him "Double-Duty Louie" because he was both hatchet man and senator. He was alert for the long-term interests of his home state—insisting, for instance, on a high dam at Grand Coulee. He also kept an eye on Alaska, and frowned on Jap encroachment in the fishing industry.

ALL of a senator's routine work, added to the White House special assignments, wore on Schwellenbach's health. He announced his intention of running again, but changed his mind. There was friction with his home-state colleague, Senator Homer T. Bone. It was reported also that he had been promised the Supreme Court vacancy that went to William O. Douglas, another Westerner.

At any rate, a vacancy occurred in the district court at Spokane, and Schwellenbach demanded the place and got it.

The Senate confirmed him on May 8, 1940, the day his nomination came from the White House. In one six-year term he had done more than many a Senate graybeard.

Senator George W. Norris, the veteran liberal leader, was hurt and angry when he first heard that Schwellenbach was leaving. He had pronounced the younger man "the coming hope of the United States Senate." Until he learned that health was the reason, he felt that he had been deserted by his logical successor.

If Schwellenbach found it hard to leave the Senate for the bench, he found it even harder to leave the bench for the Cabinet this year.

THE END

* * *

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It's a musical fiesta as colorful as a cockatoo, with a story to match and music in the mood.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll be humming like a humming bird after hearing "Will You Marry Me?", "I've An Angel", "This Is A Day For Love", "Yolanda", and "Coffee Time". Arthur Freed and Harry Warren really wrote their hearts into these.

★ ★ ★ ★

The good provider of fun is Frank Morgan—aided by Mildred Natwick (of Broadway fame), Mary Nash, and Leon Ames. Jacques Thery and Ludwig Bemelmans wrote the story and Irving Brecher fashioned it to the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Director Vincente Minnelli brings his M-G-Magic touch to "Yolanda". Arthur Freed felt so good about producing it that he helped write the songs.

★ ★ ★

How do we feel about it? Oops ...there we go! We've got that dancing-on-clouds, falling-in-love feeling again!

—*Leo*

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

June Allyson dreams up a waltz with her prince (Robert Walker).

HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) June Allyson, Robert Walker, Hedy Lamarr

ONCE upon a time there was a studio that made a picture called Weekend at the Waldorf. Everybody had such a good time on this set that they decided to take their favorite fairy tales and act them out in the same hotel.

They needed a beautiful princess, and since no one was more beautiful than Hedy Lamarr, they gave her the crown. Then they had to have a poor but honest young man who was a prince in his heart and could show it in his face, so they summoned Robert Walker.

Finally they wanted a Cinderella, a sweet crippled girl who learns to walk again when the young man falls in love with her. It so happened that there existed at this time a lovely brown-eyed blonde, one of the nicest actresses in the land, and her name was June Allyson.

If it didn't happen that way, it should have. As for the plot with its saccharine moral; it doesn't get in the way much, and it's told tongue-in-cheek fashion, anyway.

The saving grace of the piece is June Allyson. She takes the rather thin material, warms it, adds spice and honey and real tears, and makes you love her. Her dream sequence is done with nice restraint (no dry ice or live steam in this one). Just a young girl getting up from an invalid couch and waltzing in a ball gown with her uniformed hero.

Robert Walker and "Rags" Ragland are good foils for each other—a sort of grown-up Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn engaged in innocent peccadilloes. Hedy Lamarr is—well, Hedy Lamarr *plus* a diamond tiara.

It's a pretty sound entertainment formula, based on Hollywood's premise that most people like fairy tales.

Her Royal Highness (Hedy Lamarr) finds the American bellboy a *very* interesting type.

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The story of a returned boy-hero whose family still thinks he's a baby!

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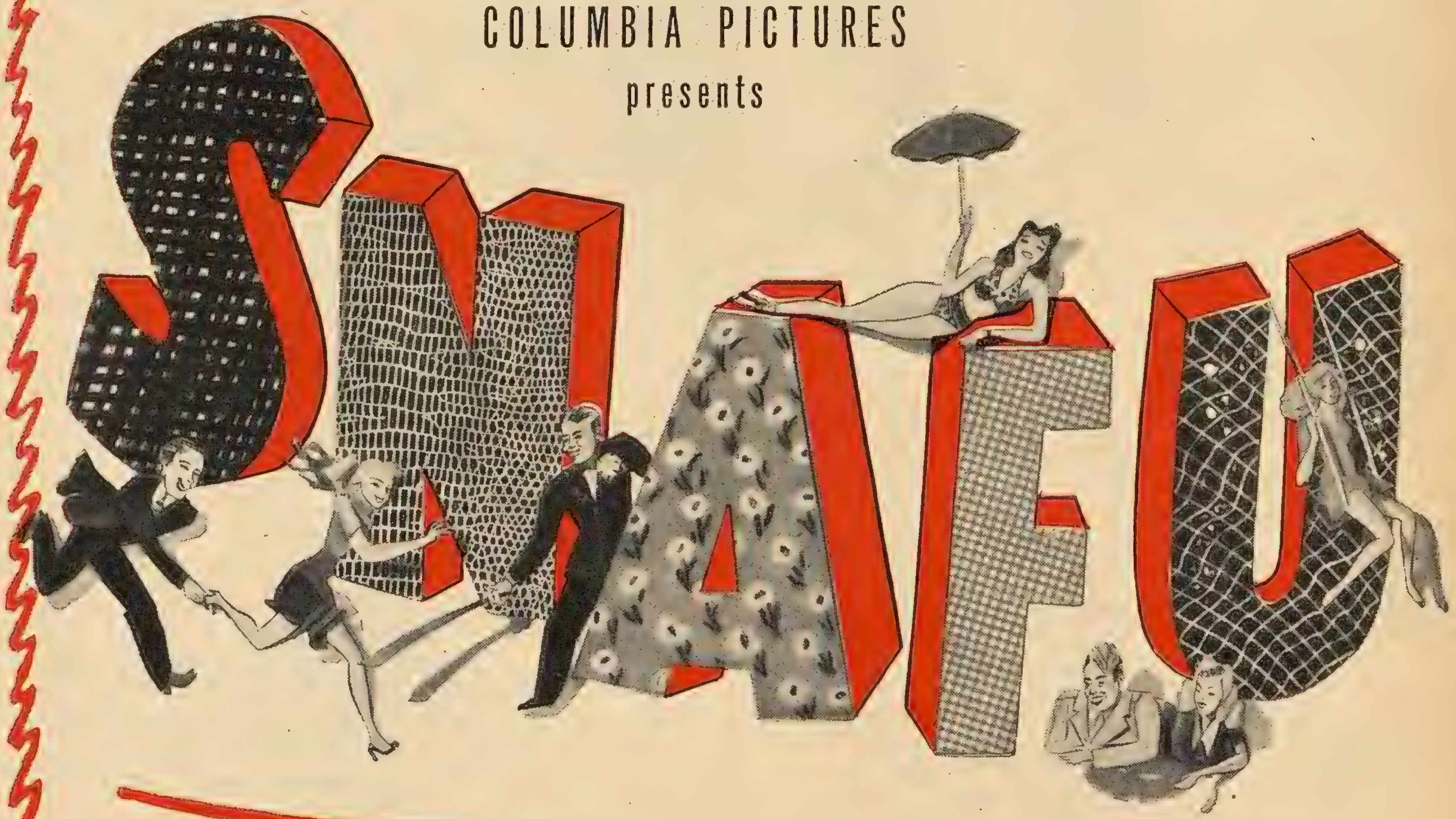

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THE DOLLY SISTERS

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Betty Grable, June Haver, John Payne

NOT one but two—count them—*two* bouncy, buxom blondes all dressed up in a minimum of feathers and a maximum of Technicolor! The Dolly Sisters is a period piece—not quite out of date—and the Misses Grable and Haver are strikingly representative of the song-and-dance tradition of a generation ago.

Jennie and Rosie Dolly came to America from Hungary and heaped fame on themselves. Their doings were fabulous enough for any scenario, and when incarnated in the frabjous frames of Grable and Haver and gowned by Orry Kelly—it's a flash spectacle all right, all right.

Nearly everyone within the sound of their voices will have pleasant memories of the songs they sing—like I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, Give Me the Moonlight, Give Me the Girl, or Carolina in the Morning. And, in one super-gorgeous setting at the Folies-Bergère, the stars and chorus are made even more luscious-looking in sepia-tint make-up for the Darktown Strutters' Ball.

Between them, Jennie and Rosie made several more marriages than are depicted in the film and their career did not follow the Siamese line down which they are bowled here. However, even though their screen biographies are oversimplified. The Dolly Sisters make for a lot of glamor.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BLITHE SPIRIT. Rex Harrison, Constance Cummings, Margaret Rutherford. Comedy.

MILDRED PIERCE. Joan Crawford, Ann Blyth, Jack Carson. Drama. (Warner Bros.)

THE TRUE GLORY. A great documentary.

STATE FAIR. Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, Dick Haymes. Musical. (20th Century-Fox).

PRIDE OF THE MARINES. John Garfield, Eleanor Parker. Drama. (Warner Bros.)

CATCH YOUR OWN FUR COAT

Continued from Page 28

water to get apples, and sometimes will even gnaw the bark from trees. Though they're finicky about meat, I've never found anything with roots in the ground that muskrats won't sample now and again.

In looking for them, find a pond or a stream whose banks are overgrown with vegetation. Don't despair if you cannot find a river flanked by a thirty-foot margin of cattails and bulrushes. I once took an excellent catch of muskrats from a two-foot-wide stream that rambled through a treeless meadow. But you'll seldom find any but transient muskrats in culverts and rock-ribbed streams whose banks are bare. They can't exist without vegetation, and any water clean enough to support it is clean enough for muskrats.

After you've found a likely spot, the next thing is to find your muskrats. Naturally you aren't going to see one supporting a sign saying "I Am a Muskrat." But you don't have to be a Daniel Boone, or need anything except reasonably good eyes, to tell whether or not muskrats live in the water you have discovered.

IF you've hit a pond or a marsh, the chances are the muskrats have built houses in it. These look like half-round piles of reeds and mud. In reality they are snug little houses. The muskrats make them by piling a sort of mortar, made of mud and held together by reeds, in places where the water is about two feet deep. When the mortar is high enough to show above the surface, the muskrat dives and tunnels upward through it. A little chamber, big enough for a single family, is hollowed out.

Sometimes two families will occupy the same house, but when they do, a chamber is made for each family. More weeds and mud are used on the moundlike houses until the walls are thick enough to keep out the cold and to withstand any battering from ice. These mounds are an infallible sign that muskrats inhabit the place you intend to trap.

I have never seen muskrat houses built in running streams and rivers. Muskrats seem to understand the nature of the waters they inhabit, and know their houses cannot withstand the sudden floods encountered in running water. Not that ordinary floods would bother muskrats very much, for they are excellent swimmers. When found along small streams and rivers, muskrats tunnel into the banks and make their living chambers there. The entrances are submerged as protection against their natural enemies. Keep a close watch on the water line along the banks of streams. If you see anything that looks like a burrow, ram a stick in it. If the stick penetrates beyond a couple of feet, you have almost certainly found a muskrat burrow.

If you can't find any burrows, keep an eye on the grass along the edge of the banks. There may be little, scuffed places as though a child had scraped the surface with a stick. Those are places where muskrats have been digging for roots or bulbs. Or if you see a pile of mussel shells, usually in the water, it's a sign that muskrats are not far away. Watch for trails, tiny but definitely marked paths, leading from the water. If the trails lead to an apple tree, a vegetable garden, or a thick growth of grass, it's probable the muskrats are using them in their search for food.

Lastly, and as an absolute guaranty of the presence of muskrats, carefully examine the rocks and stumps, or any likely resting place above the water's surface. Muskrats are the prey of mink and big fish in the water and of hawks and owls from above. And usually a muskrat will carry his food to an old log or a rock that protrudes above the water. He can look about him as he eats and is ready to dive if an enemy approaches.

Locating your muskrats in advance of the season saves time. It is a good idea, as well, to make friends with anyone living in sight of your trapping area. The most irascible landowner, who has his place posted against trespassers, will usually give you free access if you convince him that you intend to act decently.

EVEN if you live in the heart of New York, somewhere within easy reach there is water in which muskrats live. Because they are bypassed by most professionals, places near cities are often fur bonanzas.

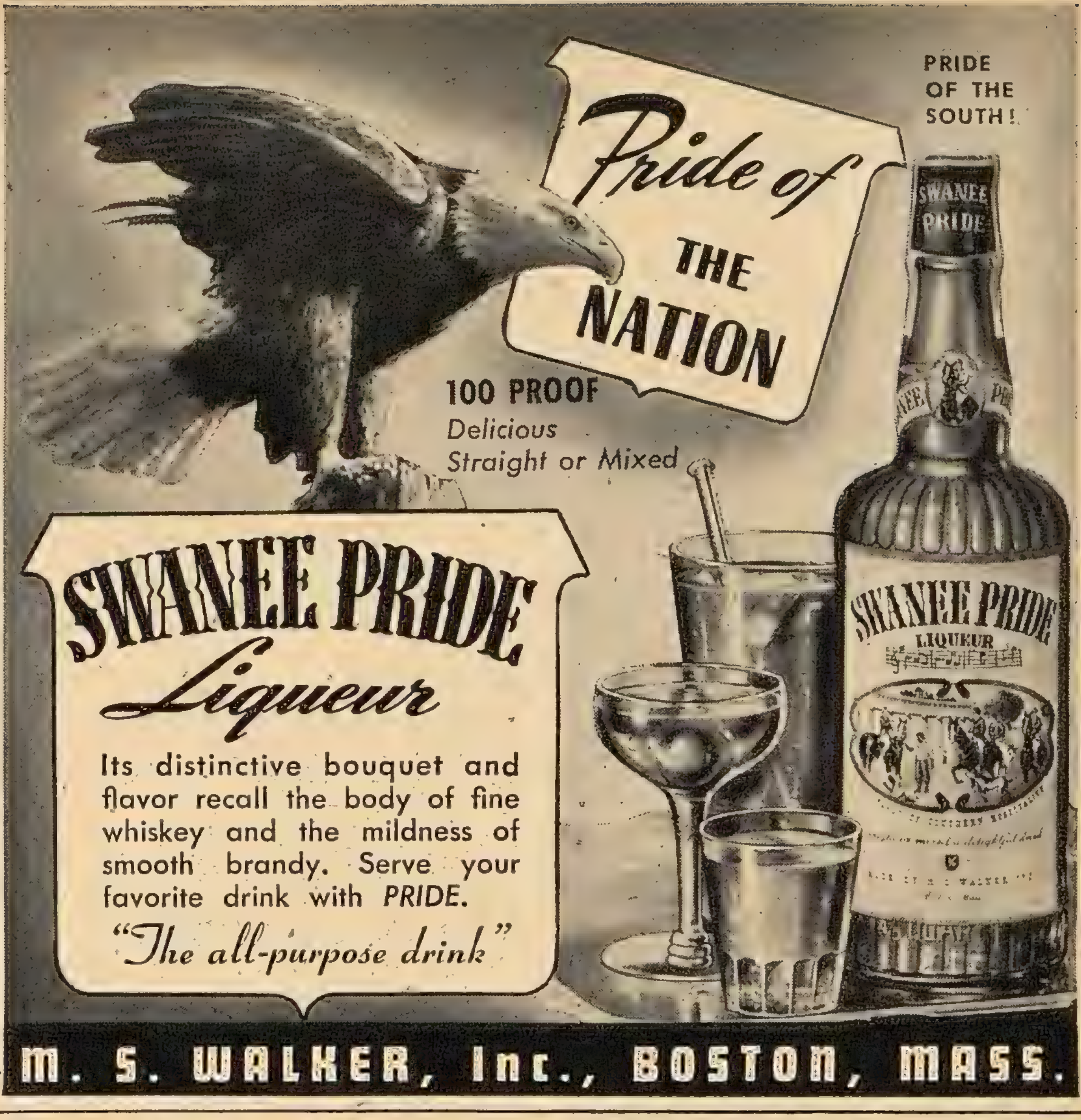
One of the most successful trappers I know—a professional who traps an eighteen-mile stretch of river between two cities whose populations are respectively 150,000 and 70,000 people—regularly earns from $3,000 to $5,000 in a five-month trapping season.

But now you have your muskrats located, you're ready to catch some furs.

First, dress according to the season. If it's cold, you may wear exactly what you'd put on if you were going hiking or skating.

The best time to start is late afternoon. Muskrats are nocturnal, and will venture out of their burrows about nightfall. Your traps must remain out overnight if you're going to catch any at all, and late afternoon is the best time for starting, because, unfortunately, nearly every locality harbors one or two trap thieves. Usually, if your traps are set before dusk, darkness prevents their discovery by would-be trap lifters.

As far as the traps are concerned, it isn't necessary to do anything special to them before they're set. Professionals go to great lengths to deodorize them, and handle them with deodorized gloves, because most strictly wild things will shy away from human scent. But, paradoxi-



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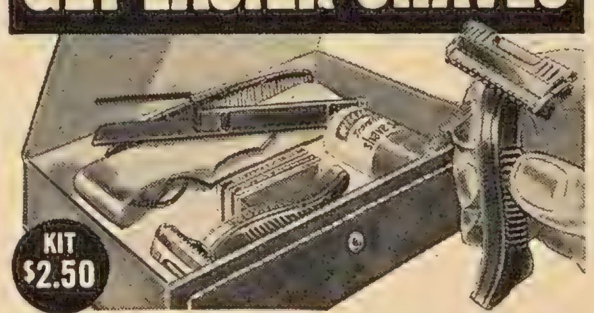

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cally enough, where human beings are commonplace and wild animals are accustomed to them, they aren't nearly so likely to be cautious. Anyway, your traps will be set under water and that in itself is an effective scent killer.

But you must exercise some discretion in their setting. A muskrat is a small animal—about two pounds—and it's obvious that, while swimming, his paws aren't going to descend deeply enough to be caught in a trap that is submerged two feet. Some expert trappers occasionally set their traps deeply, but the amateur will do well if he sets no trap more than three inches deep. The trap must be placed exactly right, since it is only about three inches wide when set, and the trap pan is possibly an inch and a half in diameter.

Placing it is easier than it sounds. Animals are a great deal like people in many ways, and once they've laid out a route for themselves, they'll follow it again and again.

Suppose you've found a trail leading up the bank. Set your trap in the water so the pan is precisely in line with the center of the path. If there is silt in the creek, sink the trap so that the upper surface of the set jaws is barely covered. Use a few dead leaves to cover the trap if there is no silt. One precaution—never step directly in the trail—stand to one side.

Then cut from eight to ten feet of wire from your coil, tie a stick to one end of the wire so the ring of the trap will not slip, and throw that end into deep water. Run the other end through your trap ring and fasten it to any handy root or branch. This saves fur—a muskrat left too long in a trap will gnaw its own foot off if it can escape in no other way—and it is also merciful. When a muskrat is trapped, his first instinct is to head for deep water. The trap chain will slide down the wire, and when it comes to the stick, the muskrat will still try to get into deeper water. He'll drown in a very short time.

IF you can't find a path, locate one of the "eating" logs or rocks. On a great many of these there are shelves about two inches below the surface. The muskrat swims across them when heading for his favorite dining table, and they make good setting places. Water-logged boards or railroad ties are ideal places for such sets. If you're unable to find, or reach, one of these places, seek a pile of mussel shells. Every time the muskrat brings up another mussel he'll go to the same place to shuck it and there'll be displaced stones, impressions in the sand, and other telltale signs to reveal his route. Or make your set along the bank where muskrats have been digging for roots.

If no suitable blind set is available, it's simple to make a bait set. Select a place where the water isn't more than three inches deep, cut a stick about seven inches long, and impale a bit of apple or carrot on it. If you've bought a bottle of scent, dip the end of the stick in that. Then thrust it into the creek bed so the baited end hangs over your trap. In any case you must use the wire and drowning set.

Some of your best trapping will come after streams freeze over. Muskrats live under the ice all winter, but they must breathe air, and will come out to sit on the ice wherever there's a break. A hole chopped close to the bank will often reveal a tiny path—six or eight inches wide—and a trap placed there will usually make a catch.

YOUR sharp knife comes in handy after you've caught your muskrats. Hang them upside down, cut around all four legs, remove the hairless tail, and make a clean slit from the base of one hind leg to the other. Then peel the skin off as you would a glove. It will probably take you an hour to skin the first one, but after the sixth you'll skin a muskrat in three minutes.

Stretch the skin over a one-inch board the ends of which have been whittled to about the shape of a rowboat's prow. The board should be about seven inches wide by about eighteen long. Three or four thumbtacks at the tail end of the skin will hold it in place. Hang the stretched skin in a dry place, and leave it on the board for at least a week. Incidentally, the carcass is excellent eating. Muskrats are as far removed from the common house rat as canaries are from ostriches.

Never trap muskrats after your state game laws have declared the season closed. Regardless of laws, stop trapping anyway when the young appear. Muskrats mate in early spring. A male will fight all challengers for the possession of a female, and after a gestation period of twenty-one days, from three to nine young are born. The young take care of themselves in about six weeks, and a second and third litter will follow the first.

By the end of the season those of the first litter are already producing young.

Muskrats possess a beautiful lustrous pelt that is worth about two dollars on the current market. However, instead of selling yours, you may wish to follow the example of a lawyer friend of mine who has located muskrats within easy reach of Chicago. He caught twenty-two his first season, saved their pelts, and added the following season's catch to them. At the end of three years he realized enough from the sale of one third of his pelts to have a fur coat made for his wife, used what he needed of the rest to make the coat, and came out with a cash profit of thirteen dollars. The coat is worth at least $500 in any store.

Anyone can do the same and have fun doing it.

THE END

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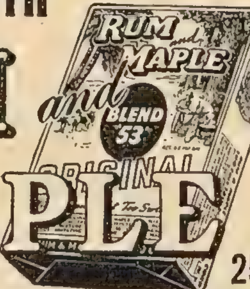

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THE CRYSTAL GAZERS AND THEIR NIGHT CHICKS

Continued from Page 25

say anything because I knew Bob could hear me, and if I yelled—which I wanted to do—it might throw him off. Then I heard Bob yell."

Bob said: "When Hugh told me the target was crossing and I went into my turn, I knew this was it. If Hugh had judged his vectors right, and if I'd followed him as I should, I'd be coming in right on her tail. If Hugh had been wrong, or if I had doped off, there wouldn't be anything out there but empty sky. So as I came out of my turn I flipped my finder and peered at the little orange-colored gauge on my panel—and there wasn't a blip on it. I thought we'd fouled something up.

"THEN I got her signal. It came swimming down from up in the left-hand corner, and I yelled, 'CONTACT!' So I rode in on her tail, watching the blip get bigger on the scope and coming nearer and nearer to the center as I swung the nose a little. Then I started squinting through the windscreen into the dark. And then I saw her—dead ahead and 300 feet above me—a big vague black shape in the light of the moon. She was about a quarter mile ahead, so I nosed up to climb a little above and swung to port to get on the dark side of the moon from her. She didn't know I was in the sky. I closed to 300 feet and gave the trigger a short quick squeeze—about eight rounds from each gun. We don't use tracers, but I could tell I was on. Right at the wing root between the port engine and the fuselage, I saw the white sparks flickering where the armor-piercing incendiaries were going in.

"Then I gave her another little squirt and the port gas tank blew up and her left wing was gone. She went down in a tight spin. I followed her down a ways, and when she hit the water her bombs blew, with fire flying everywhere, and that was all for her. Then I told Hugh."

"He told me all right," Gallarneau said. "He yelled, 'Splash one Betty!' loud enough to curl my ears. But I knew already, for as he rode down with her he kept talking—chattering, rather—'Watch that so-and-so burn! Watch her burn!' Then I settled back in my chair and took a look at the scope, and there was another bogey, coming right down the groove, the same way. So I cut short my congratulations and gave him a quick vector, and he was off again."

"Hugh brought me in this time just like he did before, and there she was, just where he said she would be," said Wellwood. "When she came into the cross hairs in the sight on the windscreen, I gave her a short

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burst. But she didn't flame. She started taking violent evasive action, and I saw her top turret gun go into action. It looked like the blue flame from a blowtorch, but I wasn't getting hit, so I didn't pay much attention. I started raking her from wing tip to wing tip, the white sparks dancing all along her wings and through the fuselage. I saw the port wing tip sheer off and the port engine begin to glow. She went into a graveyard spin to the left, going down fast. But she wasn't burning and I wanted her to burn, so I stayed right on her tail, going on down and pouring bullets into her.

"The first thing I knew, I felt my stick loose and realized I was in a spin, too. I broke out in a cold sweat all over. Spinning in the daytime is bad enough, but at night it's murder. I forgot about the Betty and started fighting the stick. Finally at 4,000 she started coming out and I leveled her off at 2,000. I was shaking. I didn't know what happened to the Betty. I didn't much care. I was scared to death."

(Bob didn't know, and Gallarneau had no way of knowing, either. But on the tip of an island far below, the members of an antiaircraft-gun crew heard a roaring in the sky and saw a glare, and looked up in time to see a flaming torch plunge out of a misty overcast and blow up as it struck the sea.)

"I WAS fighting to get back some altitude and get my head clear," said Wellwood. "I had vertigo so bad, every time I looked out of the cockpit the moon was whirling all over the sky. So I ducked down and started climbing. I began to settle down a little. I had in my pocket a little bottle of brandy the doc issues, so I took a nip and it helped. Hugh kept asking did I get her, but I had to tell him I didn't know. I thought so, but I didn't see her go in."

"He didn't say anything about the close shave he had in the spin," said Gallarneau, "but I thought he sounded a little wrung out. I was a little on edge myself, for while we were working his second Betty, another one had sneaked in and was right over me. She laid one stick of bombs about a hundred yards away to the right, and another, closer, off to the left, and the room was rocking and bucking like a ship in a rough sea. It was all I could do to keep from hitting the deck and crawling right through the planks. But I couldn't. I pushed my heart back down out of my throat and took a look at the scope. And there she was. It was the one that had been laying her eggs so close to me, I imagine, for she was coming from over the island, headed north for home, flying low and fast. So I put Bob on. I wanted him to get this one, above all else, for she had given me a bad time."

"I got my head cleared up a little and began to get over my jitters," Wellwood said. "Then Hugh broke in. He said, 'Looks like business is good tonight. I've got another customer for you.' So he swung me to port in a 180-degree turn, and headed me northwest and we were off to the races again. I guess I was overeager, because I overshot. She saw me before I saw her and the first glimpse I got, she was roaring right over my head, 300 feet above, turning. Before I could swing back she was gone.

"But Hugh still had her and he pulled me back on. She started going down fast in a dive, and I headed down after her, when I heard Hugh yell, 'Break off, Bob! There's a ship down there. She's leading you right into the Able-Able.' Before I had time to answer back I felt a hell of a jolt and I looked out to port. A big metal flower had blossomed up through my port wing. I could see the shiny white inside metal curled up around a big hole in the blue wing. I looked to starboard and I could see the tracers coming up. I felt two more hard jolts and my airspeed gauge went out.

"I GOT panicky. I kept screaming over the radio to Hugh, 'The damn fools are shooting at me!' But while I was yelling I could hear Hugh calling over and over, 'Hello, One Seven. How do you read me? Over.' So I knew my transmitter was shot out. I was going down in a corkscrew dive, turning and twisting every way I knew. Then I looked back over my shoulder and saw the AA going up astern of me and I knew I was out of it. If I had any airplane left, I was safe. And dead ahead of me, believe it or not, as I leveled off at 1,000 feet—dead ahead and 200 feet below was the Betty I'd been chasing."

"I saw the blips merge and heard Bob call 'Contact!' " said Gallarneau. "Then the merged blip made a ninety-degree swing to port and I saw they were headed right into the AA zone. I yelled to Bob to break off, and he started to say something, and then—silence. I kept calling him, for on the scope I saw them going in and I knew that the boys on the ship would be pouring all they had at both of them. Then the blip started to thin, and I knew one plane was gone—Bob or the Betty, I couldn't tell which. It moved off to the north, and I turned cold all over. If it had been Bob, he'd have been turning for home. It went north maybe three or four minutes and I just sat there watching it go. Then it swung west, then south. It came to within about fifteen miles and started a slow orbit. I felt like jumping up and cheering. I knew it was Bob. Yet I couldn't be sure. So I called Raccoon and borrowed Jim Smurr, one of Jack Wilson's chicks, and sent him up to investigate."

Bob Wellwood said: "The Betty saw me at the same time I saw her. That same blue blowtorch flame broke out from her top turret as her gunner opened fire. I bored on

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in and pulled the trigger. I had four guns firing. One was jammed and the AA had knocked out the other. I raked her back and forth across the wings once and then just sat there, pouring them into her back, right where I figured the pilot would be.

"It must have got him. She went into a tight spin to the right and down. She hit, and there was a gush of flame and that was all.

"So there I was, lost, and with no radio to call home. Then I heard Hugh calling Jim Smurr and giving him a vector, which might be me, because he said the bogey was in an orbit. But it worried me, his saying bogey, for I was afraid old Jim would come barreling in, hot and eager, and blow me up. Then I heard Hugh tell Jim he was two miles away and to approach with caution, for it might be me. I reached for my lights and snapped them on, and Jim came on in. I fell in on his wing, and he brought me home, calling for an emergency landing for me."

Hugh said: "When Smurr called in to say that the bogey was blinking its lights, and I knew for sure it was Bob and I hadn't let him get himself killed, I just sat there a long time with my head in my hands. Then I thought of something. If Bob had killed that last Betty, he had done something no night chick in the Pacific had done before—gotten three in one night. So I called Bob and told him—Jim was hearing me—to blink his lights if he got the last one.

"Pretty soon Jim came in. 'Hello, Poison,' he said. 'Aff-FIRMATIVE! He got her!' I went on to my tent and hit the sack. I hadn't moved out of my seat for two and one-half solid hours. But I was more tired and more worn out—and at the same time more exhilarated—than I'd ever been after the hardest football game."

AND that was how it was on the first night that the night chicks and their controllers began to click—four bombers and a fighter in the deep six. Bunny Lefaivre, with Jack Wilson scooting him around the sky like a ringmaster handling a circus pony, was getting his two while Wellwood was making his kills.

THE END

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U. S. Agricultural Service
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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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NOV. 10, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

Are we going to do the rebuilding?

HOW LONG SHALL WE OCCUPY GERMANY?

WITH victory over Germany half a year old, it is well to ask how long we intend to keep an American army of occupation there and what we purpose to accomplish by this occupation.

The matter of a hard or a soft peace for Germany need not enter into this discussion. Stripped of armaments, her industries shattered or shipped out, her cities in ruins, her people demoralized, and her war criminals on the way to punishment, Germany is going to have a hard peace for a long time to come. More than likely the presence of the American Army will make the peace softer for Germany rather than harder. Our industrious young men are repairing roads, utilities, and buildings, restoring order and some semblance of economic activity, and preventing starvation. Each of these things the Germans would have to get busy and do for themselves if we weren't around to do it for them.

During the war there was much emphasis on the necessity of winning the peace, a vague phrase which never has been clearly defined. Most Americans, if asked, would say that winning the peace consists of making sure there will be no more war. Is a long occupation of Germany needed for such assurance? Obviously Germany will be unable to fight again for many, many years. It's an odds-on bet she won't even want to try. The Germans have just completed a postgraduate course in the bitter school of experience—a school in which even fools are reputed to learn. Keeping our boys abroad to forestall a resurgence of Nazism is pretty drastic punishment—for us. Besides, if German kids ever start drilling again, even with wooden shovels, we'll know about it and can take action in time.

Another war, if it occurs, is going to come about through a failure of the United Nations to remain united. The real danger is that one or the other of Germany's erstwhile enemies may try to rebuild her strength in order to further its own policies.

Are we occupying Germany to educate her people in the ways of democracy? If the Germans haven't learned by now, there's nothing we will be able to teach them. Our presence there is more likely to block their acceptance of our kind of democracy. Any people automatically resist the doctrines of their conqueror.

Maybe we are occupying our part of Germany in order to prevent the Russians from occupying the whole of it. If we and the Russians are going to outwait each other, we'll all be in Germany a long day. Besides, the handling of Germany should be a diplomatic problem, to be settled by diplomatic means, not through the cumbersome and dangerous use of occupying armies.

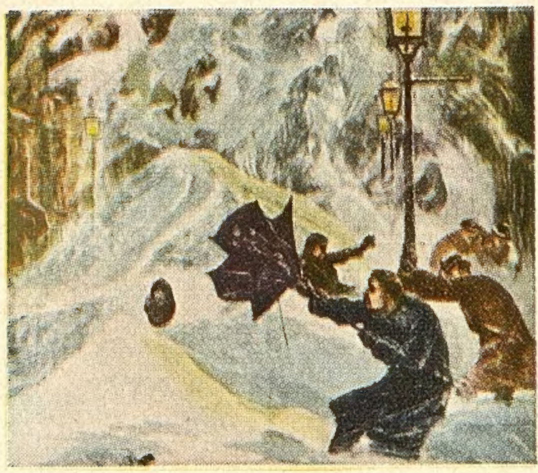
With our military purpose of rendering Germany impotent accomplished, the Russians, British, and we ourselves should call it a day and go home—all the way home. The present situation is leading inevitably to the division of Europe into east and west blocs and already has brought the Allies into serious disagreement.

Let the Germans find their own way out of the morass. Let them re-educate themselves and rebuild their own social, economic, and political life. Let them restore their own country. Let them stew in their own juice. Any time we don't like what they are doing we can step in and make whatever changes we agree upon with our allies.

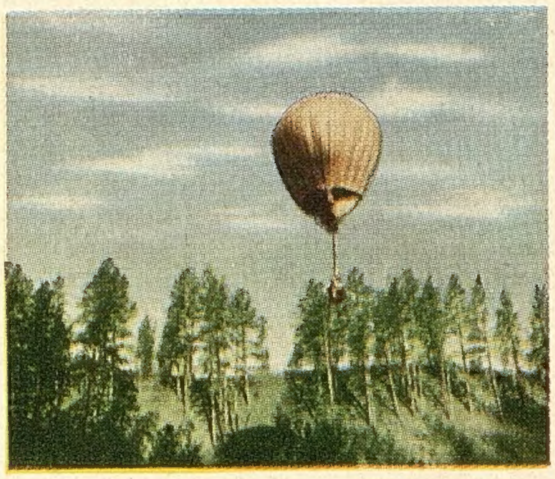
Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL

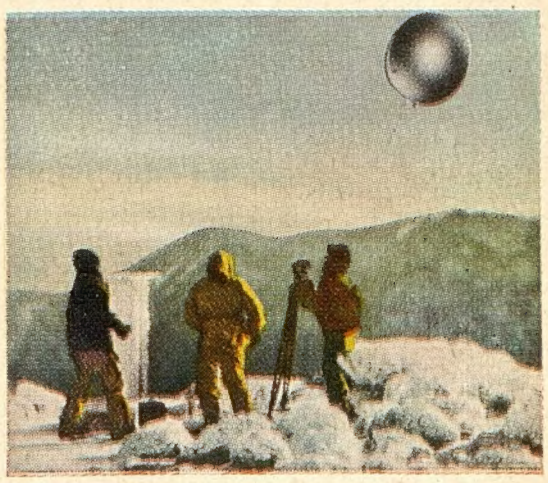
How science outwits the weather



1858 **WEATHER** forecasting has "grown up," is no longer pure guesswork. In 1858, almanacs were the only weather forecasters, but progress was being made. The invention of telegraphy, in this year when Corby's was introduced in Canada, made it possible to plot weather reports.



1912 **THE GREAT** ocean of air above us was explored by captive balloons carrying weather recording instruments to altitudes of 19 miles. Storm areas were thus reported nationally and weather forecasting became more accurate, as Corby's reached its 54th year of fame in Canada.



1939 **ARCTIC OUTPOSTS** were established by the U. S. and by Russia to report oncoming weather by radio and to chart world-wide atmospheric conditions. Meteorology became an important science in a world plunged into war in Corby's 81st year as a great Canadian name.

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